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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

VOL. III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLÉES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

By MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION, ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il guſto il mutare eſca,
Così mi par, che la mia Iſtoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata ſia,
Meno a chi l'udirà nojoſa ſia. ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the ſickening taſte,
So, while my Muſe purſues her varied ſtrains,
Tale following Tale the raviſh'd ear detains. HOOLE.

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MDCCLXXXV.

THE

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

PAMELA;

OR, THE

HAPPY ADOPTION.

FELICIA, ſolely occupied by the education of her two daughters, lived beloved in the boſom of an amiable family, and viſited only by her parents and friends. She conſtantly remembered the peculiar happineſs ſhe enjoyed, and delighted in ſtudy and induſtry; her heart was gentle and feeling; unacquainted with hatred, ſhe abhorred vengeance, and knew to love; nei-

ther were there any ſacrifices which friendſhip had not a right to expect from her; nor was there in the world a perſon who more ſincerely deſpiſed the parade of faſhion and fortune.

Her daughters, in the mean time, began to grow up; and ſcarcely had Camilla, the eldeſt, attained her fourteenth year, before Felicia, owing to the ſituation of her affairs, was obliged to marry her: ſhe had no fortune either to give or leave her, nor had any means of eſtabliſhing her in the world, but by a good education, and intereſt among the Great.

A moſt reſpectable match offered, and Camilla had not the right to heſitate; although ſhe did not the leſs ſenſibly feel, how unfortunate it is to be obliged to marry a child at ſo tender an age: the unhappineſs is ſtill the greater, inaſmuch as education is then but rudely ſketched, and muſt for ever remain imperfect.

But, mamma, interrupted Caroline, this young lady might ſtill be obedient, as well after marriage as before, conſequently her mamma might complete what had been left imperfect.

You muſt ſuppoſe her to poſſeſs great underſtanding and rationality indeed, to preſerve the ſame induſtry and reſpect for her maſters as formerly, when ſhe is every inſtant hearing herſelf called madam; not to obſerve that ſhe muſt be obliged to quit, or at leaſt interrupt her ſtudies, every time her huſband ſhould enter.

But if the huſband ſhould love to ſee his wife well informed?

Women at fourteen, have ſeldom ſufficient information to become agreeable by that means; and you may imagine what a young woman's fears muſt be of appearing dull and tireſome to her

her huſband; beſides the pleaſure of converſing with him, muſt impede the progreſs of inſtruction: but let us return to our tale

Camilla ſoon after her marriage fell dangerouſly ill, and the fears of Felicia, added to her watching and want of ſleep, gave a ſhock to her conſtitution, which ſhe felt long after the recovery of her daughter. Her lungs ſeemed touched, and her Phyſicians ordered her to drink the Briſtol-waters. She was therefore obliged to leave her dear Camilla at Paris, and go with her youngeſt daughter Anna for England. Felicia had not had the precaution to hire a houſe, and was therefore obliged, when ſhe came to Briſtol, to put up with an apartment which was ſo much the more diſagreeable, becauſe it was only ſeparated by a partition from the chamber of a ſick Engliſh lady. Felicia, who perfectly underſtood Engliſh, queſtioned her landlady concerning her neighbour, and was informed ſhe was dying of a conſumption; that ſhe was a widow; that her late huſband was of a good family, had been diſinherited for marrying contrary to his parents wiſh, and that he had only left his wife a ſmall annuity; which circumſtance was the more afflicting, becauſe they had a little daughter five years old, who, when her mother died, would loſe all means of ſubſiſtence.

The Hoſteſs ended her relation with the praiſes of Pamela, the name of the little girl, aſſuring Felicia there was not a more charming little creature in the world. This ſtory greatly intereſted Felicia, who talked of nothing all the evening after but the unfortunate Engliſhwoman, and her more unfortunate child.

Felicia and her daughter had but one chamber. They had been in bed about two hours; Anna was in a ſound ſleep, and her mother began to doze, when an uncommon noiſe in the chamber of the ſick Engliſh-woman awakened her with a ſtart. She liſtened attentively, and heard ſobs and groans. Recollecting that there were only a Maid and a Nurſe, Felicia imagined her aſſiſtance might perhaps be uſeful; ſhe therefore roſe, and with her lamp in her hand, ſtole gently from her chamber, fearful of diſturbing Anna; and in paſſing through her Maid's bed-chamber, ordered her not to quit her daughter ſhould ſhe awake.

She came to the paſſage, the door of the ſick perſon was open, and hearing ſighs and broken accents, ſhe advanced trembling. She was met by the Maid all in tears, and exclaiming, *It is over, ſhe is gone.*

Heavens! ſaid Felicia, I was coming to ſee if I could aſſiſt.

She has juſt expired, continued the Maid! What will become of her unhappy danghter? I have myſelf four children, and which way ſhall I ſupport her?

Where is the child, ſaid Felicia?

Alas! madam, the little Innocent is not old enough to underſtand her miſery; ſhe knows not what death means; but ſhe loved her poor dead mother, and never was there a more affectionate child; yet ſhe ſleeps peaceably in the ſame chamber in which her mother has juſt breathed her laſt.

Felicia ſhuddered. Merciful providence! cried ſhe: let us move the child from this fatal place at leaſt. So ſaying, ſhe entered the chamber.—In approaching the couch of the child, ſhe neceſſarily

ceſſarily paſſed beſide the corpſe. Her blood ran cold, ſhe ſtopt, and for a moment fixed her full eyes on the mournful and touching object; then dropping on her knees, exclaimed, Oh unfortunate mother! what muſt have been the horrors of your laſt moments! what muſt have been your feelings, to leave a child thus without ſuccour, to the mercy of a buſy and rapacious world!—— Yes, I delight to think, that from the boſom of Eternity you yet can ſee and hear me —— Behold, I take charge of your offspring; never ſhall ſhe forget the Parent that gave her birth; and though the earthly form is forgot, ſhe ſtill ſhall love the departed Saint.

Felicia roſe, and with an emotion of benevolent tenderneſs, approached the couch. A curtain concealed the child, which Felicia, with a trembling hand, gently drew, and diſcovered the innocent little Orphan. Felicia contemplated her beauty, and the angelic ſweetneſs of her countenance with delight. The child ſlept ſoundly, beſide the death-bed of her unfortunate mother; the ſerenity of her brow, the candour of her phyſiognomy, heightened by a ſmile, and the freſhneſs and health of her complexion, formed a contraſt as ſtriking as it was pathetic.

How peaceably ſhe ſleeps, ſaid Felicia; at what a moment, and in what a place: alas! unfortunate and lovely child, in vain, when thou awakeſt, ſhalt thou call for thy mother.—— Yet humanity ſhall give thee another! Yes, I adopt thee.——Thou ſhalt find in my heart the mother's feelings, and the mother's affection. Come, continued Felicia, addreſſing herſelf to the Maid, help me to carry this couch to my room.

The woman obeyed with joy, and the child was carried gently, without awaking, on her little bed, to Felicia's apartment.

Anna was riſen; reſtleſs and fearful, ſhe was coming to ſeek her mother; who meeting her at the door, ſaid, Come hither Anna, I have brought thee a ſecond ſiſter; come look at, and promiſe me to love her. Anna flew to the bed, and kneeled down to look nearer at the child. Felicia told her, in few words, all that had happened. Anna wept, while ſhe liſtened to the ſorrowful recital; beheld the little Pamela with tenderneſs, calling her her dear ſiſter, and wiſhed it was morning, that ſhe might hear her ſpeak, and give her a thouſand kiſſes.

At laſt it was neceſſary to return to bed, though Felicia did not cloſe her eyes during the reſt of the night: but who, that is kept awake by the remembrance of a good action, would wiſh to ſleep?

The family aroſe as uſual at ſeven o'clock; the windows were opened, and the little Pamela awaked. Felicia ran to her couch; the child at firſt ſeemed ſurprized, but after fixing her blue eyes on her for a moment, ſhe ſmiled, and held out her hand; Felicia caught her with tranſport to her boſom; ſhe believed in the doctrine of Sympathy; (it is the ſuperſtition of feeling hearts) ſhe perſuaded herſelf ſhe beheld it's effects, in the gentle careſſes of the infant, who had already inſpired her with an affection which this return of tenderneſs increaſed.

The poor Pamela, however ſoon aſked where was her mother, and the queſtion touched Felicia to the heart——Your mamma is gone, ſaid ſhe, and Pamela immediately began to weep;

Anna

Anna wiſhed to comfort her; but Felicia thus continued: Do not interrupt her tears, I myſelf have need to ſee them flow: think, my Anna, what her ſituation is, and you will have the ſame ſenſations.

As ſoon as Pamela was dreſſed, ſhe kneeled down and began to ſay her prayers. Felicia's blood ran cold when ſhe heard her ſay, *Reſtore health, O God, to my mamma.*

You muſt not pray ſo any more, ſaid Felicia, your mamma no longer ſuffers.

Does not ſhe? cried Pamela: then I muſt thank God.

Theſe words deeply affected Felicia. You muſt only ſay ſuch prayers, my child, ſaid ſhe, hereafter, as I ſhall bid you: Say, *Bleſſed be God, for taking my mamma from pain to bliſs.*

Pamela repeated this prayer with fervent affection; then turning towards Felicia, with a timid and ingenuous air, Permit me, ſaid ſhe, to pray to God, that he will ſoon take me to my mamma.

As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe perceived the tears flow down Felicia's cheeks; who caught her in her arms, while the affectionate and tender little creature clung weeping round her neck. As ſoon as the carriage could be got ready, Felicia, with Anna, and her adopted Pamela, departed for Bath, where ſhe ſtayed about a fortnight; and when ſhe returned, went to another lodging.

Felicia became every day more and more attached to Pamela; the angelic ſweetneſs, the ſenſibility, the gratitude of the child made her deliciouſly enjoy the fruits of her benevolence. After remaining three months at Briſtol, Felicia

left

left England, and returned to France; and all her family, as well as herſelf, adopted the little Pamela, whom it was impoſſible to ſee unintereſted, or to know without loving.

When ſhe was ſeven years old, Felicia informed her of her ſituation, and related the mournful hiſtory of her unhappy mother; at which ſorrowful detail, the poor Pamela ſhed a torrent of tears. As ſoon as Felicia had ended, ſhe fell on her knees, and ſaid every thing which gratitude and feeling could inſpire to a perſon of twenty.

Such was Pamela: her ſoul continually roſe ſuperior to her years; and when ſhe ſpoke, ſhe had neither the ſentiments nor the language of Infancy. A thouſand charming traits, numerous delicate and refined replies, and a multitude of witty and affecting obſervations, which none but a heart and underſtanding of the firſt order could inſpire, were unceaſingly remembered and recited. Her lively feelings communicated an inexpreſſible grace to all her actions, a ſweetneſs, a charm, which penetrated the ſoul, and gave her an angelic countenance. She muſt be ſeen a thouſand times, before any perſon could know if her features were regular, or whether ſhe was beautiful or only pretty. Struck by her ingenuous and intereſting phyſiognomy, nothing was remarked but the intelligent and celeſtial language of her face. She was neither to be praiſed nor examined like others. She had long marking eye-laſhes, and large blue eyes; though ſeldom was their colour obſerved, but their expreſſion always. With every deſire to pleaſe and oblige, which a natural good temper could give, ſhe was attentive, generous, complaiſant, ſincere,

cere, and candid; in ſhort, ſhe poſſeſſed all thoſe good qualities and perfections, which are ſo rarely ſeen united; ſhe was witty, without ill-nature; gay, yet affectionate; lively, yet gentle.

Pamela's only defects were the conſequence of an extreme vivacity, which, however, never gave her the ſlighteſt degree of anger againſt any one, but a thoughtleſſneſs which few children exceeded. The following is an inſtance, which will ſhew at once her mildneſs, her reſpect, and her tenderneſs for Felicia.

Pamela, rather from the effects of her livelineſs and want of thought, than wilful negligence, frequently loſt her things. If ſhe went a walking, ſhe would take off her hat, perhaps, to run the better, and entering the houſe, ſtill running, would forget ſhe had left it upon the graſs. When ſhe had finiſhed her work, her eagerneſs for play would not give her time to collect and put by her needles, thread-paper, thimble, or other things; but ſhe would riſe in an inſtant, her open workbag falling to the ground, jump over it, and diſappear in the twinkling of an eye.

It gave life and delight to ſee her run in the fields or garden, but ſhe was forbid to run in the houſe; yet Pamela, with the moſt anxious deſire to obey, continually forgot this reſtriction; ſhe frequently fell down two or three times a day, and left remnants of her frocks and aprons on every nail and every latch. At laſt, what with prayer, reproofs, and penance, ſhe inſenſibly loſt that exceſs of turbulence.

Felicia took care every morning, to demand an account of every thing ſhe ought to have in her

pockets and work-bag; and this daily examination, greatly contributed to make Pamela more careful. One morning when Felicia according to cuſtom, was viſiting her pockets, ſhe could not find her ſciſſars: Pamela ſcolded and queſtioned, replied, that the ſciſſars were not loſt at leaſt, for ſhe knew where they were. And where are they, replied Felica?

They are on the floor, mamma, ſaid Pamela, in my ſiſter's room.

On the floor! and how came they there?

In drawing out my handkerchief, mamma, my ſciſſars got entangled in it, and fell down; juſt at that moment I heard your bell ring, and I ran as hard as I could to ſee what you wanted.

What, without taking time to pick up your ſciſſars?

Yes, mamma; that I might come the ſooner.

But you knew very well I ſhould aſk what was become of them, and be angry when they could not be found.

I had quite forgot that, mamma; I thought of nothing but the pleaſure of obliging you, and getting you what you wanted.

As ſhe ſpoke this, the tears came in Pamela's eyes, and ſhe bluſhed. Felicia looked at her with a fixed and ſevere brow, and ſhe bluſhed again, and more deeply. Theſe bluſhes, and the little probability there was in the account ſhe had given, perſuaded Felicia that the poor little Pamela for once had forgotten herſelf, and told a lie.

Leave the room, ſaid ſhe; I am certain there is not a word of truth in what you have ſaid: be gone without reply.

At

At theſe terrible words, Pamela, bathed in tears, joined her hands, and fell on her knees before Felicia, without ſpeaking a ſingle word. Felicia interpreted this ſupplicating action into a confeſſion of the fault, and treated her with indignation and reproach. Pamela, remembering the command ſhe had received, was ſtill ſilent, and expreſſed her grief by her ſobs and tears.

Felicia at that time was in the country, and going to maſs, whither, inſtead of taking Pamela, as uſual, ſhe ordered a Maid to conduct her, and left her abruptly. When Felicia came to the Chapel, her attention was diverted in ſpite of herſelf, and her head frequently turned towards the door. At laſt Pamela entered, and, with her eyes red and full of tears, humbly fell on her knees, juſt at the entrance beſide the ſtair-caſe. The Maid deſired ſhe would not ſtay there among the ſervants, but come forward; but the ſorrowful Pamela replied in a low voice, this place is much too good for me.

Felicia was moved by Pamela's humility, and made a ſign for her to come near, while the tender-hearted child wept for joy, at again taking her place by the ſide of Felicia.

After Maſs the Maid came to Felicia, and ſaid Pamela had not told a lie.

How! not told a lie!

Mo, madam, as ſoon as you were gone, ſhe begged me to go with her into her ſiſter's room, and there we found the ſciſſars juſt as ſhe had ſaid.

Oh, my gentle, my chaming girl! cried Felicia, taking her in her arms; wouldſt thou ſuffer thyſelf to be accuſed and ill-treated without uttering a word in thy own juſtification?

You

You had forbidden me to ſpeak, my dear mamma.

But didſt thou not kneel to aſk my forgiveneſs?

I ought always to aſk forgiveneſs when my mamma is angry with me: if ſhe finds fault with me, I am ſure I am wrong.

But I was unjuſt.

Unjuſt! to me! O, no! my preſerver, my dear, my tender mother, you never can be unjuſt towards me!

Who could help adoring a child capable of ſuch attachment, of ſubmiſſion ſo affectionate, and mildneſs ſo enchanting?

Pamela ſuffered greatly with the tooth-ache when ſhe was ſeven years old, which brought on a weakneſs that continued above a year. Felicia, that ſhe might take the more care of her, made her ſleep in her own chamber; and Pamela, obſerving Felicia's uneaſineſs, always endeavoured to conceal how much ſhe ſuffered: her continual want of ſleep was exceſſive, and Felicia would often riſe, take her in her arms, and give her ſomething cooling to drink. Pamela never received theſe proofs of affection, without ſhedding tears of tenderneſs and gratitude: ſhe would conjure Felicia to go to bed. Sleep, my dear mamma, ſaid ſhe, I am better if you are at reſt; when I hear by your breathing that you are aſleep, I ſuffer a thouſand times leſs.

Every ſenſation of virtue or feeling was familiar to the heart of Pamela; nor were even thoſe ſtrangers to it, which ſeemed to be the fruit only of education and reflection. She could hardly remember England; and ſhe loved Felicia too dearly not to love France; yet ſhe ſtill remembered ſhe was Engliſh, and preſerved

an

an attachment to her country, which was the more virtuous, inaſmuch as ſhe had no hope of ever returning thither to live.

One day (ſhe was then eight years old) Felicia was writing, and Pamela playing happily by her ſide. There was at that time war between France and England, and Pamela ſuddenly heard the report of cannon; perhaps, cried Felicia, it announces a victory; as ſhe ſaid this, ſhe accidentally looked at Pamela, and her ſurprize was extreme, to ſee her with down-caſt eyes, and her colour come and go. Several people juſt then came into the room, and the ſervants came to tell them dinner was ſerved. Pamela ſtill ſeemed confuſed and trembled; and Felicia, become deſirous of reading her thoughts, ſaid, I wiſh I knew what this firing is for; I ſtill hope we have beaten the Engliſh.

Scarcely had Felicia pronounced theſe words, before Pamela melted in tears, fell at her feet. Pray, pray, pardon me, mamma, cried ſhe, indeed I would not cry if I could help it. I love the French, indeed, indeed mamma, I do; but I was born in England.

An emotion ſo ſingular at her age, deeply affected Felicia. Pure and virtuous ſoul, ſaid ſhe, a pathetic and ſublime inſtinct inſpires thee ſuperior to all the efforts of reaſon: whilſt thou feareſt to commit a fault, thou art fulfilling a ſacred duty. Preſerve ever this proper partiality to the country of thy fathers; love the French, for thou oweſt them thy love; but forget not that England is thy country.

The words of Felicia re-animated, and made Pamela happy; and the very ſame evening ſhe added the following ſentence to her prayers:

Grant,

Grant, O God, that the French and Engliſh may no longer hate or harm each other!

With ſuch ſenſibility of heart, it was impoſſible that Pamela ſhould not be pious and ſincere; certain that God ſaw and heard her, every inſtant of her life, ſhe never committed a fault without aſking pardon, without tears of true repentance; yet ſhe always previouſly accuſed herſelf to Felicia; for how can God pardon me, ſaid ſhe, if I conceal my faults from my mamma? Beſides, a fault bears ſo heavily on my heart when mamma is ignorant of it, and one is ſo happy after owning one's errors to one's friend. ——Mamma will enjoin me ſome little penance perhaps, but then ſhe will talk and reaſon with me, will praiſe the ſincerity of her Pamela; kiſs me a thouſand times; and at night, when going to bed I aſk her bleſſing, ſhe will give it me, if it be poſſible, with more than uſual tenderneſs.

After ſuch like reflections, Pamela would fly to the arms of Felicia, and there find the reward of her candor and love. Unable to be away from her, preferring to every other pleaſure, that of being with her, even without ſpeaking to her, while Felicia read, wrote, or played the harp, Pamela would amuſe herſelf in ſilence, and without making the leaſt noiſe, for fear of diſturbing Felicia.

She would get up, however, from time to time, approach Felicia on tip-toe, kiſs her, and then return to her place! More than once has ſhe abruptly left her play-things, and ran weeping to throw herſelf in Felicia's arms; inſtead of playing, ſhe would ſay, I ought to think of you, mamma, and of your goodneſs to me.

Thus

Thus ſpeaking, Pamela would fall at the feet of her benefactreſs, embrace her knees, water them with her tears, and with every expreſſion of paſſion, all the energy of feeling and gratitude, would repeat whatever Felicia had done for her.

A child ſo extraordinary, ſo attaching, could not, when become a woman, reſt at mediocrity. Pamela at ſeventeen, juſtified every hope to which her infancy had given birth; ſhe had acquired knowledge, agreeable talents, and all that gentleneſs of manners which ſo well become a woman. There was no kind of needle-work ſhe had not learnt, or could not do; ſhe was excellent at embroidery, millinary, mantua-making, every thing: beſides which, ſhe drew correctly, and played charmingly upon the harp: which latter acquirement was the more precious to her, becauſe ſhe owed it ſolely to Felicia, who had been her only teacher.

Pamela loved reading natural Hiſtory and Botany, writ an excellent hand, and, as for her ſtyle, it might be called inſtinctive. With a ſoul ſo delicate, ſo feeling, ſo full of purity, ſhe could not want good taſte or ſtrength of imagination.

She ſtill preſerved all the ſimplicity and charms of her infancy, her endearing manners, her frank and communicative gaiety, and that ſweet attractive mildneſs which cannot fail to win the heart.

The favourite amuſements of her childhood had been in exerciſe, in running, jumping, and active ſports; ſhe therefore enjoyed an excellent ſtate of health, and was aſtoniſhingly ſtrong, though her frame was naturally delicate. No

woman

woman could outrun her, nor did any body walk or dance with a better grace.

She added to all theſe allurements, an unalterable goodneſs of heart: ſhe often worked like Sidonia in private, for the poor, and merited the eulogium which a celebrated Author gave an unfortunate Queen, and indeed to women in general; for "ſhe diſcovered all thoſe gentle "and benevolent virtues which philoſophy "teaches men, and nature gives to women (*a*)."

Anna, ſeven years older than Pamela, had, as well as her ſiſter Camilla, been married ſome years, and made her mother happy by her filial affection, and prudent conduct in the world; ſo that theſe three dear and amiable objects, Camilla, Anna, and Pamela, rendered Felicia the happieſt woman on earth.

This ſweet felicity was diſturbed by an event, which very juſtly and deeply afflicted Felicia. She had a young ſiſter-in-law named Alexandrina, whoſe virtues, talents, and charms were the delight of her family. Having been ſix months attacked by a conſumption, Alexandrina determined to go and paſs a year in the ſouth of France, and Felicia had the double grief of ſeeing her mother go with her.

This mother, as virtuous as ſhe was tender, conſented to leave her daughter, and ſupport the fatigues of a melancholy journey, and the pains of a long abſence, that ſhe might go with her daughter-in-law, to whom her aſſiſtance was become neceſſary. It is true, ſhe carried with her hopes that gave conſolation; but ſhe preſently

(*a*) Supplément à l'Hiſtoire de la Rivalité, &c. by M. Gaillard.

loſt

loſt them without return. Travelling only augmented the diſeaſes of Alexandrina; and at laſt thoſe fatal ſymptoms appeared, which deſtroyed all probability of recovery. Felicia, though informed by her mother of the truth, ſtill endeavoured to hope, till at laſt ſhe received the following letter:

N——September——1782.

"She is ſtill alive—— but, alas! before you "receive this letter——perhaps——Oh! my "child, what will your unhappy brother feel? "——What do I feel myſelf!——I am two "hundred leagues from you.

"We knew, but imperfectly, the Angelic "creature we are about to loſe; a life ſo tran-"quil and fortunate as her's, gave few oppor-"tunities for the exertion of thoſe ſublime vir-"tues ſhe poſſeſſed. You have no idea of her "fortitude, piety, patience, and perfect reſig-"nation. I told you ſhe deceived herſelf con-"cerning the true ſtate of her diſeaſe; but I "myſelf was deceived; ſhe had no hope even "when ſhe left Paris, as ſhe then ſecretly told "her maid Julia, who told it me again this "very morning; it was only to palliate the "horror of our ſituation, that ſhe endeavour-"ed to perſuade us ſhe ſtill preſerved the illu-"ſion we had loſt: but ſhe yeſterday betrayed "herſelf.

"We were alone; ſhe told me ſhe deſired to "receive the Sacrament, and conjured me to in-"form her huſband with every neceſſary precau-"tion, that he might not be alarmed; ſhe then "fell into a deep revery, and, in order to divert "her thoughts, I told her I ſhould write to you "this morning. As ſoon as ſhe heard this, ſhe

"ſeemed

" ſeemed deſirous of ſaying ſomething to me,
" concerning which, however, ſhe evidently
" wavered in her mind.

" I claſped her hand between mine, and aſked
" her if ſhe had any commiſſion to give me for
" you?——Yes, ſaid ſhe, there is a thing which
" troubles me exceedingly——it is this——You
" know that at thirteen, I had the misfortune
" to loſe my mother. I was then ſent to a Con-
" vent, where, a few days after my arrival, a
" poor woman came to aſk for me; ſhe was
" paralytic, and informed me that my mother
" had maintained her during the two laſt years
" of her life. I wept, and kiſſed the unhappy
" woman, and have ever ſince taken care of her.
" Condeſcend madam, continued ſhe, with
" great emotion, condeſcend to recommend
" this poor woman to my ſiſter; tell her, it
" is the laſt legacy of an expiring friend. Ju-
" lia will give you her addreſs, and let me
" beg you will ſend it to-morrow to my
" ſiſter.

" I could make no anſwer to this diſcourſe,
" but with my tears; ſhe ſaw them, and kiſ-
" ſed my hand in a manner that deeply af-
" fected me. Juſt at this moment the little
" bitch Selima, that you know ſhe was ſo fond
" of, came running and jumping upon her
" bed, and I took her on my lap. Poor Seli-
" ma, ſaid ſhe: you love dogs, mamma; I
" will give you Selima; but promiſe me ne-
" ver to part with her.

" You, my child, know how to eſtimate ſuch
" ſenſations! At the very moment all was loſt
" to her, to think of all, to neglect nothing!

Young,

" Young, handſome, happy, with a ſpotleſs re-
" putation, ready to be ſeparated for ever from
" a beloved huſband, a child that was the de-
" light of her heart, and a dear aunt, who was
" at once a general benefactreſs, and a ſincere
" and amiable friend; yet ſo patient, ſo un-
" concerned on her own account; yet ſo care-
" ful for others, ſo anxious for the fate of
" a wretched old woman, and not even for-
" getting her dog. Who can forbear to ad-
" mire benevolence ſo provident, and fortitude
" ſo heroic?

" Adieu, my daughter, I ſend you the ſole
" conſolation I have at this moment to give; it
" is the addreſs of the poor old woman, whom
" to ſee and aſſiſt, will be one great relief to
" your preſent feelings."

As ſoon as Felicia had read this letter, ſhe called for her carriage, and, accompanied by Pamela, went immediately to the ſtreet *du Fauxbourgh Saint-Jacques*. It was there that the poor woman, whoſe name was Madame Buſca, lived; and who was known throughout that quarter of the town, by the appellation of *the holy woman*.

The amazement of Felicia and Pamela at ſeeing and hearing her, was equal to the pity and admiration ſhe inſpired. This unfortunate woman had totally loſt the uſe of her limbs; her countenance had nothing hideous in it, but it was aſtoniſhingly meagre and pale; ſhe had not the power to raiſe or turn her head, which dropt upon her breaſt; and though ſhe had been in nearly the ſame ſtate for ſeventeen years, the faculties of her mind were ſtill perfect.

Her

Her chamber was large and neat, and a venerable Clergyman was ſitting on her bed-ſide. Felicia informed her ſhe was the ſiſter of Alexandrina; which as ſoon as the poor woman heard, ſhe raiſed her eyes to heaven, and the tears inſtantly ran down her cheeks.

Oh madam! cried ſhe, what an angel you have for a ſiſter; ſhe is yet very young, notwithſtanding which, ſhe has maintained me eleven years.——If you knew what ſhe has done for me, madam——her condeſcenſion——her——

Did ſhe often come to ſee you?

Before her marriage, ſhe was not permitted to leave the Convent, and I was carried thither three times a week; ſhe uſed to aſk permiſſion to come down to me, and always brought me my breakfaſt, which ſhe herſelf had prepared. I had no uſe of my hands, and ſhe uſed to feed me, and with ſuch ſweetneſs, ſuch friendſhip, ſuch compaſſion!——Do you know, madam, what was the greateſt puniſhment her Governante could inflict? It was to tell her, "You "ſhall not feed Madame Buſca to-morrow; I "myſelf will do that charitable office."

She always did me the honour to call me her mother, and intreated me to call her my daughter; if by chance I ſaw that her Governante was diſſatisfied with her, I then uſed to ſay Mademoiſelle inſtead; and the dear child, with tears in her eyes, would inſtantly go and aſk pardon of her Governante.

You weep, ladies; but what would you do, were I to tell you every thing ſhe has done for me ſince her marriage? A young and charming lady, like her, to come every other day and ſhut herſelf up with a poor creature like me; to bring me

me linen, fruit, jellies, and often to read me a chapter in the Holy Bible.

You know, madam, how divinely ſhe ſings. One day I begged her to ſing me a ſong; I know none, replied ſhe, but vain Opera ſongs, and ſuch as will not pleaſe my good mother; but I will learn ſome, and four or five days after, ſhe came and ſang me ſeveral of the moſt beautiful hymns I ever heard; I aſſure you madam, I thought I ſaw and heard an Angel ſinging.

Another time ſhe brought her harp, and played to me for above two hours——And yet all this is trifling; the chriſtian charity of this earthly Cherubim is ſuch, that there is no kind of ſervice I have not been obliged to accept from her: thus, I cannot have my finger nails cut without undergoing great pain, if it is not done with great tenderneſs and addreſs, and this was an office ſhe moſt humanely and regularly performed.——You muſt have obſerved, madam, her long and delicate fingers; but you are ignorant, that thoſe ſoft white hands every week, waſhed the feet of a poor creature like me.

Madame Buſca was obliged to ſtop, and the tears again bedewed her cheeks. Felicia and Pamela could neither of them ſpeak, and there was a moment's ſilence.

A little while after, a young girl entered the room, and aſked the poor old woman if ſhe wanted nothing; ſhe thanked her, and anſwered no; and the young girl again left the room. The Clergyman, who ſtill kept his ſeat, then addreſſed himſelf to Felicia, and ſaid, you will, no doubt, madam, be glad to hear, that the girl who juſt came to offer her ſervices to Madame Buſca, is the daughter of one of her neigh-

neighbours, who are all equally attentive and obliging. One of them comes to ſit and work with her, another puts her chamber to rights, and the third undertakes the care of her fire, and bringing her a light; in fact, Madam, the charitable ſpirit of your lovely ſiſter, ſeems to pervade and animate the whole neighbourhood. And it is certain, that the example of that young and virtuous lady, has not a little contributed to charity ſo laudable.

How profound, how inſtructive, ſaid Felicia, will be the admiration I ſhall carry hence!

What you have heard, replied the Clergyman, and what you now ſee, may well inſpire ſuch ſentiments; but if you knew the extent and ſublimity of this good woman's piety and reſignation, how chearful, nay, how happy ſhe is, amidſt all her ſufferings, which are far greater than you ſuppoſe, your admiration would increaſe.

Happy? Is it poſſible!

Oh yes, madam, replied the good woman; I not only endure theſe trials with reſignation, but with joy. And where is the wonder? Shall I not, for the ſufferings of a moment, be made eternally happy? And will not my happineſs be increaſed, in proportion to thoſe ſufferings? How grateful ought I to be to the Father of all Good, for having placed me in a ſituation, where I may have the merit of enduring, without complaint; in which nothing can come, to interrupt my meditations on heaven and eternity. ——Oh! how much am I indebted to theſe bodily afflictions, which have expiated the errors of my youth, purified my heart, and weaned me of all worldly wiſhes. This earth exiſts not for

for me; its pleaſures cannot ſeduce, cannot corrupt, cannot caſt me into the dreadful depths of divine wrath; my ſoul is a ſtranger and a ſojourner here, and is already united to its beloved Creator.——I ſee thee, oh my God, I hear thy paternal voice; it fortifies, it elevates my ſoul; it commands me to ſubmit without murmuring, and promiſes an immortal crown of glory. Behold I obey with tranſport; I adore thy decrees, I bleſs my deſtiny, and would not change it for all the univerſe could beſtow.

While ſpeaking thus, ſhe expreſſed herſelf with equal force and feeling; the ſound of her voice, no longer announced the feeble and exhauſted ſtate to which ſhe was reduced; her eyes naturally languiſhing and half extinguiſhed, ſparkled at this moment with celeſtial fire. Pamela and Felicia looked and liſtened with rapture.

Well, madam, ſaid the Clergyman, could you ſuppoſe it poſſible to find a woman ſo afflicted, yet ſo happy? But what would ſhe be, were it not for religion? What a horrid ſtate were her's, did ſhe not believe the eternal truths of the Goſpel?——Oh barbarous and ſenſeleſs Atheiſt, who ſeekeſt to make proſelytes, how couldſt thou anſwer this woman, when ſhe ſhould tell thee, "You would tear from my heart the "only poſſible conſolation it can receive; you "would plunge me in the moſt frightful deſ-"pair; cruel man, behold what I ſuffer, and "behold my reſignation; behold the calm my "ſoul enjoys; behold the happineſs of which "it has a foretaſte, and ſhudder at your horrible "deſign."

Felicia

Felicia applauded the juſtneſs of this reflection, then roſe and took her leave, and promiſed to repeat her viſits to Madame Buſca, as often as her other duties and occupations would permit.

Felicia and Pamela talked of nothing the whole day, but Alexandrina, and the *holy woman*. How can it happen, ſaid Pamela, that my aunt has never ſpoken of this woman?

That, replied Felicia, is what makes her charity more admirable; it is the characteriſtic of real virtue. Have you ever ſeen a miſer make a preſent, and have you not obſerved how much his pomp and emphaſis have proved the action came not from his heart, but was the mere effect of vanity? And in fact, it had coſt him ſo much to perform it, that his oſtentation was almoſt pardonable. Remark, on the contrary, with what noble ſimplicity a generous perſon gives. Thus it is, that common minds are vain of their good actions, and think them extremely meritorious, becauſe they find them ſo painful; while great ſouls have no ſuch pride, being, by their own natural dignity, inclined to complaiſant and virtuous actions.

This reflection, ſaid Pamela, ſhould make every perſon modeſt; or at leaſt perſuade them to conceal their vanity, and never vaunt of what they think praiſe-worthy; ſince a contrary conduct ſerves only to diſcover the meanneſs of their minds, and the little inclination they have to virtue.

Felicia, a few days afterwards, received the ſorrowful news of the death of a ſiſter-in-law, whom ſhe had always loved, and whom the circumſtances, related by the *holy woman*, had rendered

dered ſtill more dear. Though ſhe had been more than three months prepared for this event, her grief was yet ſevere; ſhe went to Madame Buſca, and taſted the melancholy conſolation of weeping with her, and hearing a funeral eulogium worthy of the ſubject.

Pamela determined to take the ſame charge of the *holy woman*, which the virtuous Alexandrina had done; to perform the ſame offices, and go regularly at the ſame ſtated time. She had fulfilled theſe gentle duties above a year, when one morning, being on her knees, and waſhing the good old woman's feet, the chamber door ſuddenly opened, and a man of about fifty, with a noble and commanding aſpect, appeared, and after a ſtep or two immediately ſtopt, fixed with ſurpriſe at what he beheld.

Pamela was kneeling, her head inclined, and her long hair in part hiding her face. She turned round at the noiſe occaſioned by the ſtranger's entrance, and ſtarted a little at the ſight; the bluſh of modeſt virtue glowed upon her countenance, and rendered her action and her form more beautiful. She turned towards an Engliſh waiting-woman that had accompanied her, and told her in Engliſh ſhe ought to have locked the door.

Thank God! exclaimed the ſtranger, again in Engliſh, thank God, this angel is my countrywoman!

The aſtoniſhment of Pamela was exceſſive; and her perplexity increaſed, at ſeeing the ſtranger draw a chair, and gravely ſeat himſelf oppoſite her. While ſhe was haſtening to finiſh the duty ſhe had began, the ſtranger thus continued: Oh heavenly creature! whoever has

not beheld what I do, can have but a faint idea of the effects which youth and beauty, thus employed, can produce.

The ſtranger ceaſed to ſpeak, but kept looking with fixed attention on Pamela! He was ſo totally loſt in thought, that he did not ſeem to perceive the aſtoniſhment and embarraſſment his preſence cauſed. At laſt Pamela roſe, bid adieu to Madame Buſca, and paſſing by the ſtranger, made him a low courteſy, and left the room.

The next time Pamela returned to ſee the poor woman, ſhe told her, that the ſtranger had ſtaid with her above an hour; that he had made a thouſand enquiries concerning Pamela; and that he had aſked both her name, and that of the perſon who had brought her up. Felicia, the ſame evening, received the following letter, which ſhe immediately ſhewed Pamela.

"Going, madam, to return to England, I "cannot leave this country, without wiſhing "to receive the orders of the generous lady "who adopted an Engliſh orphan. The amia- "ble Pamela does too much honour, madam, "to her country, and the education ſhe owes "to you, not to inſpire the moſt lively intereſt "in the boſom of an Engliſhman, who hopes "he is not wholly unworthy a nearer proſpect "of her virtues. I am a man of fifty, ma- "dam, and have therefore ſome right to tell "you, without diſguiſe, that the action of "which I was yeſterday a witneſs, has made a "deep impreſſion on my heart: the beauteous "Pamela on her knees, waſhing the feet of a "poor helpleſs old woman, will never be eraz- "ed from my memory. I have been told, ſhe "has relations in England who refuſe to own her:

"her: deign to confide the ſecret of her birth
"to me, and be aſſured of my moſt zealous en-
"deavours in her cauſe.

"I am, madam,

"with every reſpect, &c.

"CHARLES ARESBY."

Oh mamma! cried Pamela, after having read the letter, do not admit this Engliſhman. You are all to me; ſeek not to make relations, who formerly forſook, acknowledge me now. Am I not with you, and can I be happier?

But ſhould your relations own you my dear, ſaid Felicia, you would have an eſtate, a title——

You have given me the honourable, the kind title of daughter; have permitted me to conſecrate my life to you: what more can I deſire?

Yet, my Pamela, ſuffer me to ſee your countryman; his admiration of my dear girl, has made me deſirous of his acquaintance; he knows the worth of my child. What greater merit can he have in my eyes? I promiſe thee, he ſhall never be told thy name without thy own conſent.

Pamela on this condition agreed to receive the intended viſitor, and Mr. Areſby accordingly came on the morrow. Firſt compliments over, Mr. Areſby renewed his offers of ſervice, and conjured Felicia to tell him the name of Pamela's family. Felicia naturally avowed, that Pamela herſelf was averſe to its being told.

Mr. Areſby ſighed; I loſe then, ſaid he, with chagrin, the hope of being uſeful to her.

Doubt not, Sir, of my gratitude, replied Pamela, I cannot think without dread, of the leaſt change of fate; ſince I find in the affection of my dear and generous benefactreſs, a felicity

equal to the utmoſt deſires of my heart: but I am not the leſs ſenſible, the leſs touched by your goodneſs.

Mr. Areſby beheld Pamela with tenderneſs, and turning towards Felicia, ſaid, I ſhall leave Paris towards the end of the week, madam; may I hope you willingly will permit me a place in your memory, and——

Felicia interrupted Mr. Areſby by promiſing to write to him, and begging his addreſs.

I no longer live at London, madam, ſaid he, and I travel much; but if you will addreſs your letters, under a cover, to Madame Selwyn, they will arrive ſafe.

At the name of Selwyn, Felicia ſeemed moved; and Pamela diſturbed; Mr. Areſby looked at Felicia, ſaw her ſurprize, and aſked if Madame Selwyn had the honour of being known to her?

I know the name, replied Felicia.

The name is mine, anſwered Mr. Areſby.

Your's!

Yes, madam; I changed it to marry an Heireſs, whoſe hand I could not obtain without taking the name of her family. I have been a widower ten years, and have no children.

Have you a brother, demanded Felicia, with extreme emotion?

Alas, Madam, I once had two; but they are both dead. Madame Selwyn is the widow of the ſecond; and the third——

Ay, Sir! where is he?

That unfortunate youth, madam, led aſtray by a fatal paſſion, and contemning paternal authority, was diſinherited——Repentance and chagrin cut ſhort his days——our unhappy father

ther ſoon followed him to the grave.——I happened to be abſent; a new chain of misfortunes obliged me to prolong my travels, and I did not return to England till four years afterwards. I then heard of the death of my poor brother's widow; ſhe had left a daughter, whom I had determined to adopt; but the woman who had taken charge of her was dead, and her huſband informed me, that the little orphan had ſurvived her mother only a few months: the man added, he had not ſeen his wife till ſix months after the death of my brother's widow, and that the child was then no more.

Mr. Areſby perceived, that Pamela vainly endeavoured to conceal her tears. Surprized by her pale and agitated countenance, he partook of her emotion; while Felicia, almoſt as much moved as Pamela, held one of her trembling hands, and tenderly claſped it between her own——

There was a moment's pauſe. Pamela then, with wildneſs in her manner, roſe, and advanced towards Mr. Areſby.——Yes, ſaid ſhe, it is my duty to acknowledge the brother of my father.

Oh heaven! cried Mr. Areſby, running to meet her.

Pamela, ſeized with terror ſhe could not conquer, ſtarted, and flung herſelf into the arms of Felicia.——Oh my mother! ſaid ſhe, ſhedding a torrent of tears, my benefactreſs, to you alone do I appertain; keep, guard your child, abandon her not. I ſhould die were you to cede your rights to another.

Pamela could ſay no more; her head reclined upon the boſom of Felicia, her eyes were cloſed, and ſhe fainted. Felicia, diſtracted at the ſight, called

called loudly for help, while ſhe bathed her face with her tears. Pamela, however, ſoon came to herſelf, and looked faintly round. Mr. Areſby took one of her hands. Oh! Pamela, ſaid he, baniſh theſe unjuſt fears, they wound me to the heart. I have neither the right; nor the barbarous wiſh to tear you from the arms of your benefactreſs, to whom you ought to conſecrate every moment of your life.——Oh! if it be true that you are the child of my unfortunate brother, whoſe loſs I have ſo long deplored, be aſſured you will only find in me a friend, a tender father, incapable of aſking the leaſt ſacrifice.

Pamela at hearing this, embraced Felicia with tranſport, and expreſſed her joy and gratitude to Mr. Areſby, with all thoſe graces, that paſſionate ſenſibility by which ſhe was characterized. Felicia then went to ſeek the little box that contained the proofs of Pamela's birth. Mr. Areſby read the letters and different papers, which the maid of Pamela's mother had put into Felicia's hands. That woman having received ſeveral preſents from Felicia, they eaſily divined, that, in order to conceal them from her huſband, ſhe had told him Pamela was dead, being pretty well aſſured the child would never be ſeen again in England.

Mr. Areſby, inexpreſſibly happy to find his niece in the perſon of one, who, by her angelic virtues and form, had made ſo profound an impreſſion on his heart, was deſirous ſhe would take the name of Selwyn that very day: and his affection for Pamela ſoon became ſo great, that he reſolved to ſettle in France. Pamela knew how to merit his favours, by her gratitude and attachment, though ſhe never would forſake Felicia;

Felicia; whom to render happy, was always the moſt ſacred of her duties, and the firſt pleaſure of her heart.

Madame de Clémire ceaſed to ſpeak, and the Baronneſs made the ſignal of retreat: however, as it was not late, they obtained a ſhort reſpite.

The children made various reflections on the hiſtory of Pamela, whoſe character, and eſpecially her tender ſenſibility, they greatly admired. They all agreed that gratitude was the moſt affecting of all virtues; neither did they forget the beneficent Alexandrina: they remarked, that ſhe had inſpired Pamela with that ſpecies of admiration which characterizes great minds, and had incited a deſire to emulate a conduct ſo ſublime.

They were equally ſtruck with the happy influence, which the benevolence of Pamela, for the poor paralytic woman, had over her future deſtiny; as they likewiſe were at the power of Religion, which can give, to virtue ſo gentle, a fortitude ſo firm, and afford thoſe conſolations, which alone could make human nature ſupport miſery ſo ſupreme, eighteen years without a murmur (*a*).

After thus reaſoning on the ſtory they had heard, the Baronneſs roſe, and the children went to bed. Several days glided away, without any new tale being told; the evenings, however, were agreeably ſpent; the clear light of the moon invited them to walk, and after ſupper, they paſſed their evenings till ten o'clock in the garden.

(*a*) Madame Buſca, who ſtill lives, (Auguſt 1783) has been eighteen years in the ſtate above deſcribed.

Madame

Madame de Clémire taught the children to admire the ſtarry beauties of the heavens; and this ſoon incited a wiſh to underſtand Aſtronomy: the ſtudy of the Celeſtial Globe, which till then had been greatly neglected, conſequently became one of their favourite afternoon amuſements. Cæſar eſpecially applied himſelf to it with ardour, and was not a little proud of the praiſes they beſtowed upon his memory.

This was ſoon perceived by Madame de Clémire, who aſked him if he had forgot Pamela's reflections on modeſty. It is true, ſaid ſhe, they relate to that kind of vanity which induces us to vaunt of our good *actions*; but they may be equally applied to oſtentation founded on ſuperior *knowledge*. A truly learned perſon never makes a parade of what he knows; that merit which is not doubted, which cannot be diſputed, incites no deſire in it's owner to boaſt. A perſon may believe himſelf very wiſe, and yet be very fooliſh; but while he thus deceives himſelf, he feels it poſſible he may be miſtaken; and this kind of doubt, however feeble, gives its poſſeſſor a degree of uneaſineſs reſpecting the opinions of others, and often produces falſe pretenſions, and feeble endeavours to appear wiſe or witty.

Thoſe however, who are really learned, are very certain this advantage will not be denied them; and an accuſation which can eaſily be confuted, gives but little pain. This is one good reaſon, why there are ſo many more pretenders to wit than to learning; not but that the *would-be-learned* perſons, who have gained a little knowledge, are too often tormented with a deſire of impoſing themſelves upon others for men of profound

found erudition. Hence you may eaſily comprehend, that this ridiculous affectation is generally a ſign of mediocrity; and that the very ſelf-love whence it originates, ought to preſerve us from it.

Such are the uſual effects of vanity, and thus is every man int reſted to appear modeſt; notwithſtanding which, we ſometimes find people of real merit, with the moſt diſguſting degree of pride; but ſuch examples are not common: and I even believe, they are never found among people of truly ſuperior underſtandings. Pride is, of all vices, that which renders man moſt unſociable, ſince it deprives him of thoſe attractions which charm ſo much in converſation.

In what conſiſts the uſual civilities of ſociety? In knowing how to forget one's ſelf; in being eager to oblige; in making others reſpectable and happy; in attention to the ſmalleſt trifles; in diſcovering gentleneſs and compliance on all occaſions; and in perſuading others we hold ourſelves as nothing, ſince we muſt appear grateful at the moſt common-place compliments and marks of attention.

We ſign ourſelves *Your moſt obedient humble ſervants* to our inferiors; all the uſual phraſes have the ſame remarkable kind of humility; *Let me beſeech you, Sir——I hope, Sir, you will have the goodneſs——May I preſume, Sir, to beg*——When any perſon publickly praiſes us, we are obliged to liſten with a ſmile, to reply with a joke, and generally to underſtand what is ſaid as ironical; or at leaſt appear convinced, that the ſpeakers good opinion is the effect of a friendly partiality.

The ſame kind of humility may be remarked in our common actions; politeneſs requires we ſhould cede the beſt place, let others paſs firſt, and always appear grateful when we receive the ſame kind of reſpect. From all which it is very clear, the Inventors of theſe different cuſtoms have thought, that the moſt certain means of rendering ſociety agreeable, was to impoſe the general law, on each individual, of concealing his ſelf-love, and affecting the utmoſt modeſty. Hence you may eaſily conceive, it is impoſſible for Pride to be polite; nay, it is a vice which cannot be even concealed. The tone of the voice, the turn of the hand, the manner, the eye, all betray it. Nothing, therefore, ſhould be neglected, to correct or preſerve us from a vice ſo hateful, and ſo ſure to be diſcovered.

But if a perſon has underſtanding, mamma, ſaid Cæſar, he will, at leaſt, ſo far repreſs his vanity as not to ſay any thing ridiculous.

You are very much miſtaken; our vanity is often ſo abſurd as to deprive us of judgment, and make us forget every due reſpect: there is nothing, however fooliſh, but what it is capable of ſaying and doing; and to prove it, I will cite you a remarkable inſtance.

Charles Dumoulin (*a*) was a famous Lawyer, conſulted by every court in the kingdom, and his opinion was uſually followed; nay, it was even

(*a*) He was born at Paris in 1500, of a noble family, and related to Elizabeth, Queen of England, by Thomas of Bullen, Viſcount of Rochford, maternal uncle of that Princeſs. His book upon the Edict of Henry II. againſt Les Petites Dates, acquired him great reputation. He died in 1566, and his tomb is to be ſeen in the Cemetary of Saint André-des-Ares. Cauſes Célébres, Tom. V.

of

of greater authority than the Arrets themſelves; but all this glory was tarniſhed, by a pride as ridiculous as it was ſtupid. He called himſelf *The Doctor* of France and Germany, and writ at the head of every opinion he gave, I, WHO GIVE PLACE TO NO MAN, AND WHOM NO MAN CAN TEACH ANY THING!

Imagine then, if we ought not to conceal an averſion for a vice which can make a man of underſtanding guilty of abſurdities ſo revolting.

Cæſar was ſenſibly affected by what he had heard, and ſincerely determined to be more watchful of his conduct in future, that he might not again be thought ſelf-ſufficient.

Madame de Clémire began to receive great pleaſure from her children's conduct; it proved how deep an impreſſion the Tales they had heard, and the example of Sidonia, had made upon their hearts. Caroline and Pulcheria underſtood that a poor woman, of a neighbouring village, was ready to lie in, and undertook to make her child-bed linen; while Cæſar, with a little aſſiſtance, made the baſkets which were to contain it: beſides which, he, aided by the Joiner, fell to work upon a large deal cheſt of drawers for the good woman.

Theſe projects were approved by their mamma; all the old linen in the houſe was collected, and given to Caroline and Pulcheria, who immediately began their charitable taſk; while, on the other hand, Cæſar, Auguſtin, and Morel, under the direction of the Joiner, laboured at the cheſt of drawers.

As ſoon as every thing was ready, our young workmen and workwomen aſked leave

to

to carry their preſents themſelves to the poor woman.

I have no objection, replied Madame de Clémire, but how can you contrive it? She lives above a mile off.

I will take my cheſt of drawers in a cart, mamma, by your permiſſion.

Very well, ſo be it.

And we, mamma, if you pleaſe, will hang our baſkets acroſs Aſſes.

Well contrived again, my children; and as I ſhall carry nothing but a little money, which will not overload me, I will follow you on foot, and we will ſet off to-morrow morning after breakfaſt.

The proceſſion thus ſettled, gave the children infinite delight; and they felt the grateful double pleaſure of doing a good action, and of merrily riding on aſs-back, and in a cart.

Caroline, Pulcheria, Cæſar, and Auguſtin, paſſed the reſt of the day in ardent longings and preparations: the Peaſant who was to furniſh them with the aſſes and the cart, had at leaſt twenty meſſages. Caroline and Pulcheria were wholly employed in arranging their work, which they divided into two parts, that each might claim her own. It may eaſily be imagined, they did not forget to tie their little packets with blue and roſe-coloured ribands; and there were at leaſt as many bits of riband, as there were different articles in the baſkets.

The next morning they were all awaked before day-light, the hour of riſing was impatiently expected; they were quickly dreſſed, and breakfaſt was as quickly over. At laſt they all aſſembled in the court-yard, where they found their

their whole apparatus ready. Caroline and Pulcheria mounted between their baſkets, each on her aſs, and each with a country girl as a conductreſs; Cæſar, in his cart, drawn by four oxen, ſat on his cheſt of drawers, between Auguſtin and Morel; and never was conqueror, in car triumphal, better ſatisfied, or prouder of his deeds.

Madame de Clémire taking hold of the Abbé's arm, placed herſelf ſo as ſhe could be able to talk to her children; in which order they proceeded; and, notwithſtanding their wiſh to arrive, the way did not appear long; and the freedom of their mirth, made it as noiſy as it was animated; they ſung and ſqualled with ſo much the more liberty, becauſe that Madame de Clémire herſelf participated and joined in their hearty and innocent clamours. They were heard long before they were ſeen; loud laughs, ſongs in chorus, and ſhouts, ſpoke their approach, and more than once attracted the notice of young girls, who ſat ſpinning under the elms, and of herdſmen who tended their cattle.

Their noiſe ceaſed, as ſoon as they beheld the cottage of the poor woman, but their joy redoubled; its character alſo was changed; gaiety was ſucceeded by the ſweeteſt emotions, and when they came to the door, the children were as ſilent, as they had before been riotous.

They alighted; two men unloaded the cheſt of drawers, and followed by Cæſar, Morel, and Auguſtin, firſt entered the cottage. Caroline and Pulcheria then took their baſkets, and with bluſhes and beating hearts, offered their preſents to the good woman. Madame de Clémire gave her ſome money, and promiſed to come

come again and ſee her, as ſoon as ſhe ſhould be brought to bed, while the poor woman's gratitude and joy greatly affected every perſon preſent.

As they returned, they ſpoke of nothing but her, and the converſation took the ſame turn all the reſt of the day. Remember, ſaid Madame de Clémire to her children, the pleaſure you have this day taſted: wherefore do men ſo eaſily yield to their paſſions? It is becauſe they relieve them from that *ennui*, that weariſomeneſs which they find ſo painful to endure, and which idleneſs gives. They would rather do wrong, they would rather even incur their own deſtruction than be unemployed; but Paſſion gives uneaſy ſenſations only, enjoyments which are poiſoned by remorſe; Virtue alone can afford inexhauſted ſources of felicity.

Recollect my children, the ſatisfaction you received in forming the project of relieving this poor woman; the charm it has communicated to your converſation ſince, the pleaſure you enjoyed while working for her, the activity which an occupation ſo intereſting gave you, the agitation of yeſterday, the preparation and departure of this morning, your cheerful journey, your emotion at firſt ſight of the cottage, your feelings while you were making your preſents; and be well aſſured, that never yet did irregular deſires procure delights equal to theſe.

The pleaſures which the indulgence of the paſſions can give, are only dangerous Illuſions which ſoon vaniſh, and often leave a dreadful void in the mind; painful recollection, ſhame, and bitter regret. Inſtead of which, how great muſt be the interior ſatisfaction you now feel, how

how ſweet the remembrance, how real your praiſes and rewards.

This diſcourſe made the children run to kiſs their mamma, proteſting they never ſhould forget the juſtneſs and truth of her reaſoning; and that they were certain, they ſhould ever find the greateſt happineſs in the love of their mother and virtue.

Cæſar then begged his mamma would be kind enough to grant him a favour, which was, that he and one of his ſiſters might be godfather and godmother to the child when born.

You are very young, ſaid Madame de Clémire, to be a godfather.

I have ſeen many younger than I am, mamma.

Very true, but I do not approve of that cuſtom: for, to become a godfather, is in ſome degree to adopt a child; which adoption is the more ſerious, in that it is conſecrated by religion.

If, mamma, you will teach me what are the duties of a godfather, I aſſure you I will endeavour to fulfil them.

You engage to protect the child, to endeavour to ſee him properly eſtabliſhed in the world, to relieve him from miſery, ſhould miſery be his lot; and in fact, to afford him every aſſiſtance in your power, when you become a godfather.

Why then mamma, I am more deſirous than ever of being a godfather, ſince it is an engagement to perform ſo many good actions.

Well then you have my conſent.

And which of us is to be godmother? cried Caroline and Pulcheria both together.

That

That honour appertains to the eldeſt; but I promiſe, that you, Pulcheria, ſhall likewiſe enjoy it next ſummer.

They were now all happy; and that nothing might be wanting to the ſatisfaction of this agreeable day, the Baronneſs in the evening began to relate the following ſtory:

THEOPHILUS AND OLYMPIA;

OR, THE

ERRORS OF YOUTH AND AGE.

ON the banks of the Vezere, in the farther part of Limouſin, is ſtill to be ſeen an old manſion-houſe, which is only remarkable for its antique air, and the beauty of its ſituation. Surrounded by meadows where cattle continually feed, and built upon the brow of a hill, at the foot of which the river runs, the town of Uſerche is ſeen from it in perſpective, and in a point of view agreeable and ſingular (*a*).

(*a*) The ſmall town of Uſerche is built upon a ſteep rock, that is waſhed by the river Vezere; and it has been remarked, that there is not an inhabitant of the town but what has a view of the river either from his houſe or garden; and that each houſe appears in perſpective to be a ſmall old Caſtle, with its towers and flated roofs. The town is 109 leagues from Paris. Limoges, upon the Vienne, is 97 leagues from Paris, and the capital of Limouſin.

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In this ſolitude it was that the Baron de Soligny, who had been ſeveral years a widower, occupied himſelf with the education of a dear and only ſon. The Baron had paſſed his youth in cities: born with ambition, neceſſity, rather than inclination, had fixed him in his retreat. Having diſſipated a part of his fortune, and loſt the brilliant hopes by which he had long been ſeduced, he was at length determined to quit the world; but he ſtill regretted it, though he ſpoke of it with contempt. He thought himſelf undeceived, when he was only diſcouraged, and imagined diſguſt to be philoſophy.

He had ſtrong feelings, however, and loved his ſon Theophilus; who announced himſelf worthy, by his virtues, to ſupply all vacancies in his father's heart, and make the remainder of his days happy.

The Baron had a neighbouring female friend named Euphraſia, and Theophilus being every day in company with this lady's niece, the young Olympia, conceived an affection for her, which the Baron beheld increaſe with pleaſure. Olympia was an orphan without fortune; but Euphraſia had no nearer relations, and the Baron was not ignorant ſhe intended to leave her fortune to her niece.

Olympia was two years younger than Theophilus, and as ſoon as ſhe had attained her ſixteenth year, the Baron openly declared his wiſhes to Euphraſia; and the very ſame day, the young couple learnt their marriage was determined on. The marriage articles were drawn a fortnight afterwards; and Euphraſia joyfully

ly

ly conſented to leave her whole fortune to a niece ſhe dearly loved, and whom ſhe had educated.

The happy Theophilus waited with impatience for the appointed day which was to crown his felicity, to which this alone was wanting: he knew himſelf to be beloved, for he had obtained a confeſſion, ſo neceſſary to his peace, from Olympia, in preſence of his father and her aunt.

The eve of the wiſhed-for morrow at length arrived, that was for ever to have united the expecting couple, when Euphraſia fell ill; and five days after the Baron received a letter from Paris, by which he learnt, that a very diſtant relation, but of the ſame name, had died, and left him ſole heir to a very conſiderable fortune, in conſequence of which he was obliged to depart immediately for that city.

It was impoſſible to conclude the marriage before his departure. Euphraſia had been two days delirious; and Theophilus, obliged to follow his father, demonſtrated a grief ſo real and ſo affecting, that the Baron, to give him ſome relief, conjured the ſorrowful Olympia to write to Theophilus: it is a father, added he, who entreats, and it is a huſband to whom your letters will be addreſſed. The modeſt and weeping Olympia promiſed to ſend an account of her aunt's ſtate of health; and the Baron, after engaging to remain but ſix weeks at Paris, departed the ſame day with his ſon.

The Baron arrived at this great city, and took poſſeſſion of a magnificent hotel, and a rich heritage. His houſe was preſently full of *intimate friends*, by whom he had been fourteen

years

years totally forgotten. The Baron at firſt ſaid, my riches, and a good ſupper, have drawn together this crowd of people by whom I was deſerted; but ſelf-love, which makes more dupes than an open ingenuous heart, ſoon perſuaded him he was indebted to his perſonal merits only, for thoſe marks of individual eſteem and attention he daily received.

Theophilus thus ſuddenly ſent into a world ſo new to him, taſted none of the pleaſures they were ſo eager to procure him; his thoughts wholly turned to Olympia: he waited with the utmoſt impatience the effects of her promiſe; yet day after day was paſſed, and no letter came. At laſt the Baron received news from Limouſin, by which he learnt Euphraſia was no more; and that, not having recovered her ſenſes after his departure, ſhe had died without a will; by which means the unfortunate Olympia was reduced to a ſmall penſion ſcarce enough for ſubſiſtence, with which ſhe had retired into a Convent at Tulle (*a*).

Theophilus, at hearing this, conjured his father to terminate his affairs with all poſſible ſpeed, and depart for Limouſin; adding, that Olympia's misfortunes would, were it poſſible, increaſe his affection for her; the Baron ſeemingly approved thoſe ſentiments, and promiſed to haſten his departure.

Theophilus immediately writ a moſt tender and moving letter to Olympia; and concluded with proteſting, that before a month was paſſed

(*a*) A conſiderable town in the Lower Limouſin, built in part upon a mountain at the confluence of the rivers Salánt and Coreze, in a country full of rocks and precipices. It is 114 leagues from Paris.

he

he would throw himſelf at her feet. He had not been ſurprized that Olympia, during the firſt moments of her grief had failed to write; but at length having long waited, and having yet not heard from her, he became exceedingly unhappy: the Baron gave him ſome conſolation, and aſſured him that his buſineſs was almoſt ended.

At laſt, as Theophilus was ſitting one day in his chamber more afflicted than ever, the Baron entered, and, with a ſerious air, ſeated himſelf by his ſide. I have juſt received tidings of Olympia, ſaid he. Theophilus, at hearing this, was going to ſeize the letter his father had in his hand with tranſport. Moderate your patience for a moment, ſaid the Baron: what I have to tell, is far from what you would wiſh to hear.

Heavens! Is Olympia ill?

No; ſhe is in perfect health; but ſhe is not worthy of you.

Not worthy! Olympia! Impoſſible.

Liſten to what a reſpectable man has written, whoſe auſtere probity is known.

The Baron here ſhewed his ſon the writing and ſignature of an old gentleman, whoſe truth was beyond ſuſpicion. After which he read that part of the letter that related to Olympia, which was as follows:

"Since you ſo earneſtly deſire to hear the "truth, it is my duty to tell it without diſguiſe. "I confeſs then, that the conduct of this young "lady in queſtion, has been very prejudicial to "her reputation. Immediately after the death "of her aunt ſhe very prudently retired to a "Convent, which ſhe has, as imprudently,

"quitted

" quitted about a fortnight ſince, to go and " live with a female friend whom ſhe formerly " ſaw at Uſerche, who has been married about " two years, and lives at a ſmall eſtate near " Tulle. This lady is not above twenty years " of age, and has unfortunately been the ſub- " ject of various ſcandalous ſtories, which we " country folks think very little to her credit: " beſides which, ſhe has a brother, a preſump- " tuous young man, whoſe ſociety cannot be " at all proper for a woman who loves her re- " putation. Not that any conſequences are " thence deduced to the diſhonour of the vir- " tuous Euphraſia's niece, who has no doubt " received good and proper principles; the in- " conſiderate ſtep ſhe has taken, is attributed " even to her innocence; her want of experi- " ence, and the condemnable indifference of " her Tutor, who left her abſolute miſtreſs of " her actions. Should you, however, dear ſir " and friend, think proper to write on this " ſubject, I am certain that the repreſentations " you have a right to make will be inſtantly at- " tended to; the young lady will return to the " Convent, and every thing will be well; for " I dare aſſure you, that nothing has hitherto " been diſcovered in her conduct but a thought- " leſs imprudence, very pardonable in a perſon " of her age."

This letter cut Theophilus to the heart; agitated, diſtracted by jealouſy, he beheld a dangerous rival in the brother of Olympia's friend; he diſſembled his pangs and ſuſpicions, however, and pretended to be perfectly ſecure.

This is not all, ſaid his father; the letter I have read to you comes from a very cautious man,

man, who will not ſay all he thinks; here is another from my ſteward, who ſpeaks with leſs circumſpection, and openly declares you have a Rival; that Olympia cannot be ignorant of a paſſion this Rival does not attempt to conceal; that ſhe even authorizes it, by continuing to live with his ſiſter; and that the young man publickly vaunts, how Olympia has ſacrificed all your letters to him.

He is an impoſtor, exclaimed Theophilus. Olympia is incapable of ſo baſe a perfidy.

She is inconſtant, replied the Baron, coldly, but not perfidious; ſhe does not attempt to deceive you; ſhe neither anſwers your letters nor mine, and this ſilence ſufficiently explains her meaning.

No, interrupted Theophilus, I will not ſuffer myſelf to be deceived by falſe appearances—— Olympia is innocent——is calumniated, and it is my duty to juſtify, to avenge her. Permit me, my father, to depart; to ſtay is death; let me learn the truth from her own lips, and puniſh her audacious traducer, the monſter who has dared to wound her honour.

The unhappy Theophilus ſhed a torrent of tears while he ſpoke, and his exceſſive grief made his jealouſy but too evident: his father, who eaſily read the emotions of his ſoul, ſeemed to pity, and take part in his ſufferings. Let us ſend, ſaid he, a Courier to Tulle, who ſhall carry a letter from you, and wait her anſwer; ſhould not this letter prove ſatisfactory, you then ſhall go yourſelf; only grant me this ſhort delay.

Theophilus conſented, though with regret, and immediately wrote a circumſtantial letter, in which he repeated all he had heard to Olympia:

pia: a ſingle word, added he, under your own hand, is ſufficient for your juſtification; remain where you are, if you pleaſe; deign but to tell me, you are ready to fulfil the ſacred engagement by which we are united, and I ſhall be the happieſt of men.

The Baron approved this letter, and ſent it immediately; and the Courier whoſe return Theophilus waited ſo impatiently, in whoſe hands his deſtiny was depoſited, came back in eight days time. Theophilus was going to bed, he heard the cracking of a whip; his heart beat, he trembled, and flew to his father's room; the Courier entered; well, cried Theophilus, have you brought an anſwer?

Yes, Sir.

Give it me inſtantly.

It is not for you, Sir, it is directed to the Baron.

The Courier accordingly gave the Baron a Caſket and a letter, and left the chamber.

What is the meaning of all this, ſaid the Baron, with an air of aſtoniſhment, what can this Caſket contain?

Theophilus made no reply; he was motionleſs; his blood ran cold; he durſt not aſk to have the letter opened.

After a ſhort ſilence, the Baron broke the ſeal, unfolded the letter, and read it to himſelf. Theophilus fixed his eyes upon his father's countenance, and ſhuddered at the aſtoniſhment and indignation he ſaw painted there. Heavens! cried he, with a broken voice, what does it contain?

Oh! my ſon, replied the Baron, collect all your fortitude. Yet wherefore? You cannot need it; you cannot regret ſo unworthy a woman.

Theophilus

Theophilus turned pale, ſunk into an arm-chair, and taking the fatal letter which his father had preſented, the tears ſtarted to his eyes, at the ſight of the writing and ſignature of Olympia; but what were his ſenſations, while he read theſe words?

"Since I have the liberty of diſpoſing of my-
"ſelf, it is my duty to inform you, ſir, without
"reſerve, that obedience alone obliged me to
"form ties, which could not contribute to my
"happineſs. This confeſſion will leave us both
"at liberty. I have the honour, ſir, to return
"you the preſents, which my dear and revered
"Aunt commanded me to accept — Conde-
"ſcend, ſir, to be aſſured of the reſpectful at-
"tachment with which I ſhall ever remain,

"Your's, &c.

"OLYMPIA."

Theophilus dropt the letter; was ſilent for a moment; then wildly turning towards his father, I will be revenged, ſaid he! Yes, I will be revenged.

And which way?

Which way! I have a Rival—and he ſhall die.

There is no doubt but you have a Rival, or that he is beloved. But what of that? Ought you not rather to forget a perſon ſo little worthy your affection?

Yes; I hate, I diſpiſe, and ſhall forget her, without an effort; I ſhould contemn myſelf, were I ever to think of her again.——Perfidious woman! Oh! that a face ſo ſweet, ſo candid, ſo innocent, ſhould hide a heart ſo falſe, ſo foul!

Let me remind you once again, ſhe has not deceived you; ſhe loves you not, and ſhe tells you ſo without diſguiſe.

She

She loved me once, ſhe told me ſo——I am certain, my father, ſhe loved me; but ſhe has been ſeduced, deluded. Perhaps ſhe is impoſed upon at this moment! Could I but once ſee and ſpeak to her——Oh! let me go, let me hear, let me behold——

Madman, read once more that letter, and bluſh at a paſſion that muſt henceforth debaſe you.

I am no longer myſelf, my father; pity me, protect me, guide me; I yield myſelf to your direction.

The Baron and the unfortunate Theophilus, paſſed the remainder of the night together; the latter did not go to bed before day-break, and then could neither get ſleep or repoſe. In the evening he ſhut himſelf up in his chamber, becauſe his father had company to ſupper. The next day he was alone with the Baron, and, while he promiſed to forget Olympia, ſpoke only of her. Sometimes he painted her as a monſter, fit only to be hated; at others, ſought excuſes for her conduct, and wiſhed to preſerve ſome remains of eſteem.

I do not find, mamma, interrupted Caroline, that Olympia was ſo very wrong: if ſhe never loved Theophilus, ſhe could not be accuſed of inconſtancy: beſides, ſhe was poor, he was rich; and yet ſhe would not marry him, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe could not make him happy; I think her behaviour noble.

If we ſuppoſe that Olympia had never loved Theophilus, which does not ſeem hitherto well proved, why did ſhe ſay that ſhe did? Wherefore receive his plighted faith, or give her promiſe?

Very true, mamma; but her Aunt obliged her, you know, in part ſo to do.

If, through obedience to her Aunt, ſhe had determined to marry Theophilus, ſhe ought to have perſiſted in that reſolution, out of reſpect to her word; and if ſhe had taken an invincible averſion to Theophilus, ſhe ought to have told her Aunt. Why did ſhe not aſk time to conſider; or why did ſhe not refuſe her conſent? Her refuſal would have been ſomething more excuſable, becauſe ſhe was not under the immediate authority of her parents.

Yes, I begin to perceive ſhe was wrong.

Remember eſpecially, that nothing can juſtify our not fulfilling engagements formally contracted: the phraſe *the engagement I entered into was not voluntary*, is an excuſe that conſcience diſavows, and that probity finds of no value; you know your word ought to be inviolable; that you cannot betray it, without being diſhonoured. Prefer then, ſhould it be neceſſary, death to the infamy of breaking it. Should fear or threatning therefore, ever force a promiſe from you, add not to that weakneſs, the eternal ſhame which forfeiting it would leave. But let us return to Theophilus.

The Baron was induſtrious to remove his grief; he took him often to ſee the Viſcounteſs De Liſba, a faſhionable houſe, where the beſt company met. This lady had a daughter of ſeventeen, whoſe figure and grace the Baron vaunted with enthuſiaſm.

Mademoiſelle De Liſba was not handſome, though by her manner of dreſſing, ſhe ſeemed to pretend to beauty: ſhe ſpoke much, laughed often, danced tolerably, and it was well known ſhe

ſhe had Teachers of all kinds. This was enough to authorize the friends of the houſe to ſay, that Mademoiſelle De Liſba was witty, pretty, amiable, and well informed: but Theophilus could not allow her all this praiſe; he thought her affected, was weary of her forced laughs and ſhocked at her coquetry; and ſhe appeared the more inſupportable to him, when he recollected, in ſpite of himſelf, the underſtanding and charms of Olympia.

Towards the end of winter, Theophilus got a commiſſion in the regiment of Mademoiſelle De Liſba's brother, and ſoon followed his Colonel into garriſon. It was five months before he returned to Paris, and his father found him in the ſame deep melancholy diſpoſition; he remarked, however with pleaſure, that he ſpoke no more of Olympia.

It was nearly a year ſince Theophilus had left Limouſin; he had been returned eight days from garriſon, when one evening the Baron took him into his chamber, and communicated a deſign he had of marrying him inſtantly: he added, he was deſirous he ſhould marry Mademoiſelle De Liſba. Theophilus no ſooner heard this, than he immediately replied, his heart had an invincible diſlike to marriage; and, moreover, a peculiar averſion to Mademoiſelle De Liſba.

The Baron warmly recounted all the great advantages of the connexion he propoſed; to which Theophilus coldly liſtened, and replied, he had no other ambition than that of diſtinguiſhing himſelf. The baron became angry, and informed him he had given his word to the young lady's family.

Theophilus, equally ſurprized and affected, aſked time to bring himſelf to think properly of

an engagement ſo contrary to his inclination, but could obtain only a week's delay.

Retired to his chamber, Theophilus paſſed a part of the night in reflecting on his ſituation. He recollected all the praiſes that the Baron had ſo long, and ſo often been giving to Mademoiſelle De Liſba; reflected on his father's intimate connexions with the family; (connexions formed before the Baron had received Olympia's letter) with many other circumſtances, that crowded to his memory, and perſuaded him there had been ſome artifice in the Baron's conduct, and that he had formed the project of making him marry Mademoiſelle De Liſba, at the very time he had appeared willing to fulfil his engagements with Olympia.

A thouſand confuſed ſuſpicions racked his fancy; he imagined it was not impoſſible that they had ſuppreſſed his letters, and intercepted thoſe of Olympia; nay, that they had ruined him in her opinion, by traducing *him* to her, at the ſame moment they were traducing *her* to him.

He did not yield, without ſcruple, to ſuſpicions ſo outrageouſly injurious to his father, yet every new reflection ſeemed to add to their weight. Unable to ſupport incertitude like this, he took the reſolution to depart ſecretly the following night for Limouſin, and obtain a perſonal explanation with Olympia. He was utterly ignorant of her deſtiny for ſix months paſt; he had not dared to pronounce her name; he ſhuddered at thinking, perhaps, ſhe was married; but this fear, though terrible, could not deter him.

He

He concealed his agitation and trouble from his father, and on the morrow confided his ſecret, in part, to one of his friends, who lent him a ſervant to accompany him on his journey. Two hours after midnight, he clandeſtinely left his father's houſe, mounted his horſe, and took the road to Limouſin.

He went directly to Tulle, where he arrived in the evening, alighted at an Inn, and with a beating heart, queſtioned the Landlady concerning Olympia. He learnt, with inexpreſſible joy, ſhe was not yet married; but this joy was damped by every thing elſe he heard. The Hoſteſs told him, nobody doubted but Olympia had loved the brother of her friend; that ſhe had lived eight months in the houſe of the latter; that the young man, to whom ſhe had ſacrificed a moſt advantageous match, refuſing to marry her, Olympia, in deſpair, had returned to her Convent, where being refuſed admittance, ſhe had gone to Uſerche; here ſhe had taken refuge with her Guardian, who had a houſe on the outſide of the town; that this laſt had compleated her ruin, in the opinion of the public; her Guardian not only being unmarried, but looked upon as a man of bad morals, who openly lived with a woman with whom Olympia had contracted a ſtrict intimacy.

Notwithſtanding this dreadful detail, Theophilus perſiſted in his reſolution of ſeeing Olympia, and immediately went for Uſerche. Here he was ſhewn the houſe of Olympia's Guardian. He had wrapped himſelf up in a great coat, and put an old hat upon his head.

It is not poſſible to deſcribe his feelings as he approached the houſe; he rapped at the door,

and

and was told the maſter had been abſent ſix weeks, and that there was nobody at home but Madame Du Rocher, (the woman of whom the Hoſteſs had ſpoken) and Mademoiſelle Olympia. It was eight o'clock in the evening, Theophilus croſſed a dark court-yard, and met a maid-ſervant, who brought him to Olympia's apartment; his emotion was ſo great he could ſcarcely ſtand upon his legs; and eager as he was once more to ſee Olympia, he was happy ſhe was not in her chamber, that he might have time to breathe a moment.

The ſervant, to whom he was careful not to tell his name, was gone to ſeek Olympia, and Theophilus remained alone. His heart melted as he looked at the objects round him; at ſeeing the harpſicord, the writing-deſk, the toilet, and eſpecially the Starling of Olympia, encloſed in its cage. He inſtantly recollected, ſhe had received the bird from him the very day before they ſaw each other laſt. Poor little thing, cried Theophilus, what wert thou a preſent from me to Olympia, and can ſhe ſtill endure to look upon thee?

Theophilus felt a tenderneſs he could not vanquiſh at the ſight; he opened the cage, took out the bird, and put it in his boſom; the Starling fluttered againſt his palpitating heart, and pronounced diſtinctly theſe words, *I love Theophilus.*——

Who can ſpeak the impreſſion theſe words made on Theophilus? Amazed, confounded, he ſcarce could believe he had well underſtood, when the bird again repeated—— *I love Theophilus*——*I love Theophilus.*

I cannot

I cannot doubt it, exclaimed Theophilus—— and were words ſo dear dictated by Olympia; how often muſt ſhe have repeated, ere thou couldſt learn them! And yet ſhe thought, alas! that I ſhould never hear them more.——And art thou, Olympia, my dear, my charming Olympia, art thou faithful to thy firſt vows?——It cannot be, but thou muſt believe me guilty, and doſt thou love me notwithſtanding? Doſt thou keep this bird? Doſt thou deign to liſten to it?

Theophilus kiſſed the little Starling with tranſport, and wept over it, while the bird, having learnt but one ſole phraſe, anſwered his paſſionate careſſes by fluttering, and again and again repeating *I love Theophilus*.

Theophilus trembled; he heard ſome one approach, and could not miſtake the light ſtep of Olympia; he thought he recollected the very manner of the ruſtling of her gown——he flew to the door, it opened; Olympia appeared; Theophilus flung himſelf upon his knees.

The Starling eſcaped, and flew to its miſtreſs, ſtill repeating *I love Theophilus*. Olympia ſhrieked, and endeavoured to fly, but was detained by the arm of her lover; ſhe ſunk pale and trembling upon a chair, without the power to ſpeak a word. Theophilus ſtill at her feet, had no other language but tears; the bird alone preſerved the faculty of ſpeech, and pleaſed to get to his miſtreſs, a thouſand times repeated his leſſon.

Olympia perplexed, confuſed, and irritated, at length broke ſilence. Liſten to and believe *me* only, ſaid ſhe, whoſe duty it is to hate, to deſpiſe, to forget you.

I conjure you, in the name of heaven, Olympia to hear me——I am free, I am faithful, we have

have both been deceived. This bird has taught me my error, liſten, in turn, to my juſtification.

How can you juſtify your not having anſwered my letters?

Your letters! I never received one, but have written more than twenty.

Olympia's doubts were immediately diſſipated; ſhe had too much innocence and candour not to be eaſily perſuaded, She could not contain her tears, but raiſing her eyes to heaven, O Theophilus, ſaid ſhe, ſince you are ſtill the ſame, I will not complain of perfidy and treaſon.

Theſe words made Theophilus the happieſt of men; and after he had expreſſed his gratitude and joy, he gave a circumſtantial account of all that had happened. Olympia liſtened with affection, and aſtoniſhment; and as ſoon as he had ended, informed him, that having no Guide, no one to conſult, ſhe was not aware that ſhe ſhould wound her reputation, by giving way to the interceſſions of her friend, and going to live with her, to which ſhe was exceedingly preſſed; nor had ſhe any doubt at that time, but that the young lady's character was free from all ſuſpicion; that when with her, ſhe was always ſhut up in her chamber with her Starling, and ſaw no perſon whatever, but one of her relations, who, under the veil of friendſhip, and a deſire to ſerve, concealed the blackeſt deſigns. That this relation was a man who had entirely gained her confidence; that ſhe had related all her grief to him; and that this traiterous confident had, at laſt, told her ſhe was no longer

beloved

beloved by Theophilus, who had conceived a paſſion for Mademoiſelle de Liſba.

He ſhewed me, continued Olympia, ſeveral of your father's letters; by which I was convinced, that a reſpect to your promiſe, alone, could induce you to fulfil your engagements with me. Under this conviction, I did not heſitate to break with you; and too proud to let you know the real feelings of my heart, I wrote the letter you have read.

Afflicted, deſpairing of happineſs, and imagining I hated you, I took a diſlike to this poor bird; nor could I hear without anger, the words I had taken ſuch pleaſure and ſuch pains to teach. Accordingly, I one evening opened my window, and let it fly, which I afterwards, however, could not forbear to regret. I bluſhed at my weakneſs, and endeavouring to perſuade myſelf that I loved the bird for its own ſake, I roſe, from a reſtleſs bed, in the middle of the night, and a thouſand times called my bird. It was in vain; it returned not, and I paſſed the night in weeping.

The next morning I walked into the Park, ſat me down and wept, and preſently was ſurprized to hear a plaintive ſmall voice, ſoftly pronouncing the name of Theophilus.——Imagine what I felt?——Yes, Theophilus, it was the ſole ſenſation of joy I ever knew ſince laſt I ſaw you.

I found my poor little Starling upon a roſe-buſh: there it ſat trembling and terrified; the buſh was covered with the feathers it had loſt. I called it, it came, I put it in my boſom, and determined to keep it till I ſhould hear you were actually married. I was reſolved never to ſee

you again; but while I renounced all further connexion with you, I could not really and thoroughly perſuade myſelf you would ever marry another. I ſaid to myſelf he will be ſtruck with remorſe; he never can wed the woman he has preferred to me. I am determined to be inflexible, nothing ſhall make me forgive him; but I will preſerve my Starling; he ſhall never know it; I will hide it from all eyes, and I alone will liſten to it. Such were the reaſons my heart contrived to authorize me in ſtill keeping my bird.

I remained ſix months with this female friend, at the end of which my perfidious Confidant propoſed to marry me himſelf. I then began juſtly to ſuſpect him, and declared I would never ſee him more. To revenge himſelf, he informed me my reputation was defamed; that the lady with whom I lived had totally loſt her's, and that I was accuſed of loving her brother.

I now began to examine the conduct of this lady with a ſuſpicious eye, and ſoon had reaſon to think it not very good; I therefore determined to return to Tulle, to the Convent I had ſo imprudently quitted. The Nuns, being prejudiced againſt me, refuſed to receive me. Humbled, betrayed, abandoned, ſuſtained by virtue alone, I came hither to aſk advice of my Guardian.

It was not my intention to aſk an aſylum, becauſe decency forbad me to live in the houſe of an unmarried man, but I was happier than I hoped. I found my Guardian ready to depart on a two months tour. He preſented me to Madame du Rocher, one of his relations, who had met with many misfortunes, and who was come

come to ſtay at his houſe for a few months. This lady, who appears to me as amiable as ſhe is virtuous, related her ſtory to me, which is ſufficiently intereſting for a Novel; and here I intend to remain as long as ſhe ſtays.

Olympia ended, and Theophilus, greatly affected, remained a moment ſilent; then heaving a deep ſigh, alas! ſaid he, we may attribute all our misfortunes to that innocence, that pure candour, which are your characteriſtics; it is theſe angelic virtues that have furniſhed the malignant with pretexts to blacken and defame you; it is theſe virtues by which you are blinded.——You think yourſelf at preſent in an honeſt aſylum?

Think myſelf?

You are deceived; the woman you ſuppoſe eſtimable is wicked——is——

Heavens!

What I was told at Tulle, has been confirmed in this very village where I alighted.

Oh! my Aunt! cried Olympia, while the tears ſtreamed down her cheeks: in loſing you, I felt that ſorrow which gratitude and affection only inſpires; but I knew not the extent of my misfortune; my inexperience felt not all the neceſſity of ſuch a Guide.——And may one with ſuch rectitude of intention, ſo eaſily wound, ſo quickly deſtroy reputation? Is it then impoſſible for the love of Virtue to perform the duties of Experience?

Let me entreat you, interrupted Theophilus, to be calm; imagine all our ills at an end; at length we know the truth, we are united by ſacred ties.

But

But does not your father wiſh to break them; has he not ſuppreſſed my letters even before Scandal had touched my reputation?

Doubt not, but that at firſt he wiſhed to diſcover our real ſentiments for each other; that afterwards being deceived by falſe reports, juſtified by falſe appearances, he acted with good intentions. But when he ſhall hear what you have told me, when he ſhall know only the ſtory of the Starling, you will ſee——be certain of it ——you will hear him conjuring you himſelf to fulfil an engagement equally dear to honour, love, and gratitude.

One readily believes what one wiſhes, eſpecially at ſeventeen; Olympia did not doubt that the Baron, the moment he knew his error, would be miſerable till he had done her juſtice. Eaſy concerning the future, ſhe was anxious only for the preſent; ſhe would not ſtay where ſhe was: yet whither could ſhe go, till Theophilus had come to an explanation with his father? She knew none but two or three old friends of her late Aunt, whom ſhe had never ſeen ſince Euphraſia's death, and who, certainly prejudiced againſt her, would refuſe to receive her. There was no Convent at Uſerche. At laſt ſhe determined to go on the morrow to Brives (*a*), and wait there in the Convent for news from Theophilus, who was to return to Paris.

Theophilus obtained Olympia's leave to viſit her the next day, and they did not ſeparate that evening, till they had firſt concerted ſuch meaſures as they thought were neceſſary to take.

(*a*) Surnamed *the Gaillarde* (cheerful) on account of its agreeable ſituation. It is 118 leagues from Paris.

When

When he had returned to his inn, Theophilus heard diſagreeable tidings; his Lackey told him he had ſeen four or five men, ſeemingly diſguiſed, who had paſſed and repaſſed the houſe, and aſked the landlord various queſtions.

As the Lackey finiſhed his recital, Theophilus heard a noiſe; they are coming to take me, ſaid he, and inſtantly ſeized his two loaded piſtols, with which he advanced towards the door. At the ſame moment he ſaw his father's Steward whom he had left at Paris.

Do you come to ſeek me, M. Dumond, ſaid Theophilus, by my father's order?

Yes, Sir, replied M. Dumond, a little diſconcerted at ſight of the piſtols.

And do you intend to take me by force?——

Sir——I hope——your ſubmiſſion to the Baron——but I am obliged to tell you——I bring an order from the King.

An order from my father had ſufficed; he wiſhes my return, and that is enough; but I muſt declare to you, I am determined not to go, till I have once more ſeen the perſon on whoſe account I came hither.

Sir!

No objections, they are uſeleſs.

My order is to depart immediately.

A ſacred duty will detain me a few hours. I muſt return to yonder houſe; it is eleven o'clock, the doors are all faſt, every body is in bed, and I would neither chuſe to frighten any perſon, nor diſturb the neighbourhood, conſequently I ſhall paſs the night in the attitude you behold. In the morning I ſhall go where I have informed you, where I ſhall ſtay three quarters of an hour, and afterwards follow you to Paris.

Your father will be very angry.

He will condeſcend to hear, and excuſe me. I will take all the blame to myſelf. If you pleaſe, M. Dumond, you may watch me in the adjoining chamber. I do not wiſh, and I give you my word of honour not to attempt, to eſcape.

M. Dumond ſeeing Theophilus firmly reſolved not to go that night, nor quit his piſtols, conſented to wait, and ſtaid as propoſed in the next chamber; and Theophilus paſſed the reſt of the night in walking about the room, and reflecting on what he ſhould ſay to Olympia.

As ſoon as day appeared, Theophilus called M. Dumond, and told him he might follow if he pleaſed to the houſe whither he was going. The latter made ſome objections, but Theophilus ſhewed himſelf ſo determined that he was obliged to acquieſce; and, accompanied by two men, he followed Theophilus at a little diſtance, who gave his word not to let his ſtay exceed an hour.

When he came to the houſe, Theophilus learnt that Olympia was riſen, and gone out. Euphraſia had been buried at a Church not above a quarter of a league diſtant. Olympia had agreed to ſee Theophilus at ten o'clock in the morning, after which ſhe was to ſet off for Brives; but before ſhe left Uſerche, ſhe was deſirous of once more dropping a tear over the aſhes of her dear Aunt.

In ſpite of the murmurs of M. Dumond, Theophilus went immediately in ſearch of Olympia, and as he entered the Church ſtopped at the door, when he beheld her, alone, in the midſt of the aile, proſtrate upon Euphraſia's tomb. The piety, the gratitude of Olympia, the ſanctity of the

pla ce,

place, the ſight of an Altar, at which, had not Euphraſia died, he had received the hand of his beloved, and the recollection of paſt times, to which theſe circumſtances gave birth, made a powerful impreſſion upon the heart of Theophilus.——He advanced towards Olympia; the ſound of his feet drew her attention, and ſhe turned her face, bathed in tears, to ſee who it was. Theophilus approached, and knelt beſide her; the ſurprize of ſeeing him, and the alteration ſhe remarked in his countenance, ſtartled Olympia, and ſhe looked at him with aſtoniſhment, mixed with fear.

Theophilus took one of her hands, and claſping it ſtrongly between his own, Oh! moſt revered Euphraſia, ſaid he, with a ſuffocated voice, here it was that, had you lived, I had received this dear hand; it is here that a ſacred vow had for ever united the deſtiny of Olympia to that of Theophilus.——This holy, this much wiſhed for vow, ſhall yet be pronounced beneath theſe vaulted roofs.——Yes, behold I ſwear, Olympia, to be only your's. I call that Being Supreme who hears my words, and reads my heart to——

Stop, cried the trembling Olympia, ſtop, Theophilus; dread to make a raſh vow.

No——I pronounce it with tranſport becauſe it is inviolable.

But ſhould your father forbid——

He has no right; which way may he break engagements he himſelf has formed?——If, Olympia, you have really loved me, now give me a proof of love: here, in the Church where our parents and friends promiſed to conduct us, before that Altar where I ought to have

have received your plighted faith, and upon the tomb of her who was a ſecond mother to you, who commanded you to receive me as your huſband, here promiſe to be mine.

What is it you aſk, ſaid Olympia; can we have a right to diſpoſe of ourſelves?

Olympia endeavoured to draw back her hand, that trembling hand which Theophilus would not quit. Will you forſake me Olympia, cried he? Is it your intention to renounce me?—— Dread my deſpair.

The manner and tone in which theſe words were pronounced terrified Olympia, who caſt a languiſhing and timid look upon Theophilus, and with a feeble voice ſaid, be pacified, I pledge myſelf by the ſome ſacred vows you have made.

Theophilus raiſed his claſped hands, and in the moſt paſſionate terms, thanked heaven and the ſorrowful Olympia; who, pale, ſpeechleſs, and diſturbed by fearful apprehenſions, partook his feeling, but not his joy.

The Sexton juſt then entered the church, and Theophilus begged permiſſion to have a moment's converſation with her in the houſe of the Curate, which was juſt by, and whither Olympia ſuffered him to lead her. Here he informed her of the arrival of M. Dumond, which threw her into the utmoſt conſternation.

Oh! Theophilus, ſaid ſhe, while the tears flowed down her cheeks, what is the vow you have forced me to take? And at what a time? Now when your angry father recalls you, that he may command you never to remember me more?

Never

Never remember you! You are mine, and death alone can diſunite us.——Baniſh, dear Olympia, theſe fears, ſo injurious to my father; when he ſhall know you, when love, honour, and truth have, by me, pronounced your juſtification, he will approve all I have done; he loves me; he is neither barbarous nor baſe.

But he is ambitious.

Can ambition baniſh juſtice and nature?—— I am certain of his conſent; I fear nothing but delays——You can diſpel my fears.

Which way?

By condeſcending to follow me to Paris.

What is it you propoſe?

The propoſition can neither offend decency, nor wound delicacy; we will not go together.

And where ſhall I find an aſylum at Paris?

I can diſpoſe of a friend's houſe.

What lodge with a man, and no doubt with a man of your own age——No! never.

Theophilus, to induce Olympia's compliance, indulged himſelf in a falſhood; deſcribed Derval as a grave, middle-aged perſon; and aſſured her, he was equally reſpected for his experience and character. Beſides, added he, you will not ſee him; I will take care he ſhall be from home, and you ſhall only ſtay in his houſe twenty-four hours at fartheſt, during which I will ſeek you an apartment in a Convent——No, Olympia, I cannot leave you; our ſeparation has coſt me too much already. My father cannot oppoſe what I ſhall tell him; but let us not wilfully run the riſk of again becoming the Victims of artifice. I conjure you, in the name of heaven, Olympia, to follow your huſband; follow the happy mortal to whom you are engaged by the moſt

moſt ſacred vows, ſo that you may appear at the very inſtant I have obtained my father's conſent, and render it impoſſible for him to deceive us, or defer our union.

What are become of all my reſolutions? ſaid Olympia: laſt night, in thinking of you, I was grieved that my indiſcreet Starling had informed you of what it was my duty to hide; I repented I ſo long had liſtened to you, and determined not to ſee you this morning, but to depart before the appointed hour.——Alas! in the very church where you found me, at the foot of the altar, where I promiſed the Almighty to ſacrifice, if neceſſary, an unfortunate paſſion, my tongue hath pronounced the imprudent vows that your's has dictated.——And what do you require now! That I ſhould follow, that I ſhould expoſe myſelf to the contempt and refuſal of your father, who hath already rejected me?

You ſtill forget he was deceived——Do him juſtice, Olympia; you ſoon ſhall hear him aſk your pardon——But you are no longer your own, we are engaged to each other by ties that no human power can break——We will ſeparate no more——Nay, Olympia, the moments are precious——I am waited for——I muſt leave you ——You will drive me diſtracted, if you refuſe to follow me.

Will you not give me time to reflect upon the conſequences of ſo raſh a ſtep, ſaid the ſorrowful Olympia?——Indeed, Theophilus, you abuſe your aſcendancy over me.

Olympia could ſay no more, tears impeded her ſpeech. Theophilus redoubled his prayers, and at laſt obtained the promiſe he ſo ardently ſolicited.

ſolicited. He gave Olympia directions how to find the houſe in which ſhe was to be received at Paris, under a falſe name. She wept, and engaged to follow him the next day; and Theophilus, now at the height of his hopes, rejoined M. Dumond.

They ſet off together in a poſt-chaiſe that waited for them, towards Paris. Theophilus thought himſelf the happieſt of men, and ſuppoſed it not poſſible that his father, after he had heard, ſhould diſapprove of what he had done. As he approached Paris, however, his hopes grew more and more feeble: he recollected, with terror, the ambition and artifice of his father; inquietudes, doubts, and dreads, inſenſibly ſucceeded his ſecurity, and he arrived in town in a ſtate of diſcouragement little ſhort of deſpair. It was nine o'clock at night when he alighted at his father's houſe; and the very reception of the domeſtics, but too plainly announced paternal wrath. He ſaw none but ſad or ſevere faces; ſome came to examine him with a kind of malignant curioſity, others looked at him and ſhrugged their ſhoulders, while the reſt, with downcaſt eyes, ſtopt ſilently and let him paſs: not one of them ſpoke a word.

At the top of the ſtair-caſe he met the Baron's old Valet de Chambre, who, with an air of myſtery, put a note into his hand: Theophilus was going to enter——Stop, ſir, ſaid the Valet, rudely, you muſt not ſee your father at preſent.

What does my father refuſe to hear me?

He has written.

I am loſt beyond redemption, cried Theophilus. So ſaying, he went to his own room, and

and tremblingly opened the Baron's billet, in which he found theſe words:

"Ungrateful and rebellious as you are, you "are no longer my ſon, but my priſoner; nor "will I ſee you, till you have given me a writ-"ten promiſe of unbounded obedience."

Struck as with a thunderbolt, by this terrible mandate, Theophilus remained motionleſs. At length, collecting all his powers, well then, ſaid he, I will remain eternally a priſoner. The mournful recollection of Olympia's arrival, ſoon, however. annihilated his reſolution; what muſt ſhe imagine when ſhe arrives, not to find Theophilus!

He had had the precaution, thinking it poſſible he might not immediately be able to go himſelf and tell Derval of Olympia's coming, to write a letter by the Lackey this ſame friend had lent him, containing a detail of the favour he requeſted; in which, without naming Olympia, he informed Derval, that a young lady, called Madame De Forlis, would be with him in two days, and begged him to grant her protection for twenty-four hours only.

The Lackey charged with this letter, had left Theophilus as ſoon as they had entered the gates of Paris, with a promiſe to go and deliver it inſtantly. Certain, therefore, that Olympia would be ſafe, ſhould ſhe happen to arrive to a moment, Theophilus determined to paſs two days without anſwering his father; hoping that this appearance of fortitude, might induce the Baron to forego his ſeverity, and ſee him unconditionally.

Theophilus paſſed theſe two horrible days ſhut up in his chamber, flattering himſelf every minute, his father would either come or ſend: each

each time a ſervant entered, each time the door opened, he roſe in a tremor, thinking he heard the voice of the Baron, or that an order was coming for him to deſcend. Towards noon of the ſecond day, his agitation became ſtill more violent; and the idea that Olympia would moſt probably arrive that very evening made it inſupportable.

He was in this ſtate, when a new incident ſwept away all reſolution: his own Lackey, offended that Theophilus had confided in a borrowed ſervant rather than himſelf, had ſhewn his inſolence and ill-humour ever ſince his young maſter's return. He found out to his great joy, that the Baron had impriſoned the Lackey who had been with Theophilus, to whom he was in the utmoſt hurry to tell this news.

And when did this happen? ſaid Theophilus, trembling.

The very day of your arrival: the order was obtained before. The poor fellow left you at the gate, but he had not gone twenty yards before he was whipped up, and taken to a place he will not eaſily get out of.

This intelligence overwhelmed Theophilus with a thouſand fears. If Olympia was come, Derval not being pre-informed, would certainly refuſe her admittance. What muſt ſhe think? What muſt become of her?——And ſhould they have ſearched the Lackey, the Baron would have ſeen the letter he had written to Derval. Theſe were diſtracting probabilities.

Willing to know the extent of his misfortunes, Theophilus took the only ſtep to regain his liberty, and obtained the means of reſcuing her from the moſt cruel embarraſſment, ſuppoſing her

her to be arrived. He took pen and ink, and with a trembling hand, traced theſe few words:

"I promiſe unbounded obedience, only con-
"deſcend to hear me."

The note had not been gone a minute, before he heard ſome one knock at his door; it was the Valet de Chambre, who came to conduct him to his father.

Pale, panting, and terrified, but determined to diſſemble, Theophilus deſcended immediately to his father, who came to meet him, embraced him, took him affectionately by the hand, and made him ſit down by his ſide. A moment's ſilence ſucceeded, occaſioned by mutual embarraſſment. At length the Baron, endeavouring to take an open and ſatisfied air, ſpoke thus:

Let us forget the paſt, my ſon, you have promiſed me unbounded obedience; I can depend upon your promiſe, and return you all my confidence and affection. I make no doubt that the perſon you have ſeen at Limouſin, has taken every pains to ſeduce you, and make me appear culpable: ſhe has told you your letters were intercepted, but that is the only artifice I have employed; my fondneſs for you, and your own good, are my excuſes. As for the reſt, I ſaid not a word more than truth, when I told you her conduct had rendered her unworthy of you. I know very well ſhe has perſuaded you ſhe is innocent; but can ſhe deny that her reputation is loſt? The laſt retreat ſhe has choſen, and her intimacy with the vileſt of women, has completely ruined it; be it folly, or be it vice, ſhe is diſhonoured, and that is enough; her alliance would be ignominious. Neither did I make any agreement with her Aunt, but under the expreſs

preſs condition that ſhe ſhould inherit her fortune. That condition is broken, and my promiſes null and void.

To this diſcourſe, which ambition, cupidity, and diſhoneſty dictated, Theophilus might have replied, that the Baron exaggerated the wrongs of Olympia; that her reputation had been attacked, but was not paſt retrieving; that her youth, and the unfortunate liberty to which ſhe was left, would excite the indulgence of all reaſonable people; that it was exceedingly unjuſt to condemn, without hearing her; that it was ſtill more unjuſtifiable to have intercepted her letters, and rejected her, before there was the leaſt cauſe to think her guilty; that as to her want of fortune, the Baron himſelf felt it was impoſſible to alledge that as a good reaſon, for breaking engagements ſo ſolemnly entered into; ſince, at the death of Euphraſia, he had not once mentioned this as a pretext for breaking his word: a pretext which the laws, perhaps, might admit, but which virtue and honour would diſdain to hear: that, finally, ſuppoſing Olympia had actually inherited the fortune of her Aunt, as there would have been no proportion between the fortune ſhe would have then poſſeſſed, and the newly acquired wealth of the Baron, the objection, in point of intereſt, would not have been removed.

Theophilus made all theſe reflections; but perceiving, beyond the poſſibility of a doubt, that the Baron was decided and irrevocable in his opinion, and burning, beſides, with impatience to obtain his liberty, that he might fly to Derval's houſe, he made no reply. His chief care, was to diſcover if the Baron had ſeen the

letter

letter addreſſed to Derval, of which the Lackey had taken charge, and was ſoon perſuaded he had not.

Diſguiſing the moſt diſtracting inquietude, and the bittereſt chagrin, under an humble and ſubmiſſive appearance, Theophilus, in a low voice, aſſured his father of his obedience, and was again embraced. The moſt cutting remorſe made Theophilus feel, at this moment, how dreadful a thing is deceit; and eſpecially to deceive a father, even though unjuſt and tyrannical.

My ſon, ſaid the Baron, you know my engagements with the family of Mademoiſelle de Liſba: they muſt be fulfilled, and without delay. Theſe words made the youth's blood run cold; but, ſeeming not to remark it, the Baron thus continued: Madame de Liſba is at Verſailles; ſhe will return the day after to-morrow, and the very ſame evening I muſt preſent you as the huſband of her daughter; the next morning the articles will be ſigned.

I once more repeat, my father, replied the miſerable Theophilus, I am ready to obey you.

This new aſſurance obtained new praiſes, which cut Theophilus to the heart; at laſt perceiving clearly, from their converſation, that the Baron had not ſeen the letter addreſſed to Derval, he came to the point that touched him neareſt.

May I have leave to go out this evening? ſaid he; I ſtand greatly in need of ſomething that may divert my thoughts; may I viſit my friends?

You

You are free, anſwered the Baron; I muſt only tell you, you will be obſerved till the marriage ceremony is over; that I expect you will not go out on foot, and that your ſervants may go with you.

Theophilus was eager to profit by a permiſſion he had been ſo impatient to obtain; but while his horſes are putting to, let us take a retroſpect of what has paſſed at the houſe of his friend Derval.

Derval had been hunting that day; had returned from the chaſe at three o'clock, and had given a dinner to ſeven or eight of his young friends; this noiſy and thoughtleſs company was to ſpend the afternoon with Derval. Towards the end of the repaſt, at the very moment when the champagne began to operate, a ſervant came to tell Derval, that a lady in a carriage came to demand admiſſion into his houſe.

What is her name? aſked Derval.

Madame De Forlis, ſir.

O goodneſs, cried Pulcheria, it is Olympia.

Exactly ſo, replied Madame de Clémire, Olympia herſelf; who, thinking Derval pre-informed, expected to be received, properly, and entertained during twenty-four hours, while the grave and reſpectable Derval (for it was thus Theophilus had painted him) ſhould be abſent.

Madame De Forlis, ſaid Derval, laughing, that is a good name enough for a Comedian. But what kind of appearance has this ſame Madame De Forlis?

She is young and very handſome.

Let her come in! Let her come in! cried they all together.

I will go for her, ſaid the Footman; and I am very much deceived, if I did not ſee her about three or four years ſince, at Audinot's (*a*); ſhe was a Dancer there, if I remember right.

Olympia and her maid were waiting in their carriage at the gate; it opened, the carriage entered, the ſervant came to receive them, and took them into the houſe up a private ſtair-caſe. Olympia, trembling, fearful, and fatigued, reſted upon the arm of her maid, a luſty broad-faced laſs, from Limouſin, a Farmer's daughter, and who had all the appearance, phraſes, and manners of a good hearty country girl. In one hand ſhe had a bundle, containing her miſtreſſes's night-cloaths, and with the other ſhe ſupported Olympia, who ſcarcely could ſupport herſelf.

After paſſing through a long gallery, the Footman opened the door and retired. Olympia and her maid entered this fatal door, which cloſed upon them. Imagine, if you can, what were the aſtoniſhment and terror of Olympia, at finding herſelf thus ſuddenly amidſt a ſet of young fellows, half drunk, the oldeſt of whom was not five and twenty. She ſhrieked, endeavoured to fly, was ſtopped, and ſurrounded.

Good God! cried ſhe, where am I? My Poſtilion has made a miſtake, gentlemen; I directed him to the houſe of a venerable perſon, M. Derval.

The words, venerable perſon, ſet them all in a roar.

(*a*) A Theatre on the Boulevards at Paris. T.

Derval

Derval advanced: You are not deceived, Madam, ſaid he, with an affected gravity, I am Derval.——Olympia, petrified, was ready to faint, and held by the back of an arm chair——She is really charming, continued Derval.

'Tis a romantic girl indeed, ſaid another, who was ſtill ſitting at table.

Why really, added a third, her little country coquetry, whether natural or not, ſits very well upon her.

Oh Catherine! ſaid Olympia, take me from this place.

Pſhaw, cried the toper at the table, Catherine! I do not like that name; there is nothing romantic in that, my dear.

Come, mademoiſelle, ſaid the maid, in her broad dialect, take my arm, and leave theſe fleabitten fops; I am ſure they know nothing of politeneſs and good manners.

Here the roar of laughter again began; neither did they fail to remark, that Catherine called *Madame* De Forlis, *Mademoiſelle*.

Olympia confounded, and in a kind of ſtupor, made an attempt to go, but was retained by Derval. Come, come, ſaid he, you have given us enough of your frights; ſit down with a good grace.

The terror and ſhame of Olympia was ſo great, that ſhe found her legs could no longer ſupport her, and ſhe accordingly ſunk down upon the chair. A ſervant, juſt at this moment, entered, and addreſſing himſelf to Derval, laughing, ſaid, There is a little Lackey, ſir, below, of Madame De Forlis, tugging at a large portmanteau, and enquiring which is his miſtreſs's

bed-chamber, as ſhe does not intend to go any farther.

No ſooner had he ſaid this, but they all at once broke out into freſh peals of laughter. Upon my ſoul, ſaid Derval, there is a fund of gaiety and eaſe in this procedure which charms me; it utterly abridges all formal compliments and ceremony.

Derval at laſt ſat himſelf down by Olympia, ſeized one of her hands, and kiſſed it; when, collecting all her force, Indignation, and Anger, vanquiſhed Shame. She roſe, and impetuouſly tearing herſelf from Derval, flew to the other end of the chamber, where ſeeing a door ſhe opened it, and entered a gallery: Derval followed, but impelled by fear, ſhe ran with ſuch ſwiftneſs he could not overtake her. At the end of the gallery was a cabinet, the door was half open; ſhe glided in, flung it to, and inſtantly locked and bolted it. After which ſhe ſunk upon a couch, and gave a free courſe to her tears.

Derval knocked, and ſaid a thouſand extravagant things; but all in vain. At laſt he threatened to burſt the door. The terrified Olympia opened the window; it was two ſtory high, and the garden belonging to the houſe was beneath.——No matter——the deſperate Olympia was determined to caſt herſelf headlong into the garden, if Derval broke open the door; ſhe inſtantly climbed up, and threw open the window, but not hearing the voice of Derval ſhe ſtopt, and ſat herſelf down on the frame.

Finding that Derval was no longer in the gallery, ſhe imagined he was gone to call his ſervants

vants to break in. Oh miſerable Olympia! cried ſhe, whither has thy imprudence, thy credulity brought thee? Baſely betrayed, deceived, abandoned, obliged to chuſe death or infamy. ——I will not heſitate.——Alas! in loſing life, what have I to regret?——Shall I not be delivered from thoſe forebodings, thoſe ſenſations, which are my torment and my ſhame?——What do I ſay?——I!——Do I ſtill love the perfidious Seducer, who, in promiſing me an agreeable Aſylum, has allured me to this houſe of horrors?——Yet I cannot think him ſo beyond example wicked, as thus deſignedly to expoſe me to inſults and deſtruction; reaſons that I am ignorant of, muſt ſurely clear him from ſuch unheard-of crimes——But has he not deceived me! Did he not tell me Derval!——Olympia's attention was diverted; ſhe heard footſteps in the gallery, and kneeling upon the frame, put her body through the caſement——They are coming to force the door, ſaid ſhe.——Oh God! deign to pardon my errors; my conduct has been imprudent, but my heart is pure——Approve, oh merciful Father! this deſperate act which virtue inſpires.

As Olympia ended her prayer, ſhe heard ſome one pronounce her name; and knew, with inexpreſſible joy, it was the voice of her maid, who called to her to open the door, for that ſhe might without danger. Olympia at firſt heſitated; but Catherine proteſted, that Derval and his friends had all left the houſe. Olympia then went to the door, and opened it, when inſtantly a man advanced, and threw himſelf at the feet of the ſhrieking Olympia. It was Theophilus. As ſoon as ſhe knew him, ſhe drew back

with

with indignation; her remaining ſtrength immediately fled, and ſhe fainted in the arms of Catherine.

As ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf, the firſt object ſhe beheld was Theophilus bathed in tears, and kneeling before her. Olympia turned away her head, and addreſſing herſelf to Catherine, Let us leave this deteſted houſe, ſaid ſhe.

Catherine replied, that Derval and all his companions were gone, and that he would not return while ſhe remained.

That will not be long, ſaid Olympia.

And will not Olympia deign to hear me, replied Theophilus, with a timid and trembling voice.

Olympia replied with reproaches, ſuch as appearances gave her a juſt right to make, while Theophilus liſtened in ſilence and conſternation. When ſhe had ended, he anſwered by owning it was true he had deceived her, reſpecting the age and character of Derval, but that he was, notwithſtanding his faults, a faithful friend, and the only one on whoſe ſecrecy he could rely; and he prayed her to hear his juſtification, and what he had ſuffered ſince his arrival in Paris without a witneſs.

After much entreaty, Olympia conſented to ſend Catherine out of the room; and Theophilus certain he could diſſipate Olympia's anger, ſince ſhe conſented to hear him, began the ſorrowful recital of his perſecutions. He diſguiſed, he concealed nothing; not even his formal promiſe to marry Mademoiſelle de Liſba.

Olympia grew pale as ſhe liſtened, nor could ſhe repreſs tears that involuntary flowed. I call heaven

heaven to witneſs, continued Theophilus, had my life only been in danger, no tortures ſhould have tore a promiſe from my lips which my heart revolts at; but I was obliged, either for a moment to deceive a father who abuſes his power, or be prevented the poſſibility of flying to your ſuccour. Alas! I little imagined the outrages to which you were expoſed by my captivity. I could not have ſuppoſed ſuch ſcenes, but with feelings and deſpair the moſt dreadful. But I knew you were to arrive in a ſtrange city, and demand an aſylum in a houſe where you would be refuſed admittance; and this was enough to determine me to diſſemble for a moment; eſpecially ſince violence the moſt unjuſt robbed me of liberty.

No, no, interrupted Olympia, vainly endeavouring to conceal her emotion; it is your duty to fulfil your promiſe to your father.

I will fulfil that which was voluntary. My father received a ſacred promiſe to be your huſband, and by his own command; to this I ſhall be faithful; this only is inviolable.

And what are your hopes?

That you will keep ſacred the ſolemn oath I received from you.

How can I?——Oh heaven!——Do you not depend on the will of an inflexible father whom you have promiſed to obey, and in three days?

That delay is ſufficient to free us from his inſupportable tyranny.

What is your deſign?

To ſacrifice my fortune, my eſtate, my country——to fly.

Oh horror! Fly! How have you dared——

If

If you truly love me, you will not hesitate: your faith is pledged; is mine; is my due——I cannot receive it here——follow me then to England——

Heavens! Into what Abyss would you drag me! What! I stea la son from his father! I consent to an illegal marriage which the laws can dissolve! I elope, and sacrifice decency, reputation, and honour! No, let me rather die.

Well then, cried Theophilus, wildly, receive an eternal adieu!——I cannot live without you, Olympia! Losing you, I lose every thing that makes life dear.

Olympia, seized with terror and desperation that was not feigned, held Theophilus who was going. Hear me, said she; cease to freeze me with these horrid fears.——Pity me Theophilus.——Would you terrify me into a promise so d structive to us both?

Hear *me* Olympia—— think of my situation: think that, in three days, if I stay, I must for ever renounce you, and marry a woman I detest, or be thrown in prison. The *Letter de Cachet* is already obtained.——And what is afterwards to become of your Olympia? Deprived of your only friend on earth, exposed to persecution, pursued by hatred, by revenge!——Oh, let us fly this scene of horrors!——I have foreseen every thing; my plan is formed, is certain. ——In abandoning our country, we shall not regret fortune, nor need we fear indigence. I have the honourable means of providing for you.——But there is no time to be lost, we must determine without delay.

Olympia heard these pressing arguments, then raising her hands fervently clasped to heaven,

Deign,

Deign, oh my God, ſaid ſhe, to inſpire me.—— In vain, alas! do I wiſh for good advice: in vain I feel, I know my weakneſs, my imprudence: I ſee a precipice beneath my feet, a ſaving hand might ſnatch me from the dreadful danger; but I have neither Protector nor Guide; my fall is inevitable.

Suffocated by her tears, the ſorrowful wailings of Olympia ceaſed; Theophilus again threw himſelf at her feet, and demanded his ſentence; declaring, vowing, he would not live were it unfavourable; and Olympia at laſt, terrified and overpowered, pronounced the fatal promiſe, which for ever fixed her deſtiny.

It is time, ſaid the Baronneſs, interrupting her narration, to leave off and go to bed; it is later than uſual; to-morrow you ſhall hear the remainder of the adventures of Theophilus and Olympia.

M. de la Paliniére came the next morning to Champcery to paſs a few days, and the children told him all they had heard of the ſtory of Theophilus, at which he expreſſed a deſire to hear the reſt; and, as the tales were never deferred on his account, in the evening, the Baronneſs thus continued her recital.

As ſoon as Theophilus had obtained Olympia's conſent he inſtantly left her; a prey to the moſt profound grief and the bittereſt repentance. Theophilus went home, and had ſufficient command over himſelf to appear tranquil. A converſation, which paſſed the ſame evening between him and the Baron, confirmed the latter in a belief he was at length determined, and that Ambition and Vanity had been too mighty

for Love. He was the more credulous in this point, becauſe he judged by his own feelings; common minds are often dupes to this kind of calculation.

The next day Theophilus appeared triflingly buſy; and his father heard, with inexpreſſible pleaſure, that he had paſt great part of the morning with Taylors and Embroiderers; and that he had not been abroad, except to the Coach-maker's to ſee his new chariot. Theophilus knowing, however, how ſtrictly he was watched, had the reſolution not to go near Derval's the whole day, and went to bed without having ſeen Olympia.

By this conduct he totally diſſipated his father's fears, who gave way, freely, to the joy which ſuch a change occaſioned. Theophilus, who on the day of Olympia's arrival had had a moment's converſation with Derval, met him ſecretly at the Coach-makers, where he revealed in part only the ſtate of his affairs: he did not conceal the real name of Madame de Forlis, but added, that he was determined to marry Mademoiſelle de Liſba; and that Olympia had reſolved to ſacrifice an unhappy paſſion, to go to a Convent twelve leagues from Paris, the Abbeſs of which was an Aunt of her's; and that ſhe would depart in the night, previous to the day when he was to receive the hand of Mademoiſelle de Liſba.

The day of interview arrived, and the Baron conducted Theophilus to the Viſcounteſs de Liſba's, where his manner and conduct were ſuch as gave the Baron more ſatisfaction than he expected.

When

When they came away, Theophilus told his father, he felt an agitation which would not permit him to ſleep; and that, in order to divert his thoughts, he would go and paſs a part of the night at the Opera Maſquerade. The Baron thought this confeſſion frank and natural, and entirely approved his deſign. Theophilus added, he ſhould afterwards go and ſup with Derval.

Eight o'clock in the evening came, Theophilus ordered his carriage to be got ready, and ſhut himſelf up in his chamber; he flung himſelf into an arm chair, and, unable to ſuppreſs the feelings and remorſe of his heart, gave free way to his tears: in vain did he endeavour to drive a crowd of diſtracting thoughts from his mind; in vain did he ſeek to diſguiſe his ſtrong motives to repentance; he ſaw, in ſpite of himſelf; the Illuſion grew faint, and the fatal Charm was almoſt broken; but, alas! it was too late; the unfortunate Theophilus found what were his duties, and what his errors, only to plunge himſelf with deeper grief and more laſting horror into the abyſs his Paſſions had dug.

Nine o'clock ſtruck——he ſhuddered! It is the laſt time, ſaid he, I ſhall hear the clock ſtrike in the houſe of my father.——How ſilent is that houſe at preſent! In what dreadful agitation ſhall it be to-morrow!

At laſt collecting all his force, he wiped his cheeks, armed himſelf with reſolution, and not being able to depart without firſt embracing his father, he roſe ſuddenly and went to the Baron's apartment. The latter perceived he had been weeping, and was not ſurprized at it; he knew his

his ſenſibility, and wiſhed by his tenderneſs to give him conſolation.

My ſon, ſaid he, I have not yet told you all the gratitude I feel at your ſubmiſſion; yet believe me, I know its value. Oh! my dear Theophilus! thy filial piety enſures my future happineſs; and it will certainly, my ſon, enſure thy own felicity. I will weary heaven with prayers in thy behalf. Almighty vengeance purſues and puniſhes rebellious children; but what rewards, what bleſſings, what content, may not a ſon like thee expect?

At this diſcourſe, which rent the heart of Theophilus, the unfortunate young man, wild and beyond himſelf, fell on his knees before his father, who, greatly affected, embraced and bleſſed him?

What, cried Theophilus, in broken accents, muſt I at ſuch a moment receive——the paternal benediction!——Oh! promiſe me my father, never to retract it.——If hereafter you ſhould be deceived in me——Oh pity——my father, pity—your poor Theophilus! he will want your pity.——Do not——do not heap your curſes on his head!

I read thy heart, replied the Baron; thou art fearful of not making the woman happy I have choſen for thee: but do not deceive thyſelf, my ſon; it is not love, it is not a paſſion ſo fleeting, which can render an union fortunate, that is to be eternal. I know thy virtue, thy good ſenſe, and am eaſy. So ſaying, the Baron raiſed Theophilus, and tenderly embracing him, added, you confeſſed you had ſome debts, and I gave you eight hundred guineas to pay them; to this I would add ſomething that ſhould be

be appropriated to your pleaſures; there are five hundred more in that bureau; take them into your own chamber; they are your's, a ſmall teſtimony of the ſatisfaction your conduct gives me.

No, exclaimed Theophilus, no my father! I cannot accept that money; what I have is ſufficient.

The Baron aſtoniſhed at a delicacy the motives to which he was ignorant of, made ſome fruitleſs efforts to engage his acceptance of the money. At laſt Theophilus, with a bleeding heart, tore himſelf from his father's arms. It is impoſſible to deſcribe his feelings. While he paſſed through the rooms, and quitted the houſe he was never again to enter, he felt his heart ready to break.——His regret came too late, and was the more bitter, becauſe it was ſuperfluous.

The unhappy Theophilus arrived at Derval's in a pitiable ſtate. As ſoon, however, as he ſaw Olympia, he forgot for a moment his grief and his remorſe; while ſhe, ſinking beneath her fears and conſternation, was mournfully ſilent: the terrible ſenſation ſhe had ſuffered for three days paſt were viſible in her countenance; and her weakneſs was ſuch ſhe had neither the power to complain, nor the faculty to reflect.

Derval did not ſup at home. Theophilus had brought the jewels and diamonds his father had preſented him the night before, and ſold them all to a Jew. He had never contracted any debts, he had therefore the eight hundred guineas his father had given him entire; the money he received from the Jew doubled the ſum, and Theophilus promiſed himſelf he ſhould ſoon augment it, in the country whither he was going to reſide.

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The Jew was to depart the ſame evening for England; and when he went for his paſſport, obtained another for Theophilus and Olympia, under the feigned names of Signor and Signora Andrazzi; he gave Theophilus his paſſport and his money, and ſet off about two hours in advance.

I am exceedingly vexed, grandmamma, ſaid Cæſar, to think that Theophilus ſhould be guilty of a falſehood, and tell his father he had debts when he had none, in order to gain money; that is vile.

The action is no doubt very blameable, and yet Theophilus had a delicate and noble ſoul; which you may ſuppoſe, by his refuſing to accept the five hundred guineas which his father would fain have preſſed upon him.

Yes, his father offered them as a reward for obedience; Theophilus could not ſo accept them, and his refuſal gave me pleaſure.

Are you ſurprized at it?

Oh no, I think it nothing but natural.

You are right; Theophilus had eight hundred guineas and his diamonds, conſequently might place Olympia beyond the reach of poverty; it would have been ſhocking, at the very moment he was eternally going to abandon his father, to have accepted a benefaction which was offered as a gratuity for conduct the very reverſe of his own; it would have been mean, it would have been perfidious, to have taken the money: but let us return to our hiſtory.

Theophilus quitted Olympia at midnight, and went to the Maſquerade. He ſent away his ſervants, telling them he would return in Derval's carriage; he then diſguiſed himſelf, put

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on his maſk, called a hackney-coach, and inſtantly went back; the poſt-chaiſe was ready, he conducted, or rather dragged, the panting Olympia to her ſeat, and away they went.

There was no purſuit; the precautions Theophilus had taken, aſſured him, that as ſoon as the Baron diſcovered his flight, he would immediately imagine he had fled to Spain: the artifice ſucceeded as he had ſuppoſed, and they arrived, without accident, at London.

His firſt care was to find out a Prieſt of the Catholic religion, and then, at midnight, in the preſence of two domeſtics, he received the hand and faith of the mournful Olympia, who, bathed in tears, had no appearance of a young Bride, in the action of being united to the man ſhe loved; ſhe rather ſeemed a Victim, offered at the altar of Obedience.

A few days after their marriage, Theophilus, who did not think himſelf ſafe where ſo many French were continually ſeen, quitted London, and departed for Edinburgh. Let us now leave Olympia and him, buried in an abſcure part of Scotland; and be it ſufficient to ſay, that there they paſt the ſpring-time of their lives in gloomy privacy, misfortune, and regret, and return we to the unhappy father of Theophilus.

It was long before he even ſuſpected his ſon's flight; Theophilus ſet off juſt as the Baron went to bed; and in the morning when he awoke, he heard with unconcern, that Theophilus was not come home; ſuppoſing that Derval, when they left the Maſquerade, had engaged him in ſome party of pleaſure. At ten o'clock, however, he

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ſent to Derval, and was told, that when he left the Maſquerade, he went to breakfaſt at his Country-houſe, a league from Paris.

The Baron then did not expect his ſon before dinner. Three o'clock came, but no Theophilus appeared; and the Baron was the more uneaſy, inaſmuch as Theophilus, naturally prudent and regular in his conduct, had never been of ſuch parties before. Surprized and reſtleſs, the Baron mounted his horſe, and went himſelf to Derval's Country-houſe, where he learnt Theophilus had never been. Derval could give him no information; but, fearful of being again guilty of ſome indiſcretion that might affect his friend, he anſwered with precaution to the Baron's queſtions; and gave him even to ſuppoſe, that he had paſſed the night at the Maſquerade with Theophilus. This ſomewhat quieted the Baron's fears. He returned home, and went into his ſon's chamber, where, cauſing the bureau to be opened, he found the jewels and diamonds were gone. This brought to his mind the agitation of Theophilus, the evening before, when he took leave of his father, and he no longer doubted. The misfortune he dreaded was but too real.

Fully perſuaded Theophilus was gone for Spain, the Baron determined to follow him thither in perſon, and ſet off poſt immediately; but mental and bodily fatigue brought on a fever, which obliged him to ſtop at ——, where he lay for ſome time dangerouſly ill.

His recovery was ſlow, and his Phyſicians informed him, the waters of Bareges (1) only could re-eſtabliſh his health; he, therefore, determined to paſs three months at that place.

The melancholy reflections he had there leiſure to make, ſerved but to increaſe his afflictions, which were heightened by the bittereſt repentance. Through his own conduct he had loſt a dear and only ſon; he was the dupe of his artifice, the victim of the violence himſelf had uſed; then it was that he firſt felt how dangerous it is to abuſe power, and how abſurd to ſacrifice nature, juſtice, and honour, to ambition. His fortune was immenſe, but how might he enjoy it? He no longer had a ſon! He recollected the beauty, the gentleneſs, and the virtues of Olympia, and was obliged to own ſhe would have made him and his ſon happy. He could not condemn a paſſion in Theophilus, which he himſelf had endeavoured to create, and approved: and what compleated his deſpair, was the certitude that his ſon would never have fled from his friends, his father, and his native land, had he not endeavoured to force upon him a marriage he deteſted.

In fact, had the Baron done nothing more than refuſe his conſent to the union of Theophilus and Olympia——had he not menaced the former, to deprive him for ever of his liberty, ſhould he continue to refuſe the hand of Mademoiſelle De Liſba, Theophilus, though he might have bemoaned, would have ſubmitted to the injuſtice of his fate. And if it be true that Olympia was worthy the attachment ſhe had inſpired, of which there was little doubt, ſhe herſelf would have prevailed on him to ſacrifice an unhappy paſſion. Theſe reflections did not eſcape the Baron; he had never in reality, formed the barbarous reſolution of impriſoning his ſon; this menace was meant but

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to intimidate; and he learnt, too late, that fear is more likely to produce diſſimulation than obedience.

The unhappy Baron remained four months at Bareges, and then returned to Paris, ſtill flattering himſelf with the hope of finding his ſon, though he had been gone above a year. He ſpared no pains to diſcover the place of his retreat; he ſent a truſty perſon into Switzerland, Holland, and England, but in vain. He then loſt all hopes, and fell into a deep melancholy.

Many of his friends adviſed him to marry again: Madame de Liſba eſpecially, with whom he was now more intimate than ever, was inceſſantly repeating, that an amiable wife alone could make him forget an ungrateful ſon. The Baron, at firſt, rejected this advice; but being only five and forty, and ambitious, reſtleſs, and deſolate, he ſoon began to liſten to it. The offer of a brilliant alliance, and the deſire of children, at laſt determined him to eſpouſe Mademoiſelle de Liſba, the ſame young lady to whom he would have married Theophilus. The Baron flattered himſelf, ſhe would reward him for the miſeries of which ſhe had been the innocent cauſe; but this illuſion was of ſhort duration.

The unfortunate Baron could not long miſtake the character of his wife; ſhe was ſoon weak enough to vaunt of her coquetries, and her love of perfect freedom. Equally ignorant and idle, her converſation was equally frivolous and inſipid. She had beſides all the vices of a fooliſh coquette, who cannot diſſemble that ſhe knows ſhe is not handſome; ſhe was envious,

envious, malignant in ſpeech, and unequal in temper: her underſtanding was mean, her imagination depraved, her heart cold, and her want of feeling made her incapable of contributing to the happineſs of her huſband, liſtening to the advice of her mother, or profiting by experience.

As ſoon as ſhe was married, and turned looſe into the world, ſhe was no longer to be found at home; ſhe made viſits, not to fulfil a duty, but to conſume three or four hours a day; ſhe went to public places for the ſame reaſon; ſhe loved neither Plays nor Operas, but they laſted three hours; and ſhe found a great pleaſure in remembering, as ſhe entered her box, that ſhe was going to get rid of ſo much time. She naturally had a taſte for play, and yet, however attractive it might be, ſhe would not have ſet down to *Loto Dauphin* with the ſame delight, had ſhe not remembered it was her cuſtom to play till three o'clock in the morning; that ſhe ſhould therefore lie till one the next day, and conſequently that half the day would be over before ſhe was up. Such were her continual calculations; and thus do all thoſe wiſh to abridge life, who have no rational mode of employing their time.

The deſpairing Baron, while he lamented the errors of his wife, remembered the wrongs of his ſon; who had fled, only that he might not be forced to marry a perſon by whom he was thus hourly made wretched.

Oh Theophilus! cried he, I was a tyrant, that wanted to ſacrifice my ſon to my vanity; my puniſhment is moſt equitable and moſt ſevere. I feel now how much I deceived myſelf, on the means

means of making you happy, and how well founded your reſiſtance was. Blinded by pride and ambition, I am doubly their victim; I have loſt my ſon, yet experience the ſame pangs as though he had obeyed me.

Time only increaſed the Baron's torments, till, at laſt, his wife diſhonoured him ſo openly, that the Baron, by the advice of his friends, determined to ſhut her up in a Convent, where this unhappy woman died before the end of the year: and thus was the Baron delivered from a fatal and juſtly deteſted tie.

He had no child by this ſecond marriage, and found himſelf more deſolate in the world than ever. Overwhelmed with ſorrow, tired of his exiſtence, purſued by the ever preſent memory of a dear ſon loſt, he reſolved to travel, and to ſeek in foreign lands that eaſe which he could not find in his own. He departed for Denmark, viſited Copenhagen (*a*), Roſchild, Frederickſburgh (*b*), and many other places.

Embarking afterwards on board a ſmall merchant ſhip, he was driven by contrary winds upon the coaſt of Norway. Here the veſſel got entangled among a multitude of iſlands, but, aided by the Coaſting Pilots, was brought into a ſmall gulf, ſurrounded by enormous mountains, where it was ſheltered on all ſides from the winds. The Baron landed, and was brought to a village, the ſingularity of which fixed his attention.

This village is compoſed of about thirty houſes, all built on the ſides of rocks that jet

(*a*) Situated on the eaſtern ſide of the Iſle of Zeland, and 179 leagues from Paris.

(*b*) Odenſee is the capital.

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out into the ſea, and behind which riſe mountains, whoſe ſummits are hid in the clouds, and whoſe ſides are covered with the fir and the juniper-tree. Each habitation ſtood by itſelf, and was ſeparated from the next, either by a precipice or the ſea. The houſes were not very diſtant from each other, yet had no communication; and the neighbours, when viſiting each other, muſt either make a long tour, or clamber rocks and mountains almoſt inacceſſible.

During the ſummer, they hold a correſpondence by means of their fiſhing-boats, in which they ſit and talk to their neighbours who remain in their houſes; ſo that the children in this ſmall Republic learn how to conduct a boat, and little boys and girls are ſeen hardily unmooring their barks, and with the help of an oar, ſteering to ſee their acquaintance. In winter, the ice produces a more eaſy and prompt communication.

The people feed on fiſh, rye-bread, and a kind of cakes made of flour, raiſins, and honey. They are all in eaſy circumſtances. The men are excellent Sailors, and do not marry till they have made ſeveral voyages; with the money they ſave they embelliſh their houſes, which are all painted and varniſhed without, and ornamented within, like the prettieſt habitations of the villages of Holland.

As ſoon as a young man has gained ſufficient money by his voyages, he chuſes a wife, and fixes for ever on the rock where be was born. Here dwells happineſs: nor can he conceive it exiſts at a diſtance from his parents, his wife, and his children. The inhabitants of the village are uniformly clothed; the men in blue, the women

women in jackets and petticoats of white cloth, with a narrow edging of blue ſilk or ſtuff. The head-dreſs of the young maidens, conſiſts in platting their hair, and fixing it with a golden-pin to the top of the head. Theſe people are as remarkable for their virtues and the purity of their manners, as for the ſingularity of the place they inhabit (*a*).

The houſe to which the Baron was brought, belonged to a man who ſpoke German well, and the Baron knew enough of the language not to ſtand in need of an Interpreter. His Hoſt was a venerable old man of ſeventy-two; he led the Baron into a ſmall chamber, neatly furniſhed, the window of which opened towards the ſea. The Baron aſked ſeveral queſtions, particularly if he had many children.

Yes, thank God, anſwered the old man, I have ſix daughters married, in this village; beſides which, I have a ſon in my houſe, his wife, and ſeven children.

Are none of your grandchildren married?

Oh yes, Sir; the eldeſt has a daughter three years old.

And thus you have ſeen a great grandchild.

Yes, Sir; and what is a ſtill greater happineſs, my own mother is living.

Your mother! how old is ſhe?

Ninety-five, and in good health.

Does ſhe live with you?

Moſt certainly.

(*a*) The Author was informed of all theſe circumſtances by a friend, who paſſed five days in this village, called Angel-Sound.

I doubt

I doubt not but you make her life happy! But tell me, venerable man, are you likewiſe happy in your children?

How can a good father be otherwiſe? I have every reaſon to be ſatisfied with mine. I inſtructed them to the beſt of my power; I married them according to their inclinations, and they love me; this is all very natural.

What! have none been diſobedient?

None; I laid no reſtrictions on them that were not conformable to reaſon, or preſcribed by duty, and they have been always compliant. Had I been tyrannical, I had no doubt loſt a part of my authority. My eldeſt ſon Imarkin, would have perhaps occaſioned much miſery to an ambitious father. When he returned from his ſeafaring life, I propoſed to him to marry the daughter of the richeſt man in the village. I will think of it, father, ſaid he. Some time after, he came and told me he loved Kenilia, the daughter of our next neighbour. I objected to her poverty: he repeated, I love her. I ſee her at work every day from my window, making her houſe neat, and taking care of her old Aunt. I meet her ſometimes a fiſhing, and when I row towards her, ſhe rows away; ſhe does the ſame by every young man in the village. She is good, modeſt, and induſtrious, father, and I love her. What could I anſwer to all this? ſaid the old man. Put yourſelf in my place; would you have ſacrificed your ſon to avarice? Oh, no! What heart of ſtone could reſiſt the ſupplications of a ſon, aſking a favour on which the happineſs of his life depends. I gave my conſent; my ſon married Kenilia, and I have thirty years received the bleſſings and tranſport of gratitude.

gratitude. Not one of my children are more affectionate than my ſon Imarkin; yet ſince his marriage he has owned, that had I forced his inclination, he, at that time, was capable of committing ſome folly, of again embarking, perhaps, and flying from his father. Such are the fruits of tyranny: it produces diſobedience and rebellion.

The Baron heard, not unmoved, a diſcourſe which opened every wound of his heart. After this converſation the old man led the Baron into the room where his family was aſſembled, and preſented him to his aged grandmother; the revered object of her ſon's tendereſt affection, and adored by all her offspring. She ſat in an arm-chair ſurrounded by her grandchildren and great granchildren: it was evening, and Imarkin, placed beſide his dear Kenilia, related ſtories and incidents of his voyages, while the women and children liſtened as they worked, and to which the boys, who had never been at ſea, paid great attention.

The Baron contemplated for ſome time, with mournful tenderneſs, this intereſting picture, and then returned to his chamber. No ſooner was he alone, than a thouſand diſtracting reflections offered themſelves to his imagination. Alas! ſaid he, and am I then reduced to envy the fate of this obſcure old man? That image of pure felicity his family offers, I have deſpiſed, ſacrificed, loſt, beyond retrieving.——I am a father without a ſon——I might have confirmed my ſon's happineſs; like this old man, might have ſeen his gratitude, have held his children in my arms, and have lived in the midſt of a happy family.——But my injuſtice has

has driven him from me, and the world, to me, is now a deſert.

While theſe thoughts were paſſing in his mind, the Baron walked diſtractedly about his room; the tears courſed each other down his cheeks, and he ſpent the greateſt part of the night in this fearful agitation. Sometimes he imagined Theophilus was dead, and that he beheld and wept over his tomb; at others he ſuppoſed him overwhelmed by poverty, imploring heaven for his wife and children. He ſaw his miſery, he heard his groans, and his blood ran cold with horror and pity; he abhorred, he curſt that ſenſeleſs ambition, that guilty pride, which had ſmothered every tender emotion of nature, every principle of juſtice in his heart, and had made him a prey to ſuperfluous regret and eternal remorſe.

Fatigue and grief at laſt obliged the Baron to lie down; it was morning before his eyes were cloſed. When he had ſlept ſome time, he was awakened by clamorous ſongs and ſhouts of joy; he ſoon diſtinguiſhed this tumultuous noiſe came from without; he opened his window, and ſaw ten or twelve boats ornamented with green branches, and full of men, women, and children, who ſung in full chorus, and who appeared animated by the moſt exhilarating gaiety.

The little fleet advanced towards the houſe, and the old man entered the Baron's chamber, to tell him theſe ſmall veſſels were all full of his children and grandchildren; there you ſee my ſix daughters, continued he, with their huſbands and offſpring. They all come to celebrate my mother's birth-day, and we have every year, on the ſame occaſion, the ſame rejoicing. Oh,

that I may continue to ſee it every year as long as I live !

But your houſe cannot contain them all ?

Well-a-day, no, and that is the reaſon we do not all live together ; but I and my ſons are going to carry our mother on board that bark, where you ſee a kind of canopy decorated with ribands ; after which we ſhall all go to a place by the ſea-ſide, about a league off, and dine, every one at the ſame table. We roſe this morning to go and fiſh for our dinner. We have been very ſucceſsful, but we are always ſo on this occaſion : God bleſſes our endeavours. Some of our girls and their aſſiſtants ſtay to dreſs the dinner, and if you wiſh to ſee people happy, continued the old man, come along with us.

So ſaying, he took the Baron by the arm, and brought him into the chamber of their common mother ; ſhe was ſurrounded by as many of the family as could find room, and held a new-born infant on her knees.

Come here my ſon, ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the old man ; come and give thy benediction to the child that is born to us this morning. Our dear Vellia cannot come this year to the family feaſt ; ſhe was brought to-bed while they were fiſhing ; but look what a charming preſent ſhe has ſent us.

The old man, with a full heart, took the child in his arms, kiſſed it, and gave it back to his aged parent, who ſcarcely could reſolve to part with it ; ſhe looked at it with inexpreſſible rapture for a conſiderable time, but, at laſt, conſented to let it go. The old man, then, aſſiſted by his ſon and ſons-in-law, took up his mother in her

her arm-chair, and carried her on board her boat; the only one which had a tilt, or was ornamented with ribands.

As ſoon as ſhe was ſeated, their ſongs, their ſhouts, and acclamations again began. This was the ſignal of departure. The Baron had the honour of being placed in the Mother-bark, for ſo it was called; and, after three quarters of an hour's navigation, the little fleet arrived at its deſtined port.

Immediately the woman, who had ſtaid at the Tent to prepare the dinner, ran to the water's edge to receive *the mother*; and the family being then all aſſembled, as ſoon as they had carried her on ſhore, her ſon fell on his knees before her, and begged her bleſſing for himſelf and all their children.

The mother then raiſed her aged hands to heaven——Grant, oh God, ſaid ſhe, that my ſon, even to the laſt moment of his life, may enjoy the ſame felicity thou haſt given me; may his children ever be to him, what he has been to his happy mother! Bleſs, oh God, theſe children which are the delight of my old eyes, and repay yet to my ſon, the ſeventy-two years of felicity I owe his tenderneſs and virtues.

As ſhe ended, her trembling arms fell upon the ſhoulders of her ſon; ſhe claſped his neck, and mingled her tears with his; the children, whoſe hearts all overflowed with happineſs, came in their turns, and were all affectionately kiſſed by the mother and the ſon. This moving ceremony ended, they went into the Tent, and ſat down to table, where pure joy and innocent gaiety ſucceeded the tenderneſs they had juſt experienced. Dinner over, they carried *the mother* into a

charming meadow, where they all joined in different ſports of leaping, running, and dancing; and toward the decline of day re-embarked, and brought her ſafely home.

No tongue can deſcribe the Baron's ſufferings during this day; a picture ſo delightful but reminded him of his miſery; and happineſs ſo pure, excited only bitter, but fruitleſs repentance in his boſom. Notwithſtanding, however, the pain, inſtead of pleaſure, which theſe things gave him, he left his reſpectable hoſt with admiration and tenderneſs, though he departed more unhappy, more ſenſible of his misfortune than ever.

The veſſel ſailed for Holland, and the Baron arrived at Amſterdam in Auguſt. He ſtaid a few days in this city, and then went to Utrecht; here he was not above two leagues from the reſidence of the Moravian Brethren, a numereus ſociety of men and women ſo called, who all live in one houſe, at the entrance of a pleaſant village named Zaſt. The Baron was deſirous of ſeeing a ſociety; every way ſo worthy to excite the curioſity of a traveller (2).

He arrived at Zaſt about three in the afternoon, and one of the Adminiſtrators of the houſe undertook to be his Guide. He was a venerable Moravian brother, who ſpoke French well, and anſwered all the Baron's inquiries with equal good ſenſe and politeneſs. After having ſeen the part of the buildings where the women, as well as that where the men lived, ſeparate from each other, the Baron aſked his conductor, if the Moravians admitted indifferently to their ſociety people of all nations?

Yes,

Yes, replied the brother, of all Chriſtian nations.

But pray are not you Calviniſts?

That is the prevailing religion, but we tolerate all ſects.

What do you require of thoſe you admit?

Induſtry, peace, and virtue.

Do you receive married people?

Yes; excluſive of what you have ſeen, there is another wing to the building where the married people live; each family has a convenient apartment; it is neceſſary the man ſhould know ſome trade, or poſſeſs ſome uſeful talent; ſuch for example as painting, engraving, and likewiſe money enough to begin with. We do not aſk thoſe to work who have an independent income.

You inquire the character of ſuch as come to live among you no doubt?

Certainly; and it is neceſſary that one of the Adminiſtrators, at leaſt, ſhould be anſwerable for their conduct.

This happy and peaceable abode, is a ſure aſylum againſt tyranny. Whoever is oppreſſed in their own country, by changing their name, addreſſing themſelves to the Ancients, and bringing proper recommendations, may here be received, and here live for ever unknown. And more than once has this place been the refuge of unfortunate virtue, and perſecuted lovers. Here is found the firſt of human privileges; that is, perfect Liberty. Tied by no vow, we are detained by no conſtraint; we can travel and return, or quit the place for ever. But come, continued the Adminiſtrator, come and ſee what will deſerve your attention. The Baron waked as from a revery, and followed his Guide, who brought him among the ſhops; for all the lower

lower parts of that vaſt houſe are full of them, in which were ſold the various works of the Moravian men and women. Theſe ſhops have a charming effect, all ſorts of things may there be had, mercery, ſhoes, houſhold furniture, porcelain, pictures, &c. The women likewiſe make very good lace. They never put two prices upon their goods, and what they aſk is always very reaſonable. Their apartments are over their ſhops.

The Baron greatly admired the animated effect, which this vaſt quantity of ſhops altogether produced. As he went out of a Turner's ſhop, he paſſed before that of a Deſigner, and went in: a young boy, of about eight years old, was ſitting behind the counter to take care of the ſhop; he was reading with his head inclined, and his hair, in large ringlets, hung over his cheeks and forehead. He roſe when he ſaw the Baron enter, threw his head back to ſhake his locks behind, and diſcovered one of the fineſt countenances nature ever formed. The Baron was ſtruck motionleſs for a moment with ſurpriſe, while the boy, with youthful careſſes, came running to the Adminiſtrator, and calling him his friend. What, ſaid the Baron, is this charming boy French?

No, replied the Adminiſtrator, he is Engliſh, but he ſpeaks three or four languages already; and is beſides ſo gentle, ſo obliging, ſo induſtrious, and ſo deſirous to learn, that every body loves him; he is the ſpoilt child of the houſe. We all careſs Polydore, for that is his Chriſtian name.

It is mine likewiſe, replied the Baron. Alas! charming boy, continued he, mayeſt thou for thy

thy own ſake, never have other conformity with me.

The tone and manner of the Baron while he pronounced theſe words, drew the attention of young Polydore; he looked up at the Baron for ſome time, then ſtood on tip-toe, and held out his arms to kiſs him; the Baron affected by this action, took up the boy and claſped him to his boſom——My lovely little fellow, cried he, how happy is thy father!

No, he is not, replied Polydore, ſighing.

He has lately loſt a wife that he loved, ſaid the Moravian brother; but he finds in this child, his own induſtry, his ſtudies, and his virtue, the beſt conſolations to a misfortune ſo great.

The boy, at mention of his mother, dropt a tear to her memory; while the Baron tenderly kiſſed him, then ſat down and took him on his knee. The Adminiſtrator perceiving the Baron inclined to ſtay, aſked his permiſſion to leave him for half an hour, and went out. The Baron being now alone with Polydore, kept looking on the boy in ſilence, who on his part did not ſeem leſs attentive. After a few minutes, Polydore took one of the Baron's hands and kiſſed it with great expreſſion. Charming boy! ſaid the Baron, doſt thou read my heart? Doſt thou feel all thou haſt inſpired?

I feel I love you, replied Polydore.

Thou loveſt me!

Yes, I do; but you cannot tell why.

And why?

Becauſe you are very like my papa.

The Baron's heart beat ſo violently, he could not utter a word. At laſt, raiſing his eyes

eyes to heaven, Oh God! cried he, may I hope it—— May I flatter myſelf——The ſingularity of theſe circumſtances, the name of this child, the ſupernatural feelings he inſpires me with——all ſeem to announce——Tell me, ſweet boy, where is thy father? conduct me to him.

He left me, a little while, to go and viſit one of our ſick brethren.

Where does this brother lodge?

Beſide our chamber, over this ſhop.

Let us go there.

If you pleaſe.

The Baron roſe. Polydore ſtill holding him by the hand, ſhut the ſhop-door, went with him, and conducted him to a ſmall chamber, where they found an old maid-ſervant, whom Polydore deſired to go and ſeek his father. A univerſal agitation ſeized the Baron; he ſat down, but ſtill kept hold of Polydore's hand. His exceſſive anxiety, and the warfare of his paſſions, gave his phyſiognomy an air of wildneſs which intimidated Polydore; and the boy durſt look at him no longer. They were both ſilent ſome time, when preſently they heard footſteps.

Here comes papa, ſaid Polydore, with joy!

The blood ruſhed in the Baron's face, and at the ſame inſtant returned, and left him pale and cold; he trembled, he roſe, he fell upon his chair again; his attention was fixed upon the door; a man entered——With inquiſitive avidity, with open and wildly ſteady eyes, the Baron looked ——Nature gave a cry——he ſunk——it was Theophilus.

Nine years ſufferings, nine years of painful remorſe, are all forgotten.——The ſon, the father are found; they are in each others arms; they mingle the tears of joy; they ſeem each to receive a new exiſtence, and ſorrow, for a moment, is loſt in oblivion.

Pity it is, that recollection of paſt affliction muſt return to diſturb joy ſo pure.

As ſoon as Theophilus and the Baron had recovered the faculty of ſpeech, they mutually ſaid nearly the ſame things; each had experienced the ſame pangs, the ſame heart-rending repentance; and each had forgotten the wrongs he had received. Theophilus, kneeling, implored his father's pardon; while his father, bathed in tears, conjured him to forgive the violence and tyranny that had brought on all their miſery.

At laſt the Baron, after having a thouſand times embraced his ſon, took the young Polydore in his arms, and made Theophilus as happy as it was poſſible in his ſituation to be, by loading the lovely boy with the tendereſt careſſes of the tendereſt father. Theophilus beheld with rapture his dear Polydore on the boſom of the Baron; but even in the midſt of theſe his tranſports, the name of Olympia more than once eſcaped his lips; the ſmile of joy would inſtantly change to the deep ſigh of ſorrow, and thus did new ſubjects of remorſe ariſe out of his very happineſs.

As ſoon as the Baron was a little more calm, he remarked, with ſurprize and grief, the dreadful change viſible in Theophilus; it was his heart only that knew him inſtantly, his eyes might have been miſtaken. Theophilus was only in his thirtieth year, but a fearful paleneſs and mea-

gerneſs had deprived his countenance of that air of youth, which ought ſtill to have given it grace. Time deſtroys only the freſhneſs of beauty, but misfort ne changes the expreſſion of the features; in vain was the ſparkling fire ſought for which formerly animated his eyes; his body languiſhing and ſpiritleſs, demonſtrated his depreſſion and melancholy.

The objects by which he was ſurrounded, did not leſs forcibly affect the Baron; the chamber where he had paſſed many years was naked of all ornament, his bed was of ſtraw, and ſo was the bed of Polydore; every thing he beheld contributed to increaſe his regret: at laſt the Baron, preſſing Theophilus by the hand, ſaid, Let us be gone my dear Theophilus, let us not tarry; depart we from this obſcure aſylum, where you ſo long have ſorrowed, from the ſight of a place that wounds my eyes, and rends my heart: come, return to thy country, return to the houſe of thy Fathers.

Since, my father, replied the ſorrowful Theophilus, you thus kindly pardon my errors, and own my child, my life ſhall be conſecrated to your future happineſs. I will not heſitate to follow; only permit me, once more, to lead Polydore to the tomb of his unhappy mother.

Theophilus could not proceed, his feelings impeded ſpeech; nor could the Baron reply but with his tears. Theophilus beheld them, and was ſtill more deeply affected. What! my father, cried he, do you honour her dear memory with a paternal tear?

My grief for her, replied the Baron, is little ſhort of thine.

Theophilus when he heard this, again embraced his father. Alas! ſaid he, and could you at length

length have loved, could you have adopted her, and is ſhe now no more?

Theophilus could ſay no more, he tore himſelf from the Baron's arms, hid his eyes, took Polydore by the hand, and haſtily left the room.

While the unfortunate Theophilus wept, for the laſt time, over the tomb of Olympia, the Baron gave the neceſſary orders for their departure; and after taking proper leave of the Adminiſtrators, he with his ſon and grandſon got into their carriage and went for Utrecht, whither they did not arrive till late at night. The next evening, when Polydore was gone to bed, the Baron gave his ſon a circumſtantial account of every thing that had happened ſince their ſeparation.

Here the Baronneſs interrupted her narrative, and the children were ſent to bed. The following evening ſhe thus continued:

Theophilus, as ſoon as his father had ended, related his ſtory in turn. After deſcribing the grief and remorſe he underwent at quitting his father and France, he entered into a detail of his flight, his arrival at London, his marriage, and his departure for Scotland.

"Arrived at Edinburgh, continued Theophi-
"lus, we had once more the precaution to change
"our name. I ſoon after engaged in ſome af-
"fairs of commerce, but was ignorant of men
"and buſineſs. I was deceived, I deceived my-
"ſelf, and, in leſs than eight months, I loſt and
"expended above half the ſum I had brought
"out of France. In the mean time my wife
"was ready to lie-in, and ten months after our
"marriage Polydore was born. Alas! I be-
"came a father only to become more ſenſible

"of

" of my miſery. I wept over my dear child, " while the paſſionate tenderneſs with which he " inſpired me diſtracted me to the ſoul; a thou- " ſand times have I kiſſed him, with all the en- " thuſiaſm of fatherly affection; and as often " have I groaned over his deſtiny, without dar- " ing to thank heaven for having given him to " my arms.

" I carefully locked theſe cruel ſorrows in the " bottom of my heart, fearful my wife ſhould ſee " them. I wiſhed her to imagine me ſatisfied " with my fate, and thus was deprived of the " mournful conſolation of telling her my griefs. " I had loſt the illuſions that had ſeduced me, " and Olympia was nothing more to me than a " dear friend. Love had ceaſed to enſlave my " reaſon, and a tender and ſolid friendſhip might " have made us happy, had not a want of confi- " dence robbed it of its pureſt ſweets. I owed " to the repoſe of Olympia the concealment " of my feelings, my reflections, my remorſe, " which, thus conſtrained, became each day " more and more inſupportable. Neither was I " without my fears, that Olympia ſecretly che- " riſhed the ſame ſenſations, and this idea added " tenfold to my woes.

" The ſweetneſs and equality of Olympia's " temper, and her tenderneſs, ought to have " aſſured me to the contrary. From the firſt " moment I received her plighted faith, to the " laſt of her life, never did a word of complaint " eſcape her lips; never did ſhe afflict my heart " by one mournful reflection, or one indirect " reproach. Often would ſhe ſpeak of her hap- " pineſs, and ſeem to think me happy; but it " was but too natural to ſuſpect, another made

" uſe

" uſe of the ſame diſſimulation oneſelf em-
" ployed.

" Beſides that I have ſeveral times ſurprized
" her bathed in tears, have trembled while I
" interrogated, and liſtened without believing;
" for ſhe never failed to attribute ſuch appear-
" ances to an exceſs of ſenſibility, or to cauſes
" totally foreign to our ſituation. It was ne-
" ceſſary to make her ſuppoſe I credited what
" ſhe told me, and this added an additional
" pang.

" Thus did we paſs three years in Scotland;
" during which time, having totally ſpent above
" half the ſum I poſſeſſed, I determined to buy
" an annuity on my wife and ſon's lives, with
" ſix hundred guineas which yet remained. O-
" lympia wiſhed to return to England; I was
" willing, and we departed without delay. Ar-
" rived at London, I only thought of placing
" the ſmall remains of a ſmall fortune out to the
" beſt advantage, and was happy to think it
" might yet afford a mere ſubſiſtence to my wife
" and child: this affair ſettled to my mind, we
" retired to a village ſome miles diſtant from
" London; where I might ſtill have found hap-
" pineſs, had it not been for bitter Remem-
" brance, which deprived me of repoſe, and
" took from me that eaſe which is the ſweeteſt
" charm of ſolitude.

" Not that I regretted fortune or worldly
" parade, but I ſighed for glory; I groaned to ſee
" myſelf, at two and twenty, baniſhed my coun-
" try, and buried in a village with the mournful
" Victim of my folly, and an unfortunate child
" deſtined to obſcurity and diſtreſs. I could not
" drive from my imagination the diſtracting idea

" of

" of a father's pangs, whom I had never ceaſ-
" ed to love. Many a time, Sir, have I ſup-
" poſed you ſinking under your grief, and of-
" fering expiring complaints to heaven, againſt
" the guilty ſon by whom you had been aban-
" doned.

" This terrible picture was ever preſent to
" my fancy, overwhelmed me by day, and fear-
" fully troubled my dreams by night. Repeat-
" edly have I awaked, bathed in a cold ſweat,
" with every convulſion of deſpair and terror,
" crying——*Curſe me not, my father! Conclude*
" *not that horrible imprecation!*——Thus did my
" dreadful remorſe often trouble the ſleep of my
" child, and ſink deep in the heart of the feel-
" ing and unfortunate Olympia.

" We had been two years returned to Eng-
" land, when an unforeſeen event plunged us
" into the very depths of miſery: the man in
" whoſe hands I had placed my ſix hundred
" guineas became a bankrupt, and thus I loſt
" all the money I poſſeſſed in the world. I will
" ſpare your ſenſibility, my father, a detail of
" what I felt at this moment.——At laſt, the
" ſtrong ſenſations of the huſband and the fa-
" ther, gave me the fortitude I ſtood ſo much in
" need of. I had been learnt to draw in my
" youth, and this talent, which had been my
" amuſement in ſolitude, became now a uſeful
" reſource. I knew a celebrated Engraver
" in London, of whom I aſked employment;
" he gave it me, and ſix months after, being
" ſatisfied with my performances, he offered
" me an apartment in his houſe, which I ac-
" cepted.

" This

" This man was a Moravian brother, had " lived four years at Zaſt, acquainted me with " the nature of that eſtabliſhment, and I, in " conſequence ſoon formed the project of retir- " ing to that abode of Peace and Induſtry. O- " lympia had the ſame wiſh; we ſpoke to our " generous Protector, who gave us a ſtrong " recommendation to the Adminiſtrators, and " we were accordingly received. When we " arrived at Zaſt, Olympia quitted her Eng- " liſh hat and habit to put on the uniform of " the houſe. I cannot deſcribe what I felt, " the firſt time I ſaw her in her cloth biggin, " her jumps, and ſtriped woollen petticoat: " her beauty appeared a thouſand times more " ſtriking under this coarſe clothing. I look- " ed at her with ſorrowful tenderneſs; ſhe read " my heart, and wiſhing to divert my cruel re- " flections, ſhe aſſured me ſhe was delighted " with her new dreſs, and that ſhe had never " worn ſo convenient a one before. I took her " hand, and while I preſſed it to my lips, my " tears involuntarily dropt upon it: ſhe put her " arm round my neck, kiſſed me with the moſt " tender affection, and told me, ſhe could not " conceive why I was thus moved; but while " ſhe ſaid ſo, the bitter waters of reflection " flowed down her lovely cheeks.

" At Zaſt I found neither eaſe nor happi- " neſs; they were fled never to return. I be- " ſtowed every ſpare moment on the education " of my ſon. I loved the child paſſionately; " but this ſenſation, although ſo natural, was " a new and inexhauſtible ſource of inqui- " etude and pain. Could I, when I thought " of the future, expect that obedience from

" my

" my ſon, which I had refuſed to pay my " father? While labouring under the ma- " ledi&tion of an irritated parent, could I ex- " pe&t that heaven would give me a grateful " child?

" Such were my afflicting thoughts; but I " had ſoon another, and a fearful ill, by which " I was taught, there were pangs yet ſuperior " to all I had hitherto ſuffered.

" Olympia's health was viſibly on the de- " cline; though ſtill preſerving her accuſ- " tomed mildneſs ſhe never complained, but " ſtill replied ſhe felt nothing that ailed her. " I ſent for a Phyſician from Utrecht, who " at firſt eaſed my fears. At the end of " three months, however, he began to be " alarmed, and at laſt pronounced the terri- " ble ſentence, which entailed on me eternal " grief.

" Olympia had long known her ſituation, " but religion and misfortune taught her to " look with ſerenity on death. A Prieſt who " lived at Utrecht, came ſecretly to ſee her, " and I even kept him three days in my cham- " ber. Oh! who ſhall ever efface the fearful " horrors of theſe three deplorable days.—— " I have not the fortitude to repeat what I felt, " my father, and yet I live.——But Olympia " herſelf commanded me! My life was neceſ- " ſary to our child.——Here, ſir, read this let- " ter to me: it is ſacred, it contains the laſt " wiſhes of Olympia; it was given me by " her Confeſſor, and at the very moment when, " no doubt, deſpair would have driven me to " ſome fatal exceſs."

Here

Here the unfortunate Theophilus opened his pocket-book, and took out a letter which Olympia had written the day before her death. The Baron, ſuffocated by his tears, threw himſelf into the arms of his unhappy ſon, and thus they remained for a conſiderable time, unable to expreſs thoſe ſenſations that rent their very hearts, except by ſobs and groans.——At laſt the Baron took Olympia's letter, and, after various efforts to calm his troubled mind, read as follows:

"I have aſked to know the truth; and am "told, that this, perhaps, may be the laſt day "of my life——I ſhall ſee you then no more, "my Theophilus; to-day or to-morrow, the "ſacred ties that have united us muſt be for "ever broken——To-morrow Theophilus and "Polydore muſt be for ever ſeparated from O-"lympia.——Oh may this writing, ſometimes "recal me to the memory of my huſband and "my ſon! May they here read my heart, my "real ſentiments! May this confeſſion, by ren-"dering virtue ſtill dearer, if poſſible, to the "ſoul of Theophilus, become a uſeful leſſon "to my ſon!——Oh thou who haſt ſacrificed "all to me, thou whom I have deprived of a "father, a family, and a country; haſt thou "ever ſuppoſed, even for a moment, I was ſa-"tisfied with myſelf?——No, Theophilus, I "have read thy thoughts, I have felt thy pangs, "have ſuppreſſed, have concealed pangs ſtill "more inſupportable. Each of us at length, "have ſeen the abyſs into which we had been "hurled by Paſſion; we followed an Illuſion, "it vaniſhed, and we were loſt. Remorſe fol-"lowed, brought us back to Reaſon, and diſ-

"covered

" covered Truth.——For love, thou haſt be-
" trayed the moſt ſacred of duties, but Nature
" ſoon reclaimed her rights. In the ſorrowful
" Olympia thou haſt only beheld the unfortu-
" nate author of all thy pangs, and the accom-
" plice of all thy faults. In loſing thy love, I
" had not even to hope of obtaining thy friend-
" ſhip; what confidence can ſubſiſt between
" two guilty people, who know their guilt;
" who weep over, without a poſſibility of ex-
" piating it, and who mutually attribute to
" themſelves the evils the other endures?——
" Silence was all the remedy, but what an ef-
" fort! How painful to my heart! What! I
" who for ſeven years have been uniformly oc-
" cupied concerning thine and my child's hap-
" pineſs, not once to dare open my heart to
" thee.——Ever together, yet ever alone, diſſi-
" mulation, endeavours to deceive each other,
" have been our conſtant ſtudies; and Reaſon,
" Pity, and Friendſhip, have impoſed Deceit
" as a law, have interdicted all confidence.——
" Oh capricious and rigorous fate! can I then
" regret life?——Yet, Theophilus doubt not
" but that the idea of an eternal ſeparation is as
" cutting as it is terrible; but when you ſhall
" know the torments from which death will de-
" liver me, you will ſcarcely be ſorry at our
" ſeparation.——Who can ſupport life, and ſee
" thoſe they love truly wretched; and know,
" that all their ills are the works of their own
" hands? Who can I accuſe but myſelf of my
" misfortunes? Was it not my imprudence
" which furniſhed your father with pretexts,
" and juſt ones too, to break his engagements?
" I had loſt my reputation, he rejected me;

" he

" he had a right ſo to do. Ambition, no doubt,
" made him wiſh to find me unworthy; but he
" derived from nature an authority, which,
" ſeeking the happineſs of his ſon, he might
" juſtly exert.——Ah! hadſt thou conſulted
" reaſon, thou hadſt abjured the weak and
" guilty project of flying from thy father's
" houſe; thou wouldſt not have doubted, but
" time and filial affection would have ſoftened
" his heart; oughteſt thou to have added trea-
" ſon to diſobedience? Why didſt not thou
" ſay to him——*My faith is no longer mine,*
" *you yourſelf have engaged it; I cannot give my*
" *hand where you forbid; you refuſe your conſent,*
" *and I ſubmit to your rigour; but command me*
" *not to perjure myſelf; force me not to form other*
" *ties, and I promiſe you never more to ſee the*
" *object of this unfortunate paſſion.*——Such was
" the ſalutary counſel I ſhould have given you,
" when you came to inform me of your fatal
" reſolution; for even then it was not too late.
" Had you confeſſed every thing to your fa-
" ther; had you ſpoken with candour and cou-
" rage you might have irritated him, but muſt
" have been beloved. He threatened, he ap-
" peared inflexible, he endeavoured to terrify
" you; but how can it be ſuppoſed he would
" have puniſhed with ſeverity, reſiſtance accom-
" panied with ſo much ſubmiſſion, and which
" ſo many motives rendered at leaſt excuſable?
" Could he have determined to have deprived
" his only ſon, in whom all his hopes were
" centered, of liberty? Oh no; certain that
" you would remain firm, unſhaken in your
" determination, ſooner or later he would have
" made us happy.——How was it poſſible, that

" at

" at the moment of our guilty folly, this " thought ſhould never have offered itſelf to " our imaginations? Alas! you threatened " your own life; and while you were blinded " by Love, I become ſtupid with Terror: had " I had more experience, more reaſon, I might " have convinced you; for, notwithſtanding " all my fears and forebodings, I was far from " imagining our torments could ever be what " they have proved: could I have ſeen the fu- " ture, I might have ſhewn how infinitely bet- " ter it would have been eternally to have re- " nounced each other, than headlong to have " caſt ourſelves into this gulf of woes. Let us " ſuppoſe I had had the fortitude, the genero- " ſity, to prevail on you to marry the woman " your father wiſhed; let us imagine her con- " duct to have juſtified your averſion for her, " would you not have found infinite conſola- " tion in the remembrance of your obedience, " and in paternal gratitude? Would not the " affairs and pleaſures of the world have relieved " you from a thouſand pangs, which you have " ſuffered with me? The feelings and duties of " nature, and the love of glory, would have " occupied your heart and dignified your life; " you then would have had the happineſs to ſay " to your children, I will give you an excellent " education, and leave you a title which none " can diſpute; while I, returning to my pro- " vince, ſhould have returned with innocence, " and the ſweet remembrance of a virtuous ſa- " crifice, where I ſhould have taſted the charms " of ſolitue and eaſe.——Oh that ſome ſincere " friend had come at the moment when paſſion " hurried us to ill, and offered ſuch reflections

" to

" to my mind! But an unfortunate orphan,
" deprived of all ſupport, my Aunt dead, and
" without a guide, at the very moment when
" I wiſhed to cheriſh virtue and honour more
" than life, I loſt them both.——Youth, obſti-
" nate and preſumptuous, fears counſel, and de-
" ſires independence. Oh Polydore! when
" hereafter you ſhall read this letter, may you
" become diffident of yourſelf; may you learn
" that neither wit, underſtanding, nor purity
" of heart, can ſupply the want of experience;
" that paſſion ſerves but to lead us aſtray, and
" that happineſs can only be found in virtue.
" ——Adieu, Theophilus, I dare predict your
" future life ſhall be happier than your paſt.
" Your father ſtill lives, and ſhould heaven
" deign once more to bring you together, may
" your felicity never be diſturbed by the remem-
" brance of me! Reflect that, could your fa-
" ther, even now, adopt me, and acknow-
" ledge me for his daughter, he could not make
" me happy. How ſhould I dare appear in the
" world, after having betrayed my duty? You
" yet may face the public, for, though guilty
" no doubt, you have not loſt your honour;
" but love never can lead woman aſtray with-
" out debaſing her. I have lived in obſcurity,
" a prey to remorſe; but I have neither ſup-
" ported the weight of public ſhame, nor the
" horror of public contempt: I have not ſeen
" my huſband bluſh publickly to remember I
" was his wife:——My deſtiny is ſuch, that
" could I live, nothing could make me happy.
" ——For me felicity is no more. Adieu, dear
" and unfortunate Theophilus; for our child's
" ſake, live; may he repay the pangs which I

" have cauſed, it is the laſt wiſh of my heart! " May religion, which fortifies my ſoul enlight- " en and conſole your's! Heaven diſapproves " our union, and therefore tears us from each " other; let us adore its juſtice and obey."

Dear Olympia! cried the Baron, after he had read the letter, tender victim of my injuſtice and ambition, thou art well avenged by my grief and my regret! what happineſs have I loſt by refuſing thee as a daughter!——Oh! my ſon, I have found thee, but I cannot make thee happy; I cannot be happy myſelf.

To you, my father will I conſecrate my days; I will renounce the world; I will retire and hide myſelf in my father's houſe, for whom only, and for my ſon, will I hereafter live.

Let us, ſaid the Baron, equally and entirely devote ourſelves to the education of Polydore; let him paſs his infancy far from the depravity of cities, and let his heart and mind be formed in ſolitude, that he may know the charms of felicity and a country life, and that when, hereafter, curioſity ſhall lead him into ſcenes of diſſipation, he may regret them as the only ſubſtantial and pure pleaſures.

Theophilus joyfully approved a project ſo conformable to his inclinations, and it was immediately put in execution; the Baron purchaſed an eſtate a hundred leagues diſtant from Paris, whither he, Theophilus, and Polydore retired. Here, though the remembrance of former ſorrows, admitted not of perfect felicity, yet they at leaſt found as much happineſs as they hoped. The cares and tenderneſs of Theophilus, and the virtues of young Polydore, were the conſolation of the Baron's old days. Before he

he died, he had the ſatisfaction to make the felicity of his grandſon permanent, by chuſing him an amiable and virtuous companion, who was the delight and pride of her huſband and her family.

The Baronneſs ceaſed to ſpeak; but as it was not late, the company did not immediately break up. I am highly delighted, ſaid M. de la Paliniére, with the deſcription of Angel Sound, the good old woman of ninety-five, and the repaſt at which the Baron was preſent; it recalls to my mind one of the moſt charming feaſts I ever beheld.

O pray deſcribe it.

Willingly——It was in Ruſſia. During the month of July, I was travelling through Livonia (*a*), with a Ruſſian friend, who was deſirous of ſtopping at a Relation's country-ſeat. I was ſtruck with the aſpect of this habitation, which rather reſembled a ſmall town than a houſe. It was compoſed of a large building, ſurrounded by twelve ſmaller compartments, each connected with the other by covered galleries.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when we arrived at this vaſt manſion. We found all the domeſtics in a great hurry. My friend aſked for Novorgêve (that was the name of their Maſter) and was anſwered, that one of his grand-daughters was juſt brought to-bed. Since that is the caſe, ſaid my friend, we will go and take a walk in the wood; and accordingly we went.

(*a*) Livonia is one of the fineſt provinces in all Ruſſia; the land is ſo fertile, that it is called the Granary of the North. Riga, a large and rich town, is its capital.

As

As we walked, I was inquiſitive, and my friend replied, Novorgêve is a venerable old man of ſeventy-five, and poſſeſſes a large fortune, entirely of his own acquiring. On this ſpot was he born, but it was in a cottage. His father was a Farmer, and only owned the ſmall lands that lie round here, and the copſe in which we now are. At fourteen, young Novorgêve went to Riga, under the care of a Merchant, who was related to his father. His induſtry and underſtanding were ſo evident, that his relation the Merchant conceived the greateſt hopes of him; and giving him letters of recommendation, ſent him to Peterſburg, certain, that in order to ſucceed, he wanted only to be known.

In a country, where without the advantages of birth, men may aſpire to honourable employments and dignities, the young Novorgêve could not fail to make his fortune; he ſoon found protectors, and went at firſt into the army, whence, after having proved his conduct was equal to his courage, he was recalled, and fixed at Court. About this time he had the misfortune to loſe his father. He had two Siſters left, who conſtantly refuſed every offer of fraternal aſſiſtance. Theſe Siſters, who were models of the moſt affecting friendſhip, and of moderation ſtill more uncommon, would never marry, that they might never be aſunder: they were perfectly ſatisfied with the ſtate in which their deſtiny had placed them.

Seduced by ambition, Novorgêve ſought and obtained a wife among the Great. She conducted herſelf with decency; but ſhe made him unhappy by her haughtineſs and pride. She died, and

and left him ſix children; three boys and three girls, the eldeſt of whom was eight years old. Novorgêve then reſigned all his employments, and aſked permiſſion to retire. Hitherto he had only lived in ſplendor and perturbation; at laſt he wiſhed for peace, quitted the Court, and rejoined his ſiſters, never to leave them more.

As ſoon as he came here he built this vaſt manſion, but he erazed not the humble dwelling of his father, which ſtands at the other end of this wood; to him it is a kind of ſacred temple, and is viſited by him every day. His employment is the education of his children, to which his Siſters likewiſe moſt aſſiduouſly contribute. Nor did he neglect to renew his acquaintance with the Farmers, who had been the old friends of his father, as ſoon as he returned to this his native country; for after he had carefully examined the interior of their families, he choſe, from among them, wives and huſbands for his children.

In conſequence of this project, he himſelf undertook to direct the education of the children he intended for his future ſons and daughters-in-law. This education was not what the world in general underſtands by a good one; he was only deſirous that they ſhould learn to read, write, and caſt accompts; but he was particularly aſſiduous that their manners ſhould be gentle, their morals pure, their piety ſincere, and their time well employed. His virtuous deſigns ſucceeded according to his wiſhes; he has married his children as he projected, and there is no father whoſe happineſs can equal his. All living under the ſame roof, his numerous

family increaſes every year; ſo that he has been obliged ſucceſſively to build the twelve additional compartments which ſurround his manſion. Here he lives like a Patriarch, with his two reſpectable Siſters, and a multitude of children and grand-children, all clothed like himſelf and his foref.thers; that is to ſay, like countrymen and women; but each enjoying every convenience of life, and taſting a happineſs which is ſo little ſought, only becauſe it is ſo little known.

As my friend finiſhed his recital, I remarked, there was upon each tree an Inſcription, bearing a Date and a Name; and I aſked him what was the meaning of this ſingularity?

In order to underſtand it, ſaid he, it is neceſſary to inform you of an ancient cuſtom in this country, the origin of which is unknown to me. At the birth of each child, the father of the family plants a tree, on which he inſcribes the name of the infant, and the year of it's birth (*a*). Thus each proprietor of land, if but a little extended, poſſeſſes one of theſe ſacred woods, where the axe never wounds the tree in its vigour; but as ſoon as it begins to decay, it is then cut down, which is not done without great ceremony.

The family and the neighbours are aſſembled, the tree is felled in their preſence, and its Inſcription entered in a Regiſter, with a formal memorandum of the year in which it was cut down. The friends and relations ſign the writing, as having been witneſſes of the pro-

(*a*) It is very true, that this cuſtom exiſts in Ruſſia; but I am not certain it is in the province of Livonia.

cedure;

cedure; and theſe Regiſters preſerve the names and memoirs of our anceſtors with the greater certitude, becauſe there is an entry made in another Regiſter of the birth of the infant, and a deſcription of the ſpecies of tree that has been planted in the family wood, on the day of its birth.

While my friend was ſpeaking, we heard at a diſtance the ſound of ruſtic muſic. Let us meet them, ſaid he, they are going to plant the tree of the child who was born this morning, and we ſhall ſee the venerable Novorgêve attended by a numerous train. We cannot ſpeak to him juſt at this inſtant; but after the ceremony he will join us, and invite us to dinner.

We quickened our peace, and, guided by the muſic, arrived in a copſe or kind of nurſery, full of young trees; where we found aſſembled about two hundred people, including about a ſcore of young children. They were all cloth-ed according to the cuſtom of the Livonian Pea-ſants: the dreſs of the men had nothing in it re-markable, but I thought that of the women agreeable and pictureſque; they had folds of muſlin about their heads, which hid only a part of their hair, but which flowed down and covered all their ſhoulders: they all had brown jackets, fringed ſtuff girdles, and petticoats richly embroidered.

As I advanced, I diſcovered in the midſt of this crowd, an old man, of a mild, yet majeſtic preſence, clothed like the other Peaſants, but whoſe ſimple and coarſe habit, formed a very ſingular contraſt to the brilliant order he wore. It was a large white Riband, pendent to which

was a magnificent Croſs, enriched with diamonds (*a*). That is Novorgêve, ſaid my Guide, as you will eaſily imagine, from the ſingularity of his appearance. The badge of diſtinction he wears, is doubtleſs dear to his heart; it is gratitude and not pride, which makes him bear with joy this honourable badge of his Sovereign's benevolence.

Be kind enough to tell me, ſaid I, who that young man is that ſtands on his right hand?

One of his grandſons, replied my friend, and the father of the child newly born. Thoſe two venerable Women on his left are his aged ſiſters; and all the reſt that ſtand immediately next to him are his deſcendants.

How many do you ſuppoſe them to be?

Nearly fifty people, reckoning his ſons and daughters-in-law, and they all live in the manſion-houſe you have ſeen. The reſt of the aſſembly is compoſed of the relations, neighbours, and friends of the family. But huſh! the ceremony is going to begin.

I drew as near to the old man as poſſible, ſaw him take a ſpade, and with an arm ſtill vigorous, open the earth and plant the tree. When this was done, he, according to cuſtom, pronounced ſeveral benedictions over it: he prayed that the tree might flouriſh, as long as the *Fir*, *Peter Novorgéve* (the oldeſt tree in the wood,) and that the infant, whoſe name it bore, might ſit beneath its ſhade, with the children of his grand-children.

(*a*) The Order of St. Andrew, inſtituted by the Czar Peter I.

When

When he had ended, the regiſter was brought, in which the principal perſons of the aſſembly wrote their names. After which Novorgêve received the young infant in his arms, and the proceſſion again began to the muſic of inſtruments.

We followed the crowd, which conducted us to the other extremity of the wood, into an immenſe and verdant Amphitheatre, ſurrounded by the fineſt trees I yet had ſeen. The proſpect was charming, the trees were all hung with garlands of flowers, while a dozen elegant cradles diſperſed here and there, and ſuſpended with ribands to the large branches, were not, as you will find, the leaſt intereſting ornament of this delightful place.

My companion ſhewed me the *Fir, Peter Novorgêve.* I admired its prodigious height, and ſeeing two oaks at ſome diſtance, between which was placed a column of white marble upon a hillock of earth, I aſked my Guide what it meant. I was anſwered, that thoſe trees were particularly dear to Novorgêve; that one of them bore the name of his father, the other of his grandfather; and that the column was a monument of his tenderneſs and reſpect for their memories. On it was engraved a Ruſſian inſcription, which contained the eulogium of Anaſtaſius and Alexis Novorgêve, dictated by feeling and truth, of which the following is the ſenſe:

"Heaven, in recompence of their ſincere "piety, taught them true happineſs; they "found and enjoyed it in their family, in the "pleaſures of the country, and the labours "of agriculture."

I ſuppoſe,

I ſuppoſe, continued I, that the cradle which I obſerve is more ornamented than the others, and hung between theſe two oaks, is deſigned for the new-born infant.

Exactly ſo; and look, the old man approaches towards thoſe trees, he takes the child, and places it in the cradle.

Novorgêve, having laid his grandſon in the deſtined place, formed a ſpecies of trophy, compoſed of various inſtruments of huſbandry, which were preſented to him, and which he attached to the trees by the ſides of the cradle. He himſelf explained the meaning of this cuſtom, ſaying the boy was conſecrated to the occupations of a country life, and ended by reading aloud the inſcription of the marble column.

When the old man had ceaſed ſpeaking, the women, who had young children in their arms, laid them in the other cradles, ſat themſelves down at the foot of the trees, took hold of long ribands that hung from their ſides, and pulling them gently from time to time, gave an eaſy motion to the cradles, thus balanced, and this way amuſed or ſent the children to ſleep (*a*). While young mothers of twenty, in the midſt of feaſting, found no pleaſures ſo ſweet as thoſe of tending their children, the lads and laſſes of the family and the neighbourhood, aſſembled in their Amphitheatre, danced and ſang in honour of the feaſt. They ſung alſo a long ballad, entitled The Seaſons, in which, after

(*a*) The country women in Ruſſia, ſuſpend cradles to trees during ſummer, and rock their children after this manner. See Les Coſtumes Ruſſes, by M. le Prince.

having

having painted the pleaſures of Spring, of Summer, and of Autumn, they celebrated the Winter with ſtill more circumſtantial energy; deſcribed the ſwiftneſs of their ſledges, and vaunted in a ſimple yet affecting manner, of their long wintry evenings, which glided ſo deliciouſly away, when aſſembled and ſitting amidſt their families around their paternal fires.

The ſongs ended, they danced to the ſound of the Balayes (*a*), while ſeveral young girls walked round with baſkets, and offered the ſpectators cakes and clougwa (*b*). The relations and neighbours took leave of the old man at noon and departed; but he detained me and my friend to dinner, and took us to the cottage which his father had formerly inhabited.

This place, ſaid he, retraces to my memory the moſt pleaſing ideas: here I come and meditate every morning: and, could it have contained my numerous family, here beneath this revered roof, I had ended my days.

The old man then ſat himſelf down upon a mat, and placed us by his ſide. He ſpoke French tolerably well, and anſwered my queſtions with all the politeneſs of a man who had lived twenty years at Court, and all the candour, good-nature, and ſimplicity of an Hermit and a Huſbandman. He painted his happineſs in a moſt affecting manner. I have known the Court, ſaid he, and all the pleaſures which ſuc-

(*a*) A kind of guittar with a long neck.

(*b*) A nice fruit, ſmaller than the cherry, and very common in Ruſſia.

ceſs,

ceſs, vanity, and favour can give; but then my head was buſy, and my heart was void and diſſatisfied; a prey to inquietude and fear, I was obliged to defend myſelf from the ſnares of hatred, and the malignity of envy, as well as to ſupport the fatigue of indiſcreet requeſts; each day I underwent the chagrin of making people diſcontented or ungrateful, and of ſeeing myſelf deprived of the counſels and conſolations of friendſhip. Heaven at length removed the film from my eyes, and taught me, that man, ſent for a moment into exiſtence, is but a lunatic, to waſte that moment in accumulating periſhable riches, and ſacrificing repoſe to cupidity. I loſt half my fortune by giving up my employments; but I recovered my freedom by renouncing factitious paſſions: by again acquiring a taſte for the pleaſures which nature preſents, I once more regained the health I had loſt, and the pure happineſs my early youth had known. Thus it is that a ſimplicity of manners, occupations, and pleaſures, prolongs and embelliſhes life, and renders our latter days as ſmiling and as fortunate as the happy years of infancy; of which we preſerve ſo powerful and ſo ſweet a recollection, only becauſe they were ſpent in innocence, and free from the tumults of the paſſions.

I was far from being tired of liſtening to the virtuous Novorgêve, but dinner interrupted our converſation. We ſat down to dinner in the centre of the Amphitheatre where they had danced. I beheld with rapture the old man ſurrounded by his family, and ſeated between his two reſpectable Siſters. I could not underſtand the language

language of his children, but I could ſee the expreſſion of their countenances, which internal joy and content inſpired.

After dinner Novorgêve led me to his manſion, which was as ſimple as it was vaſt. No ſtudied appendages of luxury and idleneſs; beds without curtains, wooden chairs, mats made of ruſhes, compoſed the furniture; long branches of trees artfully interlaced, and abundant in foliage, were the only ornaments (*a*).

The hall was large enough to contain all the family. Here they converſed about an hour, and then departed. We ſtaid with the maſter of the houſe, who aſked us to walk in his gardens; when we came there, he took off his order of Saint Andrew, hung it upon a tree, flung his coat upon the graſs, and taking a hoe, began to work, without interrupting his converſation with us.

The gardens were immenſe; I ſaw about a dozen Gardeners, and ſoon knew them to be the ſons of Novorgêve, with whom we had dined. I then learnt, that the others were gone to ſimilar labours in the adjacent fields, and that the women were all occupied in their houſhold duties; ſome had the care of the kitchen, others of the dairy; ſome were ſpinning, ſome knitting, ſome ſewing, not one was idle till ſeven o'clock in the evening, at which hour all the company aſſembled to ſupper. With what

(*a*) It is the cuſtom in Ruſſia during ſummer, and eſpecially among the country people, thus to decorate the inſide of their houſes; therefore it is, that ſuch a quantity of people are met in their towns loaded with green boughs to ſell: in ſome apartments, theſe branches are put in vaſes full of water.

pleaſure did they ſit down! With what appetite did they eat!

Before they went to bed, the good Novorgêve read his children a moral and chriſtian leſſon; after which they all kneeled down, and the old man recited his prayers aloud, which he ended by pronouncing a benediction on the family. After this every body went to reſt, and enjoyed the ſweets of peaceable and profound ſleep. The next morning I departed with a picture of this manſion, and of the happy Philoſopher that owned it, that Time can never efface from my memory or my heart.

M. de la Paliniére ended, and the Baronneſs roſe, thanked him for his complaiſance, and inſtantly retired, for it was near half paſt ten o'clock. Their tales were interrupted for ſome days, becauſe Madame de Clémire, whoſe turn it was to relate, had a cold; but they converſed together.

Cæſar recollected, that the Baronneſs, in her hiſtory of Olympia, had ſaid honour was more ſevere than the laws; and aſked the reaſon why?

The laws, replied the Baronneſs, are enacted for the general community; we muſt not expect generous and delicate ſentiments from the multitude, conſequently the laws cannot regulate certain actions and ſenſations: were they more ſevere, they would be obſerved only by a few, therefore could not contribute to the general good: they confine themſelves to forbid manifeſt violence and injuſtice, becauſe they are made for the regulation of common and not ſuperior minds. For which reaſon you may obſerve, that the man whoſe probity conſiſts in merely obeying

obeying the laws, can neither be truly virtuous nor eſtimable; for he will find many opportunities of doing contemptible and even diſhoneſt acts, which the laws cannot puniſh. Hence you may comprehend, how law may authorize what honour may proſcribe; and wherefore it is ſhameful to proſecute, in inſtances where you would be certain of gaining the cauſe.

But what is yet more, ſaid M. de la Paliniére, there are even crimes which, not having produced any tragical event, are not puniſhable by the laws: ſuch for example as calumny (*a*).

But a Calumniator, ſaid Cæſar, is univerſally deſpiſed.

Certainly; he is diſhonoured, and ſo all thoſe who profit by the indulgence of the laws to commit acts, which are in themſelves unwarrantable.

I do not thoroughly comprehend, ſaid Cæſar, what you mean by being diſhonoured?

A man whom the public voice accuſes of diſhonourable actions.

The multitude then has delicacy, ſince its judgments are ſo juſt, and more ſevere than the laws. Wherefore *laws made for the multitude*, ought to ordain virtuous acts.

(*a*) Calumniators in Poland are puniſhed in a way as odd as it is infamous to the Culprit; when convicted, he is obliged, in full ſenate, to crouch on the ground at the foot of the perſon's ſeat whoſe honour he has attacked, and ſay, with a loud voice, that when he ſpread theſe injurious reports, *he lied like a dog*. After which public confeſſion, he is obliged three ſeveral times to imitate the barking of a dog. This kind of puniſhment is ſtill practiſed in Poland. Hiſtoire Générale de Pologne, by M. le Chevalier de Solignac, Tom. III.

There

There is no man, however wicked, or however vulgar, but what naturally loves virtue, and hates vice. His paſſions make him act againſt his conſcience; but while his conſcience reproves him for his own errors, it demonſtrates ſo clearly the errors of others, that he cannot reject its teſtimony. Hence it is that men act ill, and judge well. Feeble, and corrupted, they give way to their paſſions; but when they are cool, that is to ſay, when they are unintereſted, they inſtantly condemn what they have often been guilty of; they revolt againſt every thing contemptible, they admire every thing generous, and they are moved at every thing affecting.

A bad father, or an ungrateful ſon, could not unaffectedly behold the aged mother of Angel-Sound bleſſing her children, and her great great-grandchildren, or our good old Novorgêve, at the head of his family; they would admire pictures ſo ſublime, yet would feel no temptation to imitate like examples. Would they then obey a law which commanded them ſo to do? Such is the multitude, ſuch are men in general.—— The moſt important concluſion that can be drawn from theſe reflections is, that every voice is raiſed to declaim againſt wickedneſs, and to praiſe virtue. Wherefore if we think reputation and general eſteem deſirable, to acquire them, we muſt be conſtantly good, worthy, and noble.

I have a queſtion to aſk, likewiſe, ſaid Caroline, concerning a word, the ſignification of which, I do not well underſtand.

Pray

Pray what do you mean when you ſpeak of prejudices (*a*)?

A prejudice is an opinion formed without due reflection, and which cannot be ſupported by any good reaſons: thus, for example, Mademoiſelle Victoire believes that a bit of the rope, with which a man has been hanged, carried in her pocket, will make her win at cards; this is a prejudice, for it certainly is not the effect of reaſoning, or the poſſibility of the fact, which could firſt make her give into ſuch a belief. Aſk her why ſhe has this opinion, and ſhe will tell you ſhe had it of her aunt, her mother, or her grandmother, and that is all ſhe knows.

All prejudices are not equally ſtupid with this; but I know many which I think ſo, and which yet are generally adopted. I have ſeen women fly frightened at the entrance of a perſon who nurſed another ſick of the ſmall-pox or the meaſles; and I have ſeen theſe ſame women, with great tranquillity, ſhut themſelves up with the Phyſician who attended thoſe very Patients. Many other things of a like kind may be obſerved, equally rational with Mademoiſelle Victoire's predelection for the Hangman's rope.

But there is another ſpecies of prejudice, which, far from being ridiculous, deſerves to be reſpected, becauſe it is produced by a lively and delicate ſenſibility. Let us continue to believe

(*a*) The explanation of the word prejudice here given by Madame de Genlis, as the reader will eaſily perceive, is not ſtrictly conformable to the Engliſh uſage of that word; but as it may be ſo underſtood in Engliſh without any great impropriety, it was thought beſt to retain the author's own term. T.

that twins are united in perfect friendſhip; that they reciprocally ſuffer the bodily evils of each other; that a mother would diſcover her child whom ſhe had never ſeen amidſt a thouſand other children; theſe are the errors of kind hearts, the conſequences of virtuous ſentiments, and ought not to be deſpiſed.

All opinions, which cannot be maintained by reaſon, and which facts and experiments demonſtrate to be falſe, are certainly prejudices; but yet we muſt be careful how we affirm that any thing, with the nature of which we are unacquainted, however ſtrange it may appear to us, is chimerical and vain. The hiſtory of Alphonſo has taught us, that there exiſts an infinity of phænomena in nature, the cauſes of which are unknown to man; for which reaſon we ought only to call thoſe things prejudices, which are not only repugnant to reaſon, but which are capable of being proved falſe by facts.

I comprehend very well, mamma, at preſent, what is meant by prejudices; and likewiſe, that all thoſe which are not the effect of ſenſibility are ridiculous; ſuch as the belief that Friday is an unfortunate day, that it is ill luck to ſpill ſalt, &c.

I hope you underſtand too, that any thing which religion, law, or honour ordains, cannot be called a prejudice.

O certainly!——Is the reſpect that is paid to the dead and their tombs a prejudice?

No; becauſe religion ordains us to honour them, and becauſe the rites of burial are holy.

That is true; but ſhould our reſpect for the dead extend as far as is commonly thought, when

when people ſay, that it is a leſs crime to ſpeak ill of the living than of the dead.

The queſtion embarraſſes me!——Let us conſult a ſure guide on this ſubject; Religion. Does it command us to reſpect the memory of thoſe that are gone, more than thoſe that remain?

It certainly does not, ſaid the Baronneſs; it commands us to love our neighbour as our ſelf, and render him good for evil (*a*). Surely, therefore, it is more wicked to take away the reputation of the living, than to attack the memory of the dead.

Beſides, that the dead hear not, feel not, while the living are driven to deſpair; for which reaſon, that opinion muſt be a prejudice, as has been ſhewn: for if, for inſtance, a perſon ſhould ſeek, after the death of his enemy, to injure his memory by new and vague accuſations, he would add meanneſs to malice, becauſe that the dead cannot anſwer, cannot defend his reputation. Were he living, he might clear up conjecture, and prove the falſity of what remained in doubt; but he could not deny eſtabliſhed facts: and this is the reaſon, why an accuſation, founded only on ſuſpicion, is ſo unworthy an act.

I would have you, however, underſtand I not only diſapprove, but deteſt a ſenſeleſs animoſity againſt the dead, although they are inſenſible to wrongs; my intention was only to ſhew, there is

(*a*) Bleſs them which perſecute you; bleſs, and curſe not.——Dearly beloved, avenge not yourſelves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay ſaith the Lord.——Rom. xii. 14, 19.

much

much leſs cruelty in attacking the memory of the dead than of the living.

I will remember what you have told me mamma, ſaid Caroline.

Two days after this converſation, Madame de Clémire being alone with Caroline, ſaid to her, when I came into your bedchamber this morning, my dear, I ſaw one of the maids buckling your ſhoes. How could you ſuffer this? To debaſe a fellow-creature is to debaſe yourſelf. You never ſhould require any thing of a ſervant except ſuch aſſiſtance as is abſolutely neceſſary to you; but avoid as much as poſſible whatever gives trouble, or can inſpire repugnance. Never baſely and cruelly take advantage of your ſituation, and refuſe the reſpect due to all; but if you wiſh to be reſpected yourſelf, accuſtom yourſelf betimes to revere in others the ſacred rights of humanity.

I cannot dreſs myſelf entirely alone, therefore my maid aſſiſts to lace me, comb up my hair, and ſo forth; but I can undreſs myſelf, and I have never ſince I have been married made my ſervant ſit up for that purpoſe, but have gone to bed without her aid. I have lived in the faſhionable world, have been at balls, have come home at four and five o'clock in the morning with all the paraphernalia of dreſs, loaded with flowers and pins almoſt innumerable, of which it was no eaſy taſk to get rid: but I a thouſand times preferred the taking of this trouble, and going to bed ſomewhat later, to the alternative of receiving help from an unfortunate wretch half aſleep, and out of temper; who, while ſhe undreſſed me, would ſecretly curſe my pleaſures and her own condition. At preſent I have little

merit

merit in undreſſing myſelf, becauſe the ornaments of Champcery are ſimple, and ſoon thrown off.—

You never ring your bell in the night I obſerve, mamma.

Never; unleſs I am ill. If I am gone to bed, and want any thing, I riſe and get it myſelf, even in the depth of winter; and this I am ſo accuſtomed to, that I never get cold; but have acquired an activity which I believe to be very healthy, for nothing enfeebles the body like idleneſs and effeminacy. Such habits beget addreſs, ſtrength, and agility. I have by no means a robuſt appearance, and yet I every evening perform acts of real force; I can carry a huge pitcher of water, and in winter continually put large logs upon the fire much heavier than myſelf. I wiſh to imitate you, mamma; and henceforth, if you will permit me, I will always undreſs myſelf.

No, you are too young at preſent; your's is the age of feebleneſs and dependance; but even now, you may help yourſelf much oftener than you do; and hereafter you will be very wiſe, to acquire the habits I have deſcribed.

I promiſe you, mamma, no more to treat ſervants with a want of proper reſpect.

The attention we ſhould pay them is, perhaps, greater than you imagine. You ought to be careful not to ſpeak any thing directly or indirectly, that could make them aſhamed of their condition. Thus it would be inexpreſſibly cruel to make uſe of the proverb *He lies like a Lackey*, in preſence of a footman: it becomes us carefully to avoid ſuch rudeneſs, ſince while it humiliates, it excites reſentment and hatred. We ought likewiſe, to be exceedingly circumſpect, in

all

all our words and actions when they are preſent; ſince the impreſſion they receive, from obſerving their ſuperiors, has the greateſt effect upon their manners: we ſhould, therefore, be doubly guilty in giving them bad examples. In fine, Religion, Juſtice, Humanity, all equally require us to treat them with gentleneſs and indulgence; to endeavour to promote their intereſts, to protect them on all juſt occaſions, and affectionately to aſſiſt them when they are ill, or have become old in our ſervice.

Madame de Clémire was going to riſe and take a walk, but was ſtopt by Caroline, who ſaid ſhe had ſomething more to confide to her; ſhe then confeſſed, that during the morning ſhe had been a little ill tempered with Pulcheria.

You have, no doubt, repaired the wrong you did her, ſaid Madame de Clémire?

Yes, mamma, replied Caroline; though I did myſelf ſome violence, I reſolved to overcome my ill humour, and all the reſt of the morning we were as good friends as ever.

And did not you make an apology? Did not you regret your having been unjuſt, though but for a moment?

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me good tempered ſhe was ſo too, and did not ſeem to be vexed the leaſt in the world.

But becauſe ſhe did not bear malice, muſt you appear inſenſible of her generoſity? If I had ill treated the loweſt ſervant in the houſe, I would ſhew him I was ſorry for it; and by ſo doing, ſhould think I did honour to myſelf; for nothing elevates us more than equity: the greateſt

eſt defect a perſon can have, is that of knowing, yet not acknowledging themſelves to be wrong. The imperfection of our nature is ſuch, that ſcarce a day can paſs, in which we have not committed ſome error; for which reaſon the people moſt amiable, and moſt beloved, will always be thoſe who, by confeſſing the wrongs they have done, ſhew their candour and goodneſs of heart. This ſublime quality always appertains to the generous and the feeling; while little and confined minds, enſlaved by falſe ſhame, as mean as it is fooliſh, would rather aggravate their faults than retract them, or ſay a word in expiation.

I will run and ſeek my ſiſter, mamma, and make an apology to her for being out of temper, and for not having ſhewn I was ſorry I had been ſo.

This procured Caroline a tender kiſs, and ſhe immediately left the room, running to find her ſiſter.

Madame de Clémire had promiſed in the morning ſhe would tell them a ſhort ſtory after ſupper, and in the evening ſhe thus acquitted herſelf of her promiſe.

THE SOLITARY FAMILY OF NORMANDY.

A FEW leagues from Forges (*a*), near the rich Abbey of Bobec, and in the province of Normandy, lived a good Farmer, whoſe name was Anſelmo, with his wife and children. He was poor, but ſo happy, that he had never left his houſe but to go to church. His little habitation ſtood by itſelf in the midſt of a foreſt; he had no neighbours, and he wiſhed for none; for he could not imagine, after he had been all day labouring in his field, it was poſſible to find a pleaſure more ſweet than that of repoſing in the midſt of his famil.

Three acres of land, two cows, and a little poultry, were the whole of his riches; he had no other ſociety but that of his wife and five children, a ſervant maid, and a herdſman, with whom it is neceſſary you ſhould become better acquainted.

The maid's name was Jacquelina. She had been bred in the houſe of Anſelmo, and had acquired the manner, and ſedentary habits of the family; ſhe had never been above half a

(*a*) Forges is 26 leagues from Paris, and celebrated for its Mineral Waters.

league

league from the houſe. Of all the edifices which cover the earth, ſhe knew none but the Cottage of Anſelmo, and the Abbey of Bobec; and never did St. Peter's at Rome, or the Colonade of the Louvre, excite greater admiration, than the little church of Bobec gave Jacquelina.

She had heard ſpeak of Forges, but hearing that it was four leagues off, ſhe never could be tempted to undertake ſo long a journey. Jacquelina, as you may imagine, could not read; ſhe had never ſeen a book in her life, except at church. Her talents were confined to the milking of cows, the making of cheeſe, and aiding her miſtreſs in houſhold duties. Her mind was not capable of any extenſive knowledge; ſhe had preciſely that degree of intelligence, neceſſary to tolerably fulfil the duties of her condition; and if Heaven had not ſent her rulers as patient as they were humane, ſhe would more than once have been liable to loſe her place.

She committed no voluntary faults, however; it was want of memory and reflection only; for her intentions were ſo upright, and her heart ſo good, that Anſelmo and his wife never could reſolve to ſcold her.

The Herdſman, Michael, who kept the cows, was ſtill leſs active and leſs intelligent than Jacquelina; but, in the eyes of the indulgent Anſelmo, the weakneſs of his conſtitution excuſed his indolence and incapacity; beſides, Michael was naturally gentle and peaceable, honeſt, and ſo patient, that it was not poſſible to make him angry.

There

There was ſo much conformity between Michael and Jacquelina, that it would have been a miracle, being, as they were, always together, had they not formed an attachment to each other. Sympathy declared itſelf, and the two lovers aſked permiſſion to marry, which was eaſily granted. Michael wedded Jacquelina, and, in three years time, was the father of three children, who were all brought up with the children of Anſelmo.

About this time, Jacquelina, patient as ſhe was, underwent great trouble. The wife of Anſelmo died, neither did the good man ſurvive her above two years; by which accident, Michael and Jacquelina loſt the beſt of maſters, and the ſole ſupport they had upon earth. The relations, who were left Guardians of the children, came to occupy the little heritage, and had the cruelty to turn away Michael and Jacquelina.

They were obliged to quit the cheriſhed cottage which they regarded as their paternal manſion, and to tear themſelves from the arms of the virtuous Anſelmo's children, who, for the laſt two years, had called Jacquelina by the kind name of mother. The poor woman wept over them, and left them in deſpair, followed by four of her own children, and the mournful Michael, who carried under his arm a large bundle of coarſe clothing, which contained all the riches of this unfortunate family.

It was happy for them, that in this dreadful ſituation, they felt none of thoſe diſtracting inquietudes which forethought and fancy give; their ſorrows were only the ſorrows of a moment; the future was to them hid by a veil ſo thick,

thick, they even could not form an image of the morrow. They had dined well before they left their old habitation, and were not much diſturbed about where they ſhould ſup; all their converſation was regret for the death of Anſelmo, and tenderneſs for the children they had been obliged to abandon.

Converſing ſimply thus, they followed whereever chance pleaſed to lead, till they had loſt themſelves in the foreſt. Jacquelina was ſix months gone with child, and being fatigued, reſted herſelf at the foot of a tree. Her huſband ſat himſelf down by her ſide, and the four children ranged themſelves around.

It was in the month of July, and, as day began to decline, one of the children ſaid he was hungry, and all the reſt immediately aſked for bread. Michael had ſome proviſions in his wallet, which he partook with his wife and children. After ſupper, they determined to paſs the night in the wood; and at break of day they found a beaten path, which brought them into a kind of wilderneſs, on the outſide of the foreſt. This wild place was full of broom, and they found a ſtream of pure water, which ran from a rock covered with moſs, the ſight of which gave Jacquelina great joy. Still to increaſe their happineſs, along the ſkirts of the foreſt, they found plenty of nuts, bilberries, and wild raſberries, with an infinity of ſtrawberries.

Jacquelina was quite enchanted at this garden of nature; Oh Michael! cried ſhe, let us always live here; for look you, there is water, and here are fruits, and that will be ſufficient for us; let us make a Hut of the branches of trees,

trees, to keep out the rain.——It juſt then occurred to the mind of Jacquelina, that they muſt firſt have leave to lop the trees, and the reflection made her ſorrowful. At this moment ſhe perceived a young Peaſant, at ſome diſtance gathering ſtrawberries; to him ſhe went, and aſked if he knew to whom the place where they were belonged?——

Yes, to the Abbey of Bobec, replied the Peaſant.

Are we far from the Abbey?

Three quarters of a league; I am going there preſently, with the ſtrawberries I have gathered.

Jacquelina then went and adviſed with her huſband; and Michael, having received her inſtructions, departed with the young Peaſant to the Abbey of Bobec, leaving Jacquelina with his children at the entrance of the foreſt, and promiſed to return as ſoon as poſſible.

Arrived at the Abbey, Michael obtained a moment's audience of the Abbot, to whom he related his ſituation; he ended by aſking work, or at leaſt permiſſion to eſtabliſh himſelf in the place where he had left his family.

What can you do, ſaid the Abbot?

Keep cows.

We have no need of Herdſmen; beſides, you do not belong to our diſtrict.

But I have no means of a livelihood, and that is all the ſame.

Alas! we cannot relieve all the poor.

I am not poor; I aſk no alms; our hearts are willing, and we know how to work.

You

You can do nothing; beſides I tell you, that the inhabitants of our own diſtrict muſt have the preference.

But I am very weak and ſickly, I aſſure you, and ſo you ought to take me into your ſervice.

What becauſe you are incapable of working?

Yes to be ſure; it was for that reaſon that my dead maſter Anſelmo took me into his ſervice, and would never turn me away; but if you do not like ſickly people, at leaſt Mr. Abbot give us leave to build a little hut with boughs upon the heath.

How will you live there?

With wild fruits and roots; there are water-creſſes, ſtrawberries, nuts, water.——Truly it is a paradiſe.

What will you do in winter?

Winter!——We never thought of winter; but winter will not be here ſo ſoon, this is only July.

Harkee good man, ſince you are ſo very deſirous of it, I permit you to build your Hut; and moreover, I authorize you to come every other day to the Abbey, for a ſupply of bread and potatoes for you and your family.

I have a wallet.

Go, that is all I can do for you.

Oh! that is more than I aſked——Jacquelina will be ſo happy.

Michael haſtily departed, and was already at ſome little diſtance, when they called him back, by the order of the Abbot, to give him brown bread and potatoes roaſted in the aſhes. Michael, who was truly honeſt, refuſed at firſt to receive them.——The Abbot told me, ſaid he, I was

only to come every other day, ſo I will come for them the day after to-morrow.

In ſpite of his reſiſtance, however, they filled his pockets and hands with the proviſions deſtined for two days, and he departed, highly ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of his journey. He found Jacquelina, came up to her with a triumphant air, and anſwered all her queſtions. Jacquelina, though quite happy at the recital, ſcolded him a little, notwithſtanding, for not having bought an axe, in the village of Bobec, to cut down the branches; for, ſaid ſhe, here we have nine ſhillings and ten-pence, (it was the fruit of ten years ſavings) and what are we to do with all that money?

That is true, replied Michael, but one cannot think of every thing; we had forgot, you know, that winter would come.

Oh! now you mention winter, you muſt keep the money to buy ſheeps ſkins, that we may lie comfortably.

Ay, ſo I will; we will have every thing comfortable I warrant, ſince we are to live here.

Come, let us go to work, we can cut the ſmall branches with our knives.

Jacquelina went towards the wood, her huſband followed, and they worked till night. The huſband and the wife were neither of them robuſt or active, for which reaſon they were a fortnight in conſtructing their Hut; which was tolerably ſolid it is true, but which had one inconvenience unperceived by them, till their work was almoſt finiſhed. They had forgot; for, as Michael ſaid, they could not think of every thing, that they were to live in the Hut, and that conſequently it was neceſſary it ſhould be

be as high as themſelves. It is eaſier to work within your reach, than to clamber and raiſe your arms above your head, and they did what would give them the leaſt trouble.

Jacquelina and Michael could lean upon their Hut, as you would lean upon a balcony. Jacquelina was the firſt who remarked this defect of conſtruction, and though the building was far advanced, had ſo much fortitude as to be tempted to begin the work again, had not Michael perſuaded her to the contrary; for, ſaid he, people do not want a houſe, except to reſt in, and we can either ſit or lie down in ours.

Jacquelina had nothing to anſwer to this reaſoning, and notwithſtanding its erroneous dimenſions, the Hut was finiſhed.

The day on which they dined in it, for the firſt time, was a holiday; Michael had been, in the morning, to the Abbey, whence he had brought potatoes and freſh bread, and likewiſe a pint of milk and ſome eggs, which he had purchaſed in the village. The joy of the children was exceſſive at the ſight of this delicious feaſt, and their gaiety excited that of Michael and Jacquelina, ſo that nothing was wanting to the happineſs of the banquet, for the gueſts had good appetites and good humour; and when night came, ſound ſleep and tranquillity came alſo. After having paſſed above twenty nights expoſed to the injuries of the open air, they found an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction in lying down beneath a thick foliage, and on freſh ſtraw; in the morning they awaked in the moſt perfect health.

There is nothing ſo comfortable, ſaid Michael, as to have every thing at one's eaſe. They

may well ſay, that uſe makes all things eaſy; yet I did not once ſleep ſo well upon the ground, and with the ſkies for a covering.

Nor I neither, replied Jacquelina; I always thought of the warm ſtable, where we lay when our good dear maſter was alive.

Our Hut though is quite as good as the ſtable, Jacquelina.

Oh certainly; and now we have a houſe, we ought always to be happy at home, as our good maſter uſed to ſay.

Michael the evening before had bought a platter, five wooden ſpoons, ſeveral warm ſheep's ſkins, and ſome flax for Jacquelina, who had a diſtaff, and could ſpin tolerably; and thus it was, that he had expended his nine ſhillings and ten-pence. Michael on his part, found means of employing himſelf; he caught birds with birdlime, which he carried to the Abbey; and in a month's time he went to ſell his wife's work, which did not come to much; for as I have ſaid, Jacquelina was neither active nor induſtrious.

The ſummer glided away, and in the month of September Jacquelina was happily delivered of a little daughter. Winter at laſt arrived, and notwithſtanding their ſheep's ſkins, their Hut did not ſeem half ſo agreeable; nor could they find either raſpberries, bilberries, or other wild fruits.

Michael and Jacquelina, however, ſuffered much leſs from the cold than might be ſuppoſed; they had never in their lives ſlept in a cloſe chamber, or where there was a fire; the ſtable, which they remembered with ſo much affection, was open in the roof in ſeveral places, and had various

various fractures in its ſides, large enough to put the hand through; ſo that Jacquelina and her huſband found no great difference, even during the rigours of winter, between their Hut and the ſtable they regretted; and in ſummer, their Hut, being ſituated on a healthy ſoil, and ſheltered by a foreſt, in which grew multitudes of herbs, flowers, and fruits, was much more agreeable than a gloomy damp ſtable, built in a yard, ſurrounded by dung, and in which was a great pond of green ſtagnant water.

Towards the end of winter Michael, who for the laſt two months could hardly walk as far as the Abbey, at laſt found it impoſſible to go thither and receive their ſubſiſtence. Jacquelina therefore went in his ſtead, and poor Michael was obliged to ſtay in his Hut, gloomily extended on dry leaves. He did not ſuffer any great pain; and his natural piety and tranquillity, preſerved him from laſſitude and impatience: he prayed to God all the day, and Jacquelina ſpun and told her beads by his ſide: his children continually came to careſs him, ſo that he could not abſolutely be called miſerable; and a year paſt away in this manner.

Michael and Jacquelina had lived two years in their Hut, when one day (it was the month of July) Jacquelina, who had been gathering fruits round the foreſt, came running, quite out of breath. Oh Michael, cried ſhe, you cannot think what a fine thing I have juſt ſeen!

Ay, what?

Oh dear! a coach without a top; it is made for all the world like a cart; but then it is all yellow, and ſhines ſo——beſides it is drawn by ſix horſes all over ſilver——and there are ſuch fine

fine ladies in the coach, and ſuch fine gentlemen behind, with coats as red as our Billy's cheeks ——And——

Jacquelina heard the noiſe of the landau which ſhe had been deſcribing; her heart beat with joy, ſhe ran from her Hut, and all her little ones followed her. The landau was not thirty paces from her; in it, ſuperior to all the reſt, was one angelic lady, who, looking at her and her children with gentle ſmiles, ordered the coachman to ſtop.

Jacquelina, ſurprized and aſtoniſhed, durſt not advance, whilſt the young and beauteous ſtranger, followed by four ladies, who alighted with her from the carriage, approached.——Are theſe five children all your's? ſaid ſhe.

Yes, my lady.

Poor little creatures! Why they are almoſt naked.

Oh! the three youngeſt have jackets, but we keep them againſt winter.

And do you live all day in this Hut?

Yes, my lady, and all night to.

What, have you no other dwelling?

No, my lady; we have not had for theſe two years paſt. We live very well in the ſummer; but to be ſure it is a little cold in the winter: eſpecially ſince my huſband has been ill.

Your huſband ill! and lying in that hut!

Yes, my lady.

Merciful Providence!——How happy am I we have loſt our way, and that Chance has conducted us hither.

The angelic ſtranger went towards the Hut, and with her attendants endeavoured to enter; but their high heeled ſhoes, and their hats and feathers,

feathers, obliged them to ſtoop ſo much, that the ſtranger, unable to ſupport the pain of ſuch an attitude, kneeled down in the Hut.——Good God! ſaid ſhe, turning her tearful eyes on Michael, and have you had no other aſylum than this for two years?——Could you find no relief at Forges?

Forges is ſo far off my lady!

It is but three leagues.

My huſband has been ſickly this year and a half, and I could not leave him to take ſo long a journey; beſides we have wanted for nothing, they have always given us bread and potatoes at the Abbey.

The ſtranger took out her purſe: take theſe, ſaid ſhe, to Jacquelina. I will ſend for you this evening; but ſince you love this place ſo much, I promiſe you, you ſhall return again. I only deſire you to paſs ſome time at Forges, for your huſband wants the aſſiſtance of a Phyſician.

While the ſtranger was ſpeaking, Jacquelina was conſidering the pieces of gold the ſtranger had given her.——Since you are ſo very good my lady, ſaid ſhe, I muſt make bold to tell you, that theſe pieces you have given me will do us no good; they do not know what they are in this country.

What, have you never ſeen gold?

Oh yes, my lady, to be ſure I have ſeen the gilding in the church at Bobec; but as for golden money I never heard ſpeak of any ſuch thing, and I am ſure nobody will take it.

The ſtranger, ſtruck by an exceſs of poverty, of which ſhe had never before had an idea, could not retain her tears; ſhe prevailed, however, on Jacquelina to keep the gold ſhe had received; but

but for her better ſatisfaction ſhe gave her ſome crown pieces, which were received with gratitude and joy. After which, ſhe and her attendants left the Hut, remounted their carriage, and returned to Forges, leaving Michael and Jacquelina aſtoniſhed and tranſported.

They talked of nothing but the beautiful lady; and their converſation was ſtill on the ſame ſubject, when the Meſſengers arrived to take them to Forges. Four men carefully placed Michael on a kind of bier, on which he was carried lying on a mattreſs. Jacquelina and her children were ſeated in a covered cart; and our little troop arrived at Forges about nine o'clock in the evening.

They were conducted to a houſe, where they found clean linen and good beds. As ſoon as Michael was put to bed, Jacquelina ran to interrogate her hoſteſs, and in leſs than half an hour returned.——Oh Michael, ſaid ſhe, thou wilt be ſo ſurprized!——That beauteous lady ——Doſt thou know what a Princeſs is?

No, truly.

Well, that fine lady is a Princeſs!——And moreover ſhe is called a Dutcheſs——and beſides all which, ſhe has another name ſtill——But that I have forgot; however, what is moſt of all, ſhe is——Ay, ſhe is a relation to the King!

How can that be? She has no pride?

No more ſhe has, as thou ſayeſt.

How can a relation of the King's have ſuch mildneſs in her looks, and ſuch gentleneſs in her words?

Thou wilt never gueſs what ſhe is come to Forges for!——It is to drink of a certain water here that [redacted]; for my ſhare,

ſhare, I have no opinion about any ſuch water! but I will ſay my prayers once a day the oftener for her, that God may give this dear good lady as many children as her heart could wiſh, that ſo ſhe may be happy.

Their converſation was interrupted by the Hoſteſs, who brought them an excellent ſupper. Michael and his wife had before time drank bad cyder, but never any ſort of wine, and, for the firſt time in their lives, they taſted it to the health of their benefactreſs. After which Jacquelina went to bed, thanking God, and pouring forth a thouſand bleſſings on her young and virtuous Protectreſs.

On the morrow Jacquelina was awakened by a woman, who came to tell her, the Princeſs had ordered her to take meaſure of her and her children, and make ſhifts and clothes for all the family. Accordingly ſome days after, Jacquelina received all kinds of neceſſaries: ſhoes, ſtockings, caps, nothing was forgotten.

Jacquelina's joy was ſo much the greater, for that her huſband's health was preſently reeſtabliſhed. The aſſiduous cares of the Phyſician, a healthy lodging, and good food, ſoon produced a ſurpriſing alteration, and in three weeks time he was able to riſe and walk about his chamber.

At this epocha, Jacquelina had an interview with her benefactreſs, who preſented her with a bunch of keys. There, ſaid ſhe, are the keys of your houſe, your cloſets, and your cupboards; return home my good Jacquelina, and to-morrow morning I will come and breakfaſt with you. Jacquelina, aſtoniſhed at what ſhe heard, ſtuttered a few words, and received the keys with a

ſtupid air, thinking it impoſſible that ſhe could have a houſe with cupboards and cloſets, or that a relation of the King's could come to breakfaſt with her.

The ſame day Michael, his wife, and children were re-conducted to the wilderneſs, where they had been originally found; but what was their amazement when they ſaw, inſtead of their former rude Hut, a well-built little houſe, ſituated in the midſt of a large garden. The children ran and danced with joy, and Michael and Jacquelina kiſſed and wept over them.——Oh! my God, ſaid Jacquelina, claſping her hands, what have we done to deſerve all this happineſs?

They entered their habitation, and found it compoſed of two good rooms, with a pile of wood at the end, and a little kitchen, well furniſhed with houſhold utenſils; there was a chimney in the bedchamber, and for furniture they had two good beds with ſtrong curtains, two wooden tables, four ruſh-bottomed chairs, two armed chairs, and a large preſs.

Jacquelina took her bunch of keys, opened her preſs, and there found two complete ſuits of clothes for her huſband, and the ſame for herſelf and children; there were ſhifts, ſtockings, bonnets, and, moreover, ſheets and towels, and a large quantity of flax to ſpin.

As ſoon as ſhe had taken an inventory of her preſs, Jacquelina was brought into her garden, already well ſupplied with vegetables, and afterwards ſhewn a hen-rooſt, where were a ſcore of fowls. At laſt her Conductor opened the door of an outhouſe, in which were two milch cows, and informed her ſhe was the owner of a ſmall meadow, about a quarter of a mile from the houſe.

houſe. Jacquelina thought herſelf in a dream. What, ſaid ſhe to her huſband, are we richer than our dear good maſter Anſelmo was? Why his cottage was but a ſtable, when compared to this —— Our garden too is twice as large —— Oh Michael! we muſt never forget our Hut, eſpecially in the winter, when with our children we ſhall ſit round our fire; for we ought always to thank God as ſincerely as we do at preſent.

While ſhe ſpoke thus, tears of joy dropt from the eyes of Jacquelina; Michael alſo wept, and both kiſſed their children, who received their careſſes with a pleaſure they had never felt before, though they had been always tenderly beloved.

Jacquelina could not cloſe her eyes all night; ſhe had a lamp upon the chimney-piece, and ſhe paſſed the hours in contemplating, with admiration, her chamber and her goods, and praying God to bleſs her illuſtrious Benefactreſs. At break of day ſhe roſe, and ſo did Michael, and the happy couple again went to viſit their kitchen, their garden, their hen-rooſt, and their cow-houſe. They afterwards dreſſed their children, put on their beſt clothes, and prepared breakfaſt; the table was ſpread with a napkin quite new, and furniſhed with two large pans of cream, brown bread, freſh butter, and a baſket of nuts juſt gathered, after which they waited for their dear good lady, with equal anxiety and impatience.

At eleven o'clock their eldeſt ſon, who ſtood ſentinel at the wood-ſide, quitted his poſt, and came running to announce the firſt ſight of the landau. Michael and Jacquelina, with beating hearts, each took the child by the hand; and

Michael,

Michael, who was yet far from being ſtrong, was ſorry that he could not run faſter. The children ſoon outſtript them, and ran tumultuouſly towards the carriage, while their father and mother in vain called to them to keep back.

Scarce had Jacquelina and Michael got out of their yard-gate, before the young Princeſs had alighted. They threw themſelves at her feet, bathed in tears; and Jacquelina, pointing to her huſband, with a faultering voice, ſaid, look, my deareſt lady, look, he is quite well——He can run. Here too are our children, they will not complain of cold; and here is our houſe, where we ſhall be as happy in winter as in the ſummer.——This is all your doing, and a righteous God only can reward you. As for us, alas! we do not know how to thank you.

A deluge of tears interrupted her ſpeech, while the charming and virtuous Princeſs wept in company, raiſed Jacquelina, took hold of her arm, and entered the houſe. You may well ſuppoſe the breakfaſt was thought excellent; that they walked afterwards in the garden, and that Michael and Jacquelina pointed out all their acquiſitions and all their wealth.

The Princeſs departed at one o'clock, and ſoon arrived at Forges; where ſhe learnt with pleaſure and emotion, that there is no condition, no claſs, in which the ſame generous and ſublime ſentiments may not be found, as thoſe by which ſhe was ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed. The Maſons, who had built the houſe in the wilderneſs, affected by an action which thus made a whole family happy, was deſirous, as much as

in

in them lay, of participating; they worked day and night at the building, and as ſoon as it was finiſhed, unanimouſly refuſed to accept the money offered in payment. It was impoſſible to make them receive the leaſt recompenſe; and there was no other way of rewarding, but by immediately employing them, about other jobs, for which they were paid double the ſum they aſked.

Madame de Clémire ceaſing to ſpeak, M. de la Paliniére exclaimed, this is a charming ſtory. It is not difficult to divine the name of the auguſt benefactreſs of Michael and Jacquelina (*a*); and indeed, ſhe has done ſo many things of the like kind, that this has not given me the leaſt ſurprize; but the generoſity of the Maſons aſtoniſhes me. It would be very extraordinary to find one man, in ſuch a claſs of people, with ſuch greatneſs of ſoul; but that they ſhould all agree to work day and night, for the ſole pleaſure of participating in a good action; that they ſhould obſtinately refuſe the wages due to their labour, and that with one conſent they thus ſhould ſacrifice their time and trouble, themſelves being all poor, and bluſh to accept money ſo hardly earned; there is, I ſay, in this proceeding ſomething ſo noble, ſo delicate, ſuch an enthuſiaſm of virtue, as, I own, appears to me to have very little probability among people in ſo rude a ſtate; and I confeſs, I am perſuaded you have been impoſed upon reſpecting this Anecdote.

(*a*) The Dutcheſs de Chartres is undoubtedly meant. Madame, the Counteſs de Genlis, has apartments in the Palais Royal. T.

But

But what would you ſay, if I myſelf had been a witneſs of the fact?

Is it poſſible! You delight me! For there is nothing I more ardently wiſh than to find it true.

We dare not invent incidents like this, becauſe we have but an imperfect idea of the capabilities of nature. We would not acknowledge her in pictures of the imagination, were ſhe painted in all her ſublimity; for by a capricious inconſiſtency, the heroiſm which we admire in hiſtory, ſeems, in a work of invention, nothing but an extravagant fiction, devoid of all appearance of truth. Let me, however, obſerve, that what Critics call the imaginary ſublime, has no real exiſtence: for there is nothing the fancy can create, however generous, however noble, of which man is not capable, when he gives way to the firſt emotions of the mind, or is ſtimulated by great examples. Nay, the idea of conſtant perfection, ſuch as we can conceive, do we not find it fulfilled, when we examine the lives of thoſe who ſcrupulouſly practiſe all the duties and devotions of religion?

The Baronneſs made her Repeater ſtrike, as Madame de Clémire ended. It is not yet ten o'clock, mamma, ſaid Cæſar, your ſtory has been too ſhort; and then it ended ſo ſuddenly we had not time to aſk a ſingle queſtion.

True, ſaid Pulcheria; I, for my part, long to know whether the prayers of Jacquelina ſucceeded.

They did, anſwered Madame de Clémire; her Benefactreſs became a Mother the year following;

lowing; I will tell you an Anecdote of a child ſhe had.

This charming little girl is now ſix years and a half old; ſhe lives in the country every ſummer; and laſt year, as ſhe was walking in the foreſt of Montmorenci, ſhe met a pretty little country girl hand in hand with her mother; the mother offered her baſket of ſtrawberries to the young Princeſs, who coming nearer to the little girl, perceived ſhe was blind, at which ſhe was much ſurprized; for, at a diſtance, the child ſeemed to have very fine eyes. The woman was queſtioned, and replied, that the child was not blind at her birth, but that ſhe had not the means to take her to Paris to the Surgeons.

Why, ſaid the Princeſs, can the Surgeons reſtore her to ſight?

So I am told.

Well then, I will take her to Paris myſelf, when I return thither; I will make room for her in the coach by my ſide.

The poor mother was much affected by this promiſe, and the attendants of the young Princeſs, told her to come the next morning to her country-ſeat. Accordingly what the Princeſs had promiſed was performed: and as ſoon as they arrived at Paris, immediately the little girl was ſent to the houſe of an Oculiſt, who kept her all the ſummer, and part of the winter. The next ſpring, when the young Princeſs returned into the country, they ſurprized her very agreeably, by bringing her the little Peaſant perfectly recovered. What! cried ſhe, are you no longer blind?

No,

No, mademoiſelle.

And are not you very glad?

To be ſure; I can work now.

And read too.

No, mademoiſelle, I cannot read.

No! How does that happen? You are older than I am, and I can.

I have been two years blind.

That is true: but now you can ſee, and you may ſoon learn.

My mother cannot pay for my ſchooling.

Poor thing——Are you willing to learn from me? If it will give you any pleaſure, I will teach you a leſſon every day.

The little girl, at hearing this, thought the Princeſs was laughing at her, and began to laugh herſelf; but the Princeſs inſiſted ſhe was in earneſt, while one of her attendants apparently combated her reſolution.——Recollect, mademoiſelle, ſaid ſhe, that a teacher muſt have patience not to be moved.

I ſhall have that.

It will be ſo long before ſhe has learned.

I ſhall not be tired; but I could read, when I had only had fifteen leſſons.

You could ſo; and many children by the ſame method, might be taught to read in as ſhort a ſpace of time (3): however, if Nanette ſhould be ſlow at learning, or ſhould want application, three months will not be ſufficient to teach her.

Shall we be here three months?

Yes, mademoiſelle.

Oh, then Nanette will have time enough.

So ſaying, this amiable child ran to ſeek her book, and her box of counters; then made Nanette

nette ſit down before her, and with the utmoſt gentleneſs and intelligence gave her a long leſſon; after which the girl was ſuffered to depart, but deſired to come again the next day at the ſame hour.

Though Nanette, as had been predicted, was not very induſtrious, her miſtreſs was not diſcouraged, but with a degree of patience and perſeverance, very extraordinary at her age, accompliſhed what ſhe had began. It was a delightful ſight to ſee her giving her leſſon, pointing with her little fingers to the figures on the counters, and the words, reading aloud, prompting in a whiſper, promiſing her ſcholar rewards, proud of her improvement, and, whenever ſhe read well, looking round to collect the ſuffrages of the aſtoniſhed ſpectators. This was one of thoſe pleaſing yet affecting pictures, which produce the moſt charming ſenſations in the heart, and of which it is impoſſible to tire.

Nanette, in fact, before the end of Autumn, had learnt to read almoſt as well as her young miſtreſs, who gave her ſweetmeats, cloaths, and books; and when ſhe parted with her, ſaid, Good bye Nanette, next ſummer I will teach you ſomething elſe.

Oh the charming little Princeſs! cried Pulcheria; ſhe will be worthy of her mother. This reflection terminated the evening's converſation.

Before they went to bed, the children aſked, and obtained leave to go to the vintage of farmer Benoit; accordingly they roſe next morning ſooner than ordinary, to ſee if the Baſket-maker had ſent home all the materials they had ordered above a fortnight ago. At eight o'clock, four

pretty

pretty back baſkets were brought ſuitable to the height of Cæſar, his two ſiſters, and Auguſtin; four panniers with handles, and four pair of large ſciſſars to cut the grape-ſtalks.

An hour after dinner, they ſet off on foot to the Vineyard of farmer Benoit, which was about half a league from the Caſtle; here it was agreed, this little company ſhould work two full hours for the farmer; after which they ſhould take their Nunchions, with the Grape-gatherers, and then fill their back baſkets and their panniers, on their own account, and ſend them to the Caſtle by the cart; which agreements were faithfully obſerved, with great pleaſure on both ſides; and the farmer gave this glorious teſtimony, that his own children had not been more induſtrious than thoſe of the Caſtle. Never was day ſpent more agreeably, or ſeemed more amuſing; they did not leave the Vineyard till the approach of night.

When they came to Champcery, Cæſar having a little out-ſtript the reſt, entered the court-yard firſt: here he found the ſervants aſſembled round a horſeman who had but juſt arrived; he heard them all ſpeaking at once, and continually repeating the name of his father. He quickened his pace, ran, and they made way for him, each eager to tell him, that the Marquis de Clémire was not above half a league off. Cæſar, quite tranſported, ran to the Courier; he alighted, Cæſar looked, and recollecting the Valet de Chambre of his father, immediately jumped up, embraced, and wept over him.

Madame de Clémire and his ſiſters were ſoon there; they kiſſed each other a thouſand times, all

all weeping with joy. The Courier was queſtioned, the coach was called, the horſes were put to in an inſtant, away they went; in leſs than a quarter of an hour the Poſtillions ſtopt, the coach-doors flew open, and the dear father of the family, after a year's abſence, found himſelf in the arms of his wife and children.

All the while they were in the coach together, they could only expreſs their tranſports by tears and tender embraces. The night was dark, they had no flambeaux, yet they were deſirous of ſeeing each other. No ſooner did they enter the hall of Champcery, than their tranſports and tenderneſs were redoubled. The Marquis never could be tired with looking at Cæſar and his dear little girls. What father, after ſo long an abſence, does not find his children improved? The Marquis admired how much and how finely his were grown.

On the other hand it was remarked with inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, that the fatigues of war had produced no change in the appearance of the Marquis, but that he evidently enjoyed a perfect ſtate of health.

They ſat up till midnight, and in the morning the children roſe with the day; for the joy of the over-night, and their anxiety again to ſee their father, had prevented them from ſleeping. The Marquis informed the family at breakfaſt that his affairs called him to Paris, and that they muſt quit Champcery in two days. This news afflicted the children; but the Marquis gave them conſolation, by aſſuring them, he was determined every year to remain ſix months at Champcery.

Cæſar

Cæſar and his ſiſters could not leave Burgundy with dry eyes; and the grief of Auguſtin was very great at leaving his father, his mother, and his little Charley. They ſet off mournfully, but they became merrier on the road, and found all their uſual gaiety and good humour return by the time they came to Paris. After a few days of repoſe, Madame de Clémire took her children to ſee the Exhibition, at the Louvre, of the Paintings which are there ſhewn, every other year, by the Artiſts belonging to the Academy. The children could draw remarkably well for their age, had already acquired a love of the Arts, and the Saloon of the Louvre gave them great pleaſure; ſo that they ſpoke only of Pictures and Paintings the reſt of the day.

That lady, mamma, ſaid Caroline, who has done thoſe Paintings which every body ſo much admire, is ſurely not young; for it is impoſſible in youth to have ſuch ſuperior talents.

How can you think ſo, my dear? Have not you ſeen her Portrait painted by herſelf?

Yes; but I thought that was a former work ——And can ſhe be ſo young and ſo handſome as that charming Picture repreſents her to be?

Had her's been common abilities, her youth, her ſex, her beauty, and excellent reputation, would certainly not have permitted others to judge of her works with ſo much ſeverity.

I think ſhe ought to inſpire admiration indeed, ſince to all theſe advantages, ſhe adds that very uncommon one of ſuperior genius.

The Public are juſt, and cannot be prevented from praiſing whatever pleaſes, and whatever ſtrikes; therefore you have ſeen this lady's

Pictures

Pictures fix the attention of all who entered the Saloon.

It is very glorious for a woman to gain an honourable place among the greateſt Maſters.

Yes; but it is very dangerous.

Men cannot be jealous of a woman.

They ſometimes diſdain not to do us that honour; and when they have once began, their animoſity knows no bounds. They imagine that they alone have a right to ſtruggle for fame; they are willing enough to flatter us, and even to be led by us, but they diſdain to wonder at us. To return to Madame le Brun; as I ſaid juſt now, had not her abilities been above mediocrity, ſhe would have received nothing but adoration, have heard nothing but flattery; but ſhe undertook to paint Hiſtory, and has not been ſurpaſſed by any one Academician. This to be ſure is very ſtrange!——Very revolting!——Very——!

The Abbey informed me, mamma, that the Journaliſts have given an account of the Exhibition. They have no doubt, praiſed exceedingly thoſe of Madame le Brun.

Oh no; they had too much prudence, too much circumſpection, to praiſe a woman who really had merit. Generous and compaſſionate as they are, their praiſes have been laviſhed upon the envious, whom they have conſoled as much as in them lies. The public admire none but ſuperior faculties, or uſeful labours; as for them, they protect the Weak, and praiſe the Poor in ability: and as mediocrity is the fate of the multitude, they, by this conduct, gain a multitude of friends, and have a juſt claim to the gratitude of the envious and the detractors

of

of Genius; an extenſive and a dangerous claſs, whoſe hatred is as active as it is envenomed.

And ſo, mamma, the Journaliſts have not done juſtice to Madame le Brun?

One Journal only have judged her works with equity; all the others have ſpoken in a manner that has ſurprized every body, who is unacquainted with the invariable principles and profound politics of theſe writers. The enemies of Madame le Brun cannot deny that her ſucceſs has been great; they only can affirm it is unmerited.

But what are their proofs?

They alledge, that Madame le Brun's manner is little.

How ſo, mamma? Her ſubjects are taken from the Iliad; her figures large as life.

Or elſe allegories of the moſt ſublime and ingenious nature, ſuch is what they call a littleneſs of manner: they add, that hitherto ſhe has painted only women.

Would they then perſuade us, that ſuperior talents are not neceſſary to paint a beautiful woman?

Exactly ſo; but they have forgot, that Albanus painted none but Venus, the Loves and Graces (*a*);

(*a*) Albanus was born at Bologna. His ſecond wife was a very beautiful woman, and became the model of all the Divinities in his Paintings. He had twelve children ſo beautiful, that they not only ſerved him to paint the charming Groups of Little Loves from, with which he enriched his fine compoſitions, but were alſo the originals, after which Le Pouſſin, Francis Flamand, and Algardi, (the latter was a Sculptor) ſtudied the Graces of Infancy. Albanus died in 1660, aged 83. Extraits des différens ouvrages publiés ſur la Vie des Peintres. By M. M. P. D. L. F. Tom. I.

they

they have forgot all the beautiful Virgins of Raphael, of Guido, of Carlo Maratti, &c. and thus it is that Envy reaſons.

I obſerve, mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, with great pleaſure, that there are many women at preſent worthy to rank with great Painters; four in France are admitted of the Academy, without mentioning ſeveral others, who have much greater abilities than certain Academicians.

In fact, we have ſeen ſome very good-for-nothing Paintings in the Saloon; among others, thoſe you would not ſtop to look at; I ſaw them as I paſſed, and they ſeemed to me very indifferent: indeed, without any claim to a place in an Exhibition like this, they ought to have been equally proſcribed by good taſte and morality.

But let us return to thoſe females, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo much in this brilliant career. Among Foreigners, there is one very much celebrated, who has likewiſe applied herſelf to the ſublime. You have admired a multitude of Engravings done after her Pictures——I mean Angelica Kauffman.——I know not how the Journaliſts have treated her in the country where ſhe lives, but her ſuperior talents have been acknowledged by all Europe.

Since, mamma, you take ſo much pleaſure in collecting whatever is to the glory of woman, perhaps, you know the names of all thoſe who have acquired reputation in this art.

I can nearly remember them all.

Oh dear mamma, do tell us; we have heard already of Johanna Gazzoni (*a*); Elizabeth Ci-

(*a*) In Italy, and particularly at Rome, there are many of her Paintings in great eſtimation.

rani;

rani; Maria, the daughter of Tintoret (*a*); and of Roſalba (*b*).

I will give you a liſt of the names of women moſt celebrated for their Paintings (4). It would require a large volume to ſpeak of them all; and it is the effect of prejudice that the number is not equal to that of the men who have been eminent Painters, which judges us incapable of works where genius is required. When they condeſcend, which is very rare, to employ themſelves a little on our education, they wiſh only to give us vague notions, conſequently often falſe, ſuperficial knowledge, and frivolous talents.

Does a Painter intend to inſtruct his daughter in his art, he never conceives the project of making her a Painter of Hiſtory, but will continually repeat ſhe ſhould pretend only to paint Portraits, Miniatures, or Flower-Pieces. Thus is ſhe diſcouraged, and thus is the fire of fancy ſtifled: ſhe paints Roſes; ſhe was born, perhaps, to paint Heroes.

(*b*) She died in 1590. There is a fine Painting by her in the Palais-Royal, of a Man ſitting cloathed in black, with his hand on an open book, lying on a table, where is a crucifix, an ink-ſtand, a clock, and papers.

(*c*) Roſalba Carriera, was the Scholar of the Chevalier Diamantino, and ſurpaſſed her Maſter. She acquired ſuch great reputation, that all the Academies of Europe were eager to admit her. She was received a Member of the Academy at Paris in 1720; her Admiſſion Picture was a Muſe in Crayons. She was paſſionately fond of Muſic; played in a ſuperior ſtyle on the Harpſicord, and travelled into France and Germany. Her merit procured her riches, and ſhe died at Venice, in 1757, aged 85.

Thus

Thus likewiſe, a man of letters, whoſe daughter gives proofs of wit, and a love of Poetry, may be induced to cultivate theſe happy diſpoſitions; but what will his firſt care be? Why to rob his Scholar of that confidence which inſpires fortitude, and that ambition which ſurmounts difficulties. He preſcribes bounds to her attempts, and commands her not to go beyond them. Like the proud Roman (*a*), who, taking advantage of his power and public opinion, impoſed extravagant laws in ſupport of prejudices; ſo the Teacher traces a narrow circle round his young Pupil, over which ſhe is forbid to ſtep. Has ſhe the genius of Corneille or Racine, ſhe is conſtantly told to write nothing but Novels, Paſtorals, or Sonnets.

A celebrated Muſician brought me to hear his Niece, about two years ſince, who played excellently on the Piano Forte. I admired particularly the manner in which ſhe modulated, and learned, with extream ſurprize, ſhe ſcarcely knew the rules of Thorough Baſs. I aſked why, with ſuch propenſities, he had not taught her compoſition?——Oh, I would not let her loſe her time about that, ſaid the Uncle; *What ſervice can Compoſition be of to a woman?*

All men reaſon, reſpecting us, like this impertinent Uncle; they are willing to allow we play on inſtruments, we dance, and even we talk as well as they, becauſe theſe are facts that cannot be denied. There exiſts another talent, however, equally common to women as to men;

(*a*) Popilius. See Annales de la Vertu, Tom. II. Page 23.

and this enchanting and ſublime art, neceſſarily demands lively and fine feelings, energy, enthuſiaſm, and all the great emotions of the mind, which, according to them, belong only to the men.

Ay, mamma, what is that?

The art of an Actreſs.

Oh true, mamma, there have been a great number of celebrated Actreſſes.

Had all the other arts, as well as this, been leſs the fruits of education and ſtudy, than the happy gifts of nature, there is no doubt but there would have exiſted a perfect equality between men and women.

Some days after this converſation, the children went to ſee the Luxembourg Gallery; and being queſtioned on their return by Madame de Clémire, they owned they had not remarked the Deluge, by Pouſſin *(a)*. At your age, ſaid their mamma, the pleaſing, the dazzling, or the affecting only are remarked; ſubjects only

(*a*) Nicholas Pouſſin was born of a noble family, in 1594, at Andeli, a ſmall town of Vexin-Normand, and became one of the greateſt Painters in the French-School. He went to ſtudy at Rome, but the Cardinal de Richlieu invited him to Paris, where Louis XIII. gave him a penſion, and the title of his Firſt Painter; but the envy of inferior Artiſts obliged him to quit his native country, and return to Rome; though not till he had painted for the King's Cabinet a Ceiling, on which Time was repreſented, delivering Truth from the oppreſſion of Envy. He died at Rome in 1665. We know no Scholar of his except Guaſpré, his Brother-in-Law, who took the name of Pouſſin.

that

that inſpire horror, pity, &c. catch the eye; while the delicate and profound eſcape notice: but I, by converſing with you, may inform you of what you at preſent could have but a very imperfect idea; by which means, I ſhall inſenſibly ſtrengthen your judgments and form your taſte.

I remember to have ſeen the Painting you mention, mamma, but I own I found nothing in it very beautiful.

You have ſeen it rain often enough.

Certainly, mamma.

And have you ever, at ſuch times, obſerved the colour of the clouds attentively; how the duſky atmoſphere obſcures all objects, deſtroys their brightneſs, ſhades their tints, makes them, if diſtant, diſappear, or to be ſeen with difficulty?

I cannot ſay I have remarked all this.

Had you paid a proper attention to the effects of rain, you would have been amazed at the exactitude with which they have been painted by Pouſſin; but the greateſt merit of this ſublime Picture, is in the compoſition. Forget that you have ſeen it, and tell me if you were going to paint the Univerſal Deluge, what idea do you ſuppoſe would firſt offer itſelf to your imagination?

That of repreſenting a multitude of men, ready to be buried beneath the waters.

It is true, that this idea naturally preſents itſelf; but in the execution, it would only have produced a vague and unintereſting ſcene; it would have been beheld with as little emotion as Battle Pieces. Pouſſin knew this; he felt, beſides,

that in painting this terrible cataſtrophe, it was neceſſary to chuſe the moſt ſtriking point of time, which, no doubt was at the moment when it was at the height.

He has, therefore, imagined five principal figures (*a*); but how intereſting are theſe five people! They are not in the Ark, they are proſcribed, muſt ſubmit to the fate of human kind, and periſh! Here you behold a mother, anxious but for her child; and, periſhing herſelf, thinks only how it may be ſaved! Here a huſband, ſtretching out his arm to his wife; and there a man, ready to voluntarily plunge himſelf from a boat into the deep——Doubtleſs to re-unite himſelf to whom he loves!

On one ſide of this pathetic Picture, an object ſtill more ſtriking, more terrible, is ſeen; on the ridge of a rock, a Serpent appears; his attitude menacing, he raiſes haughtily his proud head; you imagine you hear his horrible hiſſing, and, ſhuddering, recollect the tempting Spirit that made the firſt man ſin, and that now applauds himſelf for being the Author of this new deſtruction.——Hope, however, in ſome degree, ſoftens this ſcene of horrors, the eye is relieved by the happy Ark, which is ſeen afar off.

I now, mamma, comprehend the great merits of this Painting; I will hereafter examine the effects of rain with more attention, and ſhall be glad return to the Luxembourg again, to behold the Deluge of Pouſſin.

(*a*) Eleven in all, counting thoſe whoſe heads are juſt ſeen above the water.

We have ſeen another painting, the beauties of which we felt, *the birth of Louis XIII.* (*a*). We were made to obſerve the double expreſſion viſible in the countenance of Mary de Medicis, and we could not help admiring it.

Compoſition and expreſſion are the two eſſentials of painting, becauſe they ſpeak to the heart and underſtanding. A Painter not poſſeſſed of theſe, however great his knowledge of the other branches of his art, can never be thought a man of genius. To return to the picture of which you ſpeak; that head of Mary de Medicis is really admirable. I never any where elſe ſaw this double expreſſion of oppoſite paſſions on the ſame countenance, except in a piece of ſculpture at Gênes. This is the *Chef-d'œuvre* of Puget, and repreſents the Martyrdom of Saint Sebaſtian. Here you behold on the viſage of the Saint, the tortures of pain, and, at the ſame time, reſignation and divine love.

It is neceſſary, mamma, that a great Painter ſhould have acquired great knowledge.

Certainly; a Painter muſt indiſpenſibly ſtudy Anatomy; he cannot thoroughly underſtand Perſpective, without learning the elements of Geometry; he ought to have an intimate acquaintance with Hiſtory and Mythology, ancient and modern: he ſhould be a man of obſervation,

(*a*) By Rubens. This illuſtrious Artiſt was born at Cologna, and acquired a great fortune; to the genius of a ſublime Painter, he added ſcientific knowledge; he knew ſeven languages, and wrote various works in Latin, ſome on the Rules of his Art, others on the coſtûme of the Ancients: he was employed in ſeveral negociations, and died crowned with honour and wealth, at Antwerp, in 1640, aged 63. He had ſeveral ſcholars, and among others the celebrated Vandyke.

and

and a Philoſopher ; and if he has not made the human heart his greateſt ſtudy, he will never become ſublime.

The requiſites are ſo many, and ſo great, mamma, that I am not aſtoniſhed we have ſo few fine Painters.

We do not ſeem at preſent to have any idea of what is poſſible for Genius and Induſtry to perform. The famous Raphael died at thirty-ſeven, yet he was a good Sculptor, an excellent Architect, and the greateſt Painter that ever exiſted (*a*). Michael Angelo likewiſe was ſuperiorly great in Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting (*b*). But the exceſſive increaſe of luxury, by multiplying frivolous amuſements, drags us from retreat and ſtudy, and deprives us of induſtry. Painters in our time, are not only ignorant of Sculpture and Architecture, but I am afraid they read little; for in general, they chuſe none but common-place ſubjects; and what is worſe, they treat theſe ſubjects in a common-place manner.

(*a*) There is a Jonas by Raphael, at Rome, ſaid to be a maſter-piece in it's kind, likewiſe ſeveral Palaces built after his deſigns. He was born at Urbin, and died in 1520. His body, after having lain three days in the great Hall of the Vatican, under his famous picture of the Transfiguration, was carried to the Rotunda, proceeded by this ſame picture ; the moſt glorious monument of his labours and his genius, and which Leo. X. made conducive to the funeral pomp of this ſublime Artiſt.

(*b*) I find in the life of Michael Angelo, that he was the firſt Inventor of modern Fortification ; by which he defended his native city of Florence, and obliged the enemy to raiſe the ſiege. Among other remains of ſculpture by this Artiſt, the ſtatue at Rome, of Moſes holding the Book of the Law under his arm, is particularly admired. He died aged 90, in 1564.

But,

But, mamma, how ſhould it be otherwiſe, when a ſubject has been ſo often uſed ?

To Genius, nothing is more eaſy ; in painting eſpecially : of which I will cite you two remarkable examples. I dare ſay you have ſeen above a hundred *Roman Charities :* have you not ?

Oh ! that we certainly have.

There is not a collection of pictures, in which one Roman charity at leaſt is not found. What think you of the one I am going to deſcribe ?— A young woman ſuckles her father in priſon, her child ſtands weeping by her ſide, and ſeems by its cries, to demand a ſubſiſtence which nature deſtined for it, while the mother beholds it with tenderneſs and grief (*a*).

This is indeed a new effect, mamma, and yet the ſame ſubject.

The Painter has only added a ſingle circumſtance to produce this great effect.

But have you a right to invent circumſtances in hiſtorical facts ?

No doubt, if they are probable. Genius, however, finds other means, as in the ſecond example I ſhall cite. All Painters, who take the ſubject of Judith and Holofernes, think they cannot do better than repreſent a woman of a maſculine figure, and a martial air, whoſe menacing front announces her warlike genius. This, however, was not Judith's character ; ſhe was a homicide only to ſave her country, and becauſe ſhe believed herſelf inſpired by heaven. So ſaith the ſtory. It is therefore very poſſible, that Judith

(*a*) This painting is in the Spada Palace at Rome. The idea is beautiful, the execution indifferent.

had

had the natural mildneſs, modeſty, and timidity of her ſex; and that, carried away by the love of her country and divine inſpiration, ſhe committed an act which ſhe could not otherwiſe have done. Enthuſiaſm has often produced events as extraordinary.

This is exactly what Paul Veroneſe has ſuppoſed in his divine picture; he has repreſented Judith beauteous, delicate, ingenuous, modeſt, timid, and with an angelic ſweetneſs in her phyſiognomy. She holds in her fair hand the bloody head of Holofernes, and turns her eyes from the fearful object; her countenance does not expreſs the horror of remorſe, but the affections of pity; and while we look, we feel how much ſuch an action much have coſt her. It is impoſſible to behold this picture without great emotion. An Ethiophian woman holds a bag open; ſhe conſiders, with ferocious curioſity, the head of Holofernes, and forms the moſt ſtriking contraſt to the mild and celeſtial Judith (*a*). This example may ſerve to convince you, that the reſources of Genius are inexhauſtible; and that force of imagination may be ſeen in the moſt common ſubjects.

Can you give us, mamma, ſaid Caroline, any general rules, by which we may determine if a picture be good or bad?

(*a*) Paul Caliari Veroneſe, was born at Verona in 1537. His moſt perfect picture is at Venice, in the Refectory of the Convent of St. George; the ſubject is the marriage of Cana. He died at Venice in 1588; his three ſons were his diſciples; the eldeſt, Charles, was particularly eminent, but he died at the age of 25. Verona gave birth likewiſe to another excellent Painter, Alexander Veroneſe, who called himſelf Turchi, or the Orbetto, and who died in 1670.

To

To judge of paintings well, it is neceſſary, as I have before ſaid, to obſerve the effects of nature, of Trees ſeen in perſpective, of Rivers, Skies, Tempeſts, the riſing and ſetting Sun, &c.

Then to become a Connoiſſeur, it is neceſſary to have lived in the country.

Yes, and to have travelled likewiſe; to have ſeen Mountains, Rocks, Precipices, natural Caſcades, and all thoſe great objects which Nature never unites in one ſpot: nay more, the Critic like the Painter, ought to have a profound knowledge of the human heart: or how can he be certain of his judgment, when he ſays, "Such an incident demands ſuch a kind of ex-"preſſion."

In fact, it is impoſſible to be an excellent judge of paintings, without having ſeen a great number, and having examined and compared them with the moſt careful attention. And after all, if the Amateur cannot draw and deſign well or ill, there will be numberleſs beauties loſt to him.

How does it happen then, we have ſo many Connoiſſeurs?

It is certain there never were ſo many collections formed: the Journaliſts aſſure us they are Connoiſſeurs, and to prove they are, they make uſe of all the ſcientific terms adopted by certain Amateurs; they ſay that an Artiſt has a *free hand*, that his outlines are *too hard* or *too ſoft*, that his colouring is *too warm* or *too cold*, with many others of a ſimilar kind.

Theſe expreſſions are very droll, are they the terms of the art?

I am willing to ſuppoſe ſo; but it is certain, that a man much ſuperior to moſt of our Connoiſſeurs, has ſeldom employed them in an excellent treatiſe he has written on painting. This great Painter admired at Rome, as much as in the reſt of Europe, has left a moſt uſeful and eſtimable work, which the ignorant as well as the Artiſt may read with pleaſure, and in which neither barbarous words nor ridiculous expreſſions are to be found (*a*). Thoſe who happily have new ideas, ſeek not new words to explain themſelves: they wiſh to be well underſtood, for they know that is the thing moſt eſſential.

To return to the general rules you wiſhed; admitting that the Amateur has acquired moſt of the previous knowledge I have mentioned, his firſt care ſhould be to examine the claſs to which each ſubject belongs, of which hiſtory is the firſt (*b*).

(*a*) Anthony Raphael Mengs, born at Dreſden in 1728. The celebrated Winckleman has made the following eulogium on this great Artiſt, whom the world has lately loſt. "An abſtract of all the beauties, which "ancient Artiſts have diſperſed among their figures, "may be found in the immortal works of Raphael "Mengs, firſt Painter to the Courts of Spain and Po-"land; firſt Artiſt of his age, and perhaps the firſt of "future ages. Like the Phœnix, it may be ſaid Ra-"phael has riſen from his aſhes, to teach the univerſe "perfection in his Art, and attain it himſelf, as far as "is poſſible to man. It remained for Germany to pro-"duce a reſtorer of the Art, to ſhew the world a German "Raphael, acknowledged ſuch, and ſo admired at "Rome itſelf, the ſeat of the Arts." Hiſtoire de l'Art, Tome I. page 312.—An excellent tranſlation in French, of the work of Mengs, dedicated to Madame le Brun, cites the above eulogium.

(*b*) This claſs comprehends all great ſubjects of imagination of Allegory and Mythology.

Let

Let us then ſuppoſe the Connoiſſeur examining an hiſtorical painting.

Give me a ſubject?

This propoſition at firſt embarraſſed the children, but, after a little reflection, they gave for ſubject, Bias (*a*), purchaſing the maidens of Meſſina.—I am pleaſed with the ſubject, ſaid Madame de Clémire; it is intereſting, and affords likewiſe the contraſt of age, a diverſity of expreſſion, and the fine coſtûme of the Greeks. Do you form the compoſition, and I will criticiſe: firſt, where would you lay the ſcene.

On the ſea-ſhore, or in the houſe of Bias.

The houſe of a Philoſopher ought to be ſimple, without colonades or pilaſters.

Let it be the ſea-ſhore then. The veſſel of the Pirates is ſeen at a diſtance; they have juſt landed the young maidens, Bias purchaſes them, ſpeaks to the two Pirates, and gives them the money; mean time the young maidens aſſemble, form a beautiful group, and expreſs their joy.

Would it not be more intereſting, were they to expreſs their gratitude?

Oh, yes; ſo it would.

The Pirates having received their money, are employed counting it in the back ground. Bias and the young maidens muſt neceſſarily be the principal figures. How would you repreſent Bias, and what expreſſion ought he to have?

That of a venerable old man, with ſatisfaction in his countenance.

(*a*) BIAS, one of the ſeven Sages. See Annales de la Vertu, Tome I. page 281.

And emotion, but with dignity ; and without ſuffering that expreſſion to deprive him of the majeſtic ſerenity, which ought to be viſible in the phyſiognomy of a Sage. What action would you give the young Maidens ?

They may embrace him, he being old and virtuous.

But he is a man, and young maidens are always modeſt, timid, and ſenſible ; and ſhould ſo be repreſented, if you wiſh them to be affecting. What age would you give them ?

They ſhould be ſixteen or ſeventeen.

That would have a monotonous effect ; I ſhould make one of them a girl of eight years old, another of eighteen, a third of twelve, and the reſt of fourteen or fifteen. The youngeſt, with all the innocence of her age, ſhould run into the arms of the Philoſopher to embrace him ; the eldeſt, as her who is moſt likely to ſpeak and feel the benefit they had received with the greateſt energy, ſhould kneel to him ; ſhe likewiſe might claſp her young ſiſter, of twelve, to her boſom, and preſent her to the Sage ; her countenance ſhould expreſs her gratitude, and her companions, who are arranged behind her, would form an affecting group.

Why ſhould they not come forward ?

Timidity will not permit them ; at their age, they cannot vanquiſh this ſenſation, even when very ill timed.

I now comprehend the whole ; I ſee our Picture, and think it excellent.

Yes ; but there are two characters, the Pirates, who take no part in the principal action, who do not attend to it, and this is a defect in the compoſition.

Let

Let us ſuppoſe them not in the Picture.

Nay, but they are neceſſary to the ſtory; without them, you could not divine what the ſubject might be.

Why may not the Pirates attend to the principal Group, while counting their money?

Nothing ſhould affect Pirates who are counting money.

Let us ſuppoſe the money divided, and take the moment when one of them is putting up his purſe; the eye of the other being attracted, he jogs his companion, to make him obſerve what is going forward. What expreſſion would you give him who is looking?

An expreſſion of mere curioſity.

Very well; I think our Picture is now tolerably well compoſed (*a*).

Let us compoſe a Picture every day, mamma; we will each, by turns, give a ſubject. Will not that be charming?

I am willing, provided you can now tell me, and in few words, what is requiſite to be obſerved, in general, in order to judge of the merit of a Painting, relative to its compoſition.

That is very eaſy; you have juſt taught us.

Well, let me hear.

It is firſt neceſſary, that the ſubject ſhould be eaſily known by all thoſe who have read the ſtory

(*a*) In Pictures where the Figures are not mere Acceſſaries, as in Landſcapes, it is neceſſary they ſhould fill up the greateſt part of the canvaſs, eſpecially when the ſubject affords many Figures. There is another important rule to be obſerved in Compoſition, which is, that the Figures in the Back-Ground ought not to have equal ſtrength of expreſſion with thoſe in the Fore-Ground, but there ſhould be a gradation of paſſion conſonant to the Perſpective.

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it repreſents; it ſhould next be obſerved, whether the point of time be well choſen, and, alſo, the place; if the characters have ſuch attitudes and ſuch expreſſion as their age and circumſtances require; and laſtly, if the coſtûme be well obſerved.

You have perfectly underſtood all I have ſaid.

And may we compoſe an Hiſtorical Picture every evening, like as we have done to-day.

Yes, I give you my word; and when, next ſpring, we ſhall be at Champcery, we will chuſe other ſubjects, of the ruſtic kind, ſuch as Teniers (*a*) and Gerard-Dow (*b*) uſed to paint.

We ſhall have the very models before us.

So Painters ought to have. Underſtand, however, this ſtyle of painting is much inferior to the other. Wo be to him that prefers the repreſentation of an Ale-houſe, or a Woman ſelling

(*a*) David Teniers the Elder, was born at Antwerp, in 1582. He was the Scholar of Rubens, and painted only Laboratories, Smoking Rooms, Dutch Fairs, and ſimilar ſubjects. His ſon David Teniers was yet more eminent in the ſame ſtyle. Abraham his brother was inferior to both.

(*b*) Gerard-Dow was born at Leyden, in 1613, and was the Pupil of Rembrant. He died in 1680. His beſt Diſciples were Skalken and Miers, and his fineſt Pictures the Quack Doctor, and the Dropſical Woman: the firſt is in the Duſſeldorp Gallery, and the ſecond at Turin, in the King of Sardinia's Collection. It repreſents a Dropſical Woman, of an intereſting countenance, ſitting in an arm-chair, while an Empiric, in a long ſatin robe, examines a phial, which contains a liquid; the woman's daughter is kneeling before her, looking with great expreſſion of pity in her face, and weeping.

Carrots and Cabbages, to the works of Raphael and Corregio (*a*).

The Comic Style cannot exiſt in Painting, becauſe no Pantomime can be intereſting without a Denoument, and eſpecially without action; let him imagine every thing that is ridiculous, every thing the moſt groteſque, he will never have the trifling merit of a Buffoon; he will never make any body burſt into a laugh; he can only be low and groſs, cannot be pleaſant; Painting has the power to ſoften, to pleaſe; can preſent gentle and agreeable images; can inſpire, pity, terror, and admiration; but never real mirth. I often hear of the perfect truth of the Flemiſh Paintings, but I regard not truth in Books or Pictures, except as it inſtructs or affects me. I have no pleaſure in looking at an old ugly Cook-Maid weeping over Onions; ſome would be in raptures at beholding ſuch a figure, but it ſhould never find a place in my Cabinet. I ſhall always be capricious enough to think a handſome Shepherdeſs a more agreeable object; and I ſhould ſtill prefer to her a Nymph or a Goddeſs, becauſe they preſent a more perfect model of Beauty.

If a Painting has not the merit of an ingenious or intereſting compoſition; if it only repreſents one or two inactive figures, they ought at leaſt

(*a*) Antonio Allegri Corregio, was born at Corregio, in Modena, and is conſidered as the Founder of the Lombardian School. He particularly attached himſelf to Grace, and no Painter has ever excelled him in the elegant. After conſidering a Picture of Raphael's with great attention, he is ſaid to have exclaimed, *Anche io ſon pittore*: "And I too am a Painter." Corregio was a Mathematician alſo, and an Architect. He died in 1534, aged 40.

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to be well imagined, and ſuch as are worthy to fix the attention; like as, a venerable old Man, or a perfectly beautiful Woman. What pleaſure can the exact imitation of a thing produce, which is not in its own nature deſerving of notice? It requires no more genius to paint a Fiſh-woman than a Flower-vaſe; and certainly the laſt ought to have the preference, ſince it is the moſt agreeable (*a*).

Permit me, mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, to aſk you another queſtion; I wiſh to know particularly, in what the merit of an Allegory conſiſts?

An Allegory ought to be evident, that is to ſay, eaſy to underſtand at firſt ſight; it ought to contain ſome juſt idea, or ſome moral thought; for example, *Innocence throwing herſelf into the arms of Juſtice*; or *Peace conducting Plenty (b)*. Theſe Allegories at once afford delightful images, and juſt and moral ideas. *Time unveiling Truth*, is an old Allegory, but muſt always pleaſe, becauſe of its propriety. It has, however, one defect, which is, that the Figure of Truth has not Attributes ſufficiently marking to be known without heſitation. Some aſſert that Truth ſhould be repreſented as a majeſtic Woman, ſimply cloathed; others pretend ſhe ſhould be naked; for which reaſon, the perſonification of this Virtue becomes confuſed.

But has not the Allegory you have juſt mentioned, the ſame defect? Has Innocence any known Attributes?

(*a*) The Reader will form his own judgment of theſe opinions on the Comic in Painting; it ſeems evident, however, that Madame de Genlis has never ſeen the Works of Hogarth, or at leaſt never ſtudied them. T.

(*b*) Both by Madame le Brun.

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They often give it ſuch as can only ſerve to lead the mind aſtray; as a Dove, for inſtance, which is one of the Inſignia of Venus; but Innocence needs no Attributes, under the hands of an Artiſt of genius; it will then be ſufficiently eaſy to divine by the neceſſary expreſſion. Truth has no ſuch advantage: ſhe is painted beautiful, noble, and cold, but ſo may a Nymph or Goddeſs be; therefore ſhe is neither characterized by her Attributes nor her Phyſiognomy: but the expreſſion of Innocence belongs only to Innocence; ſhe cannot be confounded with Nymphs, Graces, and Goddeſſes, who are neither ſo youthful nor ſo affecting as herſelf: her Attributes are on her face, in her eyes: an intereſting mixture of timidity, modeſty, and gentleneſs, embelliſhes and ſpeaks who ſhe is. Pure and celeſtial Figure, the extent of whoſe charms the delicate pencil of a woman alone can trace!

Hence you may learn, it requires much leſs genius to paint Allegorical Figures with material Attributes, than to repreſent thoſe who can only be characterized by the expreſſion of the countenance; for it is much eaſier to paint a cornucopia, or a pair of wings, than an expreſſive face. Rubens has repreſented Ignorance in the Luxembourg Gallery: the Figure has no Attributes, yet is as ſoon and generally known as Time or Diſcord. None but a ſuperior Artiſt could have given this degree of truth to an affection of the mind.

Conſequently there are no Paſſions, Vices, or Virtues, which may not be painted allegorically?

Oh

Oh yes, but there are, and many, which a Painter can convey no idea of, or at leaſt none but vague and obſcure ones. All thoſe who want both Attributes and characteriſtic expreſſion, ought, for this reaſon, to be rejected in general. Benevolence, for inſtance, is a Virtue without Attributes or Expreſſion, peculiar to itſelf, and may be confounded with Pity.

It ſeems to me, mamma, Painters ought to read Poetry as well as Hiſtory, and then they need not want Allegories.

You are very right; but they generally read little, except Tranſlations of Homer and Taſſo; whereas Milton and others might furniſh them with ſubjects leſs hacknied, and equally noble; they might find alſo in our French Poets, a multitude of charming images and ideas. Thus, if an Artiſt wiſhed to depict Hygeia, the Goddeſs of Health, *Greſſet* will furniſh him with an excellent Group of Figures. I will read you his deſcription of her, and after the ſix firſt lines, do you imagine to yourſelves I am deſcribing Beings, which muſt each in order be placed upon the Canvas.

As Hebe ſwift, as Venus fair,
Youthful, roſy, light as air,
She comes, diſperſing Ills and Glooms,
And Courage glows, and Beauty blooms;
Fits, Faintings, Langours, tottering fly
The vivid Glances of her Eye.
So Cupid, Bacchus, Morpheus, are
Attendants on her jocund Car;
While ſhe, with Vine and Myrtle crown'd,
Beholds extended on the ground

The

The God of Epidaurus (*a*) thrown,
His pow'r contemn'd, his art unknown.

True, mamma, replied Pulcheria, a charming Picture, indeed, might be formed from this deſcription.

I have always forgot, ſaid Cæſar, to aſk my mamma a thing which I juſt now recollect. A few days ſince we ſaw a piece of Sculpture, repreſenting a woman at the bath, attended by a Negreſs. The figure bathing is of white marble, but the Negreſs is in bronze.

I know this performance, it is charming, and the name of the Artiſt who is the Author of it, is a ſufficient eulogium. There is a reaſon why the Negreſs is in bronze. She holds a vaſe of water, and it was neceſſary to have leaden pipes paſs through the Statue, in order to ſend the water into the Vaſe: this could not have been executed had the ſtatue been of marble; otherwiſe, the Artiſt would, certainly, never have jumbled marble and bronze in the ſame compoſition; he has too much taſte not to feel the effect could not be happy.

There is a ſtatue of Saint Staniſlaus at Rome in his religious habit. The robe is of black marble, and the figure of white; which medley is more ſhocking than the one we have juſt mentioned, and muſt deſtroy, not add to the deluſion. If, while examining ſculpture, the mind is not wholly occupied by the idea of form, if any acceſſary introduces that of colour, if the drapery is repreſented ſhort, and with na-

(*a*) The Statute of Æſculapius.

tural

tural ſhades, the Spectator would immediately require the carnation of the face, and, wanting it, would only behold a Doll, ridiculouſly cloathed.

I can eaſily ſuppoſe that, mamma; but why then is this very ſame thing admired in ſeal engraving?

Becauſe heads cut in a ſeal or a ring, can never, any way, produce the ſlighteſt degree of illuſion. The things wiſhed there, are elegance and purity of deſign; and it is reaſonable to praiſe the Artiſt who knows how to bring forth the beauties of the ſtone, by taking an ingenious advantage of the natural colours it poſſeſſes.

I am glad, mamma, of this explanation, for I confeſs it was this very mixture, white and black, that pleaſed me; I thought it fine, becauſe I had never ſeen the like before.

Hereafter you will know, that it is not ſufficient for an idea to be new, it muſt alſo be natural. If an invention is neither uſeful nor agreeable, it is not meritorious but capricious; and reſembles the whims of the Sicilian Prince, of whom I ſpoke to you the other day: it is productive of extravagance, it brings forth Monſters (5).

They now came to inform Madame de Clémire her carriage was ready, and ſhe took the children to the Comedy. As they returned they converſed on the play; and Cæſar was deſirous his mamma ſhould give him ſome general precepts, by which he might judge of dramatic works. —— You are too young at preſent, ſaid Madame de Clémire, to be properly informed on that ſubject; but I have the plan of a work, which

which I ſhall ſurely execute for the benefit of my children : it will be entitled *Cours de Littérature, a l'Uſage des jeunes perſonnes.* (A courſe of Literature for the uſe of young people.) This you ſhall read when you are ſixteen or ſeventeen, and, with the addition of that moſt eſtimable work, called, *La Poetique*, by Marmontel, I have no doubt but you will have an enlarged knowledge of ſuch things, and a good taſte.

How many volumes will it make, mamma?

Three at moſt.

And will it be amuſing ?

I certainly ſhall neglect nothing that may give pleaſure, and variety as much as poſſible; for I am well convinced, youth cannot be inſtructed by what is tireſome and dull. It will be my endeavour to draw my principles from Nature, to convey clear and preciſe ideas, and to give you a general knowledge of French, Engliſh, Italian, and Spaniſh literature.

By this time the carriage entered the Court, they arrived, and ſat down to ſupper with laſſitude; all complained of the head-ache, and Cæſar and his ſiſters found, they no longer poſſeſſed the keen appetites and chearful ſpirits the air of Champcery gave. They gaped at each other, they lolled in their chairs, they could not eat; and they all agreed, they ſhould be ſorry to go every evening and be ſhut up three hours in a box at the Play-houſe. The pleaſures of walking, reading, and converſing, they agreed were preferable to any thing the Theatre could afford.

Not but that they walked at Paris, but then it was in the gardens of the Tuilleries, the Palais-Royal, or the Elyſian Fields, where decorum

rum muſt be obſerved, and where they only regretted the Woods, the Meadows, and the charming liberty of the fields of Burgundy. Cæſar ſeverely criticiſed every thing he ſaw. What a duſt! cried he. What a crowd! And what do theſe people come here for, to ſtare and run in each others way, and hinder me from running and climbing up the trees?

And theſe large baſins of ſtagnant water, ſaid Caroline, are they equal to our pond at Faulin, where we have angled and caught ſo many fiſh? And then, inſtead of our blackberries and filbert-nuts, to ſee nothing but trimmed evergreens, ſtone walls, or iron-gates! No plants, no flowers. Oh what dull gardens! How can people ſhut themſelves up here, for ever, when they might live in the country!

Madame de Clémire heard theſe murmurs; but did not diſapprove them, becauſe they were well founded; but ſhe took the children to the King's garden, which they found more inſtructive, and almoſt as pleaſant as the Woods of Champcery. The ſtudy of Botany and natural Hiſtory, rendered theſe walks ſo agreeable, that they would think of no other during the reſt of Autumn.

Winter came, and with it new repinings. They recollected, ſighing, the frozen ponds of the country, their ſlides, their ſnow-balls, and their evening ſtories; in fine, all the pleaſures of which they were deprived. The balls of Paris were but a poor recompenſe; they afforded but little amuſement, and they always returned fatigued and diſappointed. In the month of January Caroline had ſo bad a cold, that ſhe was obliged to have a ſeparate chamber, becauſe ſhe

diſturbed

diſturbed her ſiſter ſo much in the night, by which means Pulcheria was left alone.

In about five or ſix days time Madame de Clémire learnt, that Pulcheria, notwithſtanding the exceſſive cold, ſat without a fire in her room, and that ſhe would not let them make one ever ſince her ſiſter's indiſpoſition. Surpriſed at this fancy, Madame de Clémire queſtioned the ſervants. The *Frotteur*, whoſe buſineſs it was to bring the wood, declared, that Mademoiſelle Pulcheria had deſired him to put her three faggots, every morning, at the bottom of the cloſet, in the anti-chamber. For my part, madam, ſaid the *Frotteur*, I aſked no queſtions, though I thought it odd, becauſe I thought it was my lady's pleaſure.

The Governante was ſolely employed in the care of Caroline, and had not been in Pulcheria's chamber, who was now waited on by a young girl they had brought out of Burgundy; and who, being interrogated in her turn, ſaid, that Mademoiſelle Pulcheria had told her ſhe did not chuſe fire, but that ſhe would accuſtom herſelf to bear the cold.

After getting all the intelligence ſhe could, Madame de Clémire went up to Pulcheria's apartment: the bottom of the cloſet was firſt viſited, but not a ſingle faggot was there to be found. She then entered her daughter's chamber. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and Pulcheria was walking, at a good pace, up and down the room, to keep herſelf warm, the while ſhe was repeating her taſk. Gertrude, her country maid, was ſitting in a corner knitting. As ſoon as Pulcheria ſaw her mamma ſhe bluſhed.—How now,

now, ſaid Madame de Clémire, how does it happen child, that you are without fire?

Oh, I can keep myſelf warm, mamma.

Madame de Clémire ſat down, and ſent away Gertrude, then taking Pulcheria by the hand, ſaid, you will, now, I am ſure, my dear, ſpeak to me as to a friend.

I will tell you every thing, my dear mamma; but perhaps you have already gueſſed?

I have ſome confuſed ſuſpicions.

You ſhall know all. About ſeven or eight days ſince, I heard my Governante telling how a poor woman, who lives in our ſtreet, had been to aſk alms; my Governante gave her ſomething, and went once afterwards to carry her bread. My Governante told me, that this poor woman deſired nothing ſo much as to work for her living, but ſhe could find nothing to do. And what is ſtill more to be pitied, ſhe had no firing; my Governante ſaid ſhe would furniſh her with work, and I thought, if I could ſend her firing, ſhe, then, would want nothing. I would not tell you of it, mamma, becauſe I had already formed my project; I knew that my Siſter was going to ſleep in another chamber, and I ſaid to myſelf, here is a fine opportunity of doing, like Sidonia, a good action in private. I will not even ſpeak of it to mamma; for ſince time diſcovers all things, ſhe will know it ſoon or late; but it does not become me to be vain of it, and when known it will give the greater pleaſure; in the mean while the poor woman will be happy, and God will behold the action. I then determined to paſs the morning without fire, by which means I ſhould ſave three faggots; and I deſired the *Frotteur* to lay them at the bottom of the cloſet, which

which he always did in the evening, to ſave his labour the next morning. I was obliged to make a confidant of Jeanneton the chamber-maid, who at firſt made ſome objections; till I aſſured her, inſtead of making you angry, mamma, it would give you great pleaſure: ſhe declared, however, that if you queſtioned her ſhe ſhould tell the truth, but if you did not, ſhe promiſed me to be ſilent.

And did ſhe undertake to carry the wood to the poor woman?

Yes, mamma, every morning.

But how could ſhe paſs the outer gate, thus loaded, and regularly carrying three faggots?

Dear! I do not know; I never thought of that; the porter might well be ſurprized; and yet he cannot have aſked her any queſtions, ſince ſhe never ſaid any thing to me.

There is ſomething at the bottom of this that we are ignorant of; but tell me, have you ſuffered much from the cold?

A little, the two firſt days; but I remembered, that the poor woman and her little ones would warm themſelves, for ſhe has ſix ſmall children and a ſick huſband; but Jeanneton tells me, they are much better off now.

How ſo, with three faggots, only?

Yes. Jeanneton ſays they are quite enlivened, quite different people. To be ſure I ſent them, beſide the faggots, two boxes of candied orange-peel, for the children, that my papa brought me from Fontainebleau. That is not all: the day before yeſterday, I do not know how it happened, but my papa aſked me, if I ſhould not be glad to have ſome money to buy me play-things. At firſt I anſwered no; but

I afterwards recollected the poor woman, and bluſhed. Papa kiſſed me, and gave me a guinea; after which, he enumerated how many things a guinea would buy; and I muſt own, I had a great deſire to lay out a crown of it in purchaſing pincuſhions, and yet this made me melancholy. I got my guinea changed, put a crown in my pocket, and giving the reſt to Jeanneton, bade her carry it to the poor woman, and added, that the next day I ſhould ſend her to buy me ſome pincuſhions. She left the room; I took my crown out of my pocket, and looked at it with uneaſineſs; for as I at firſt had intended to give the whole guinea to the poor woman, it ſeemed to me, that I kept ſomething which was not my own: away I ran to the ſtair-head, to call back Jeanneton, but ſhe was gone, and I ſaw her no more till the next morning. I waked betimes, and began to think on the pincuſhions and the poor woman.——I was a good deal embarraſſed, but recollecting, at laſt, this was the firſt guinea I ever had in my life, I ſaid to myſelf, I muſt employ it all in a good action: this thought determined me; Jeanneton arrived, and I ſent her with the three faggots and the crown-piece.

Juſt as Pulcheria had ended this recital a footman entered, and gave a note to Madame de Clémire, who, looking at the direction, ſaid to Pulcheria, it is addreſſed to you, my dear; it is, no doubt, an invitation to a ball. So ſaying, ſhe opened the note, and to the great aſtoniſhment of Pulcheria read as follows:

"Made-

" Mademoiſelle,

" Come and receive the recompenſe of your " bounty to us; come and ſee from what miſery " you have relieved us; nothing is now wanting " to our felicity, but to have her, to whom we " are indebted for it, a witneſs of it. We cannot better prove our gratitude to our young, " our dear Benefactreſs, than to ſhew her the " family ſhe has rendered ſo perfectly happy."

Dear mamma, cried Pulcheria, do, my good mamma, be kind enough to take me to ſee theſe good people.

Certainly, my dear, replied Madame de Clémire; we will go directly, I will order the carriage. Come, come, my dear girl.

Madame de Clémire took Pulcheria by the hand, and away they went. At the bottom of the ſtaircaſe they met the Marquis. Where are you going? ſaid he; if you are going abroad, I am juſt returned, and my carriage is ready.

We are: come, go with us, my dear.

Willingly, replied the Marquis. And, without aſking farther queſtions, gave the Marchioneſs his arm.

Pulcheria followed with inexpreſſible emotion. They entered their carriage, it departed, and, in about five minutes ſtopt. They alighted, croſſed a little yard, the Marquis opened the door, and they found themſelves in a large chamber. In the midſt of it they ſaw a Sadler at work, while a woman, ſitting at a table, with ſix little girls at her ſide, the biggeſt of whom was only ten years old, was buſy at her needle-work. The moment the Marquis de Clémire appeared, the whole fa-

mily roſe ; come hither, Madame le Blanc, ſaid the Marquis, this is Pulcheria.

Inſtantly the wife, the huſband, the children, all flew to Pulcheria. Oh ! my dear young lady, replied the woman, Is it you ? What at your age ! And ſo delicate too ! Could you paſs theſe wintry days without fire, to ſend us your wood ——Your money——Nay your very ſweetmeats, every thing you had to give ?——But behold ! look how happy we are !——My huſband is recovered, our debts are paid, our children are cloathed, we are made capable of getting our living, we want for nothing, and you alone were the firſt author of all our happineſs ; for, had it not been for your goodneſs, your dear papa would never have known us.

Ah ! papa, then Jeanneton has told you all.

From the very firſt day, replied the Marquis ; nay, I have more than once carried the faggots in my coach to Madame le Blanc ; but I expreſsly forbad Jeanneton to ſpeak of it to your mamma, or give you any hints that I was in the ſecret ; I wiſhed to agreeably ſurprize you both.

After this explanation, the Marquis was tenderly kiſſed by his wife and daughter ; and they converſed for about half an hour with the good people, then roſe to take their leave. Juſt at this moment the children ran to fetch a little box, and the eldeſt preſenting it to Pulcheria, prayed her to accept it, ſaying, it is our own work, my mother's, my ſiſter's, and myſelf, all have been buſy at it ; and, I aſſure you, mademoiſeille, with a right good-will.

Pulcheria opened the box, and found it full of the prettieſt pincuſhions ſhe had ever ſeen. Pulcheria bluſhed, then turning towards her father, ſaid,

ſaid, indeed, papa, I thought no more about them——but now with what pleaſure do I receive them! ſince they are the work of this good woman and charming little girls.

Pulcheria's heart was full; ſhe kiſſed the children, and the tears again came in her eyes, when, as ſhe was going, ſhe heard the benedictions of the whole family.——Oh my poor ſiſter, replied Pulcheria, as ſhe got into the carriage, how ſorry I am her cold has prevented her from partaking the ſatisfaction I now feel.——Permit me, mamma, continued ſhe, ſince I am accuſtomed to do without fire, to give you my wood for the poor every winter.

No, replied Madame de Clémire, I muſt not let you undertake to perform what at length muſt become too painful; you know I have already told you, that thoſe reſolutions which demand a certain degree of perſeverance, are not for an age like your's; but, if you wiſh every winter to renew the action you have juſt done, that is to ſay, to remain eight days without firing, and give it to ſome poor family, you ſhall have my leave with all my heart.

Oh yes, yes, mamma, I will certainly do ſo.——A thought has juſt ſtruck me——Cannot I alſo do without wine at my dinner, for a certain ſpace of time, and give it to the ſame poor family?

You drink ſo little, that you would be a conſiderable time in ſaving half a bottle only.

But when I ſhall be grown up, mamma, how much ſhall I then drink in eight days?

Four bottles at the very moſt.

If it were but three, it would be very acceptable to a ſick perſon.

Certainly,

Certainly, three bottles of good wine might be a precious and ſalutary preſent; and if we were to go eight days every month without wine, our health would be the better for it, and our very pleaſure in taſting it increaſed.

By ſuch means, then, one may give alms, and yet not be rich.

Without any extra expence, it is poſſible, in the courſe of the year, to ſuccour a great number of people, if we would only, occaſionally, deprive ourſelves of ſuperfluities. Let me obſerve, too, that a momentary privation is productive of certain pleaſure: for example, when you have remained all the morning without a fire, when you come down into the drawing-room, at one o'clock, do you not experience a pleaſure which you would not have felt, if you had been ſitting over a fire in your own room?

Oh yes, mamma, I warm myſelf with extream ſatisfaction; the very ſight of the fire, ſomehow, makes me quite happy.

Hence then you find, that pleaſure is every way at accord with benevolence; for the ſweet delight of doing a good action is, as you have juſt experienced, the greateſt of all poſſible pleaſures.

How does it happen, mamma, that there are people who do not know, do not feel this?

A trifling vanity, and a ſilly love of ſhew, corrupt many hearts; yet, even here, where luxuries ſo often ſtifle virtue, we yet may find examples that do honour to the age; the anonymous alms, only, ſent to the different Curates of Paris, are immenſe. A multitude of priſoners every month, compoſed of unfortunate tradeſmen,

tradeſmen, owe liberty, and the pleaſure of again ſeeing their children, to perſons unknown. Benevolence has founded prizes in all the Academies; it has formed, in Paris and its environs, uſeful and reſpectable eſtabliſhments. How natural then is virtue to the heart of man, ſince it predominates in a place where it is combated by ſo many factitious and puerile paſſions, which a contemptible and fooliſh vanity produces.

Here this converſation ended; for Madame de Clémire, deſirous of knowing how Caroline did, roſe, took Pulcheria with her, and went to her chamber. Caroline's cough was ſomething worſe; ſhe had eaten a little cake of dried cherries, not knowing that what was very healthy, in general, might be bad for her cold. Madame de Clémire took this occaſion of repeating to her children, how neceſſary it was to underſtand the properties of our uſual food; ſince this knowledge, added to temperance, will prevent a thouſand inconveniencies, and many very dreadful diſeaſes.

As ſoon as Caroline was recovered, her mamma took her children to a new Opera, with which they were all highly delighted. The next day their ſtudies being all over, the children came and ſat with their mamma till ſupper-time; there was company, and the converſation turned on the Opera. What madam, ſaid a little man, who ſpoke exceſſively loud to the Marchioneſs, is it poſſible, madam, you can be pleaſed with the muſic?

Exceedingly.

But you have been a Gluckiſt theſe two years.

And

And as I have neither forgotten nor ceaſed to love good muſic, I am ſo ſtill.

If ſo, you ought not to be pleaſed with the new Opera.

No, Sir! why not?

Becauſe it is impoſſible to love two ſtyles of compoſition ſo abſolutely oppoſite.

I believe it is as impoſſible to love the good and the bad, as it is to eſteem a fool and a man of underſtanding; but I believe, and I feel, I can take pleaſure in different ſtyles of compoſition, though, Sir, as you ſay, abſolutely oppoſite; for which reaſon, I love Corneille, Racine, Gluck, and Piccini.

But do you conceive the conſequence of this impartiality? Your ſuffrage will pleaſe neither the Partiſans of Gluck nor of Piccini.

May be ſo, but I ſhall have the double pleaſure of admiring them both; and as to glory, I prefer that of being equitable, to that of obtaining the praiſes of either of their Partiſans.

But, ſpeak truly, is it poſſible you can love *Orphée*, *Iphigénie*, *Alceſte*, *Armide*——The muſic of Vandals —— A monſtrous and deteſtable creation!

A viſitor arrived, Madame de Clémire changed the converſation, and the little man finding nobody to diſpute with grew dull, and retired in a very ill-humour.

As ſoon as the children were alone with Madame de Clémire, dear mamma, ſaid Caroline, how terribly you vexed the gentleman who went away ſo abruptly. He who had ſo great an averſion to Gluck.

M. de Volny you mean?——Did you think his behaviour polite, rational, moderate?

Oh

Oh dear no, and he ſpoke in ſuch a manner.

He was angry, yet you ſaid nothing to offend him.

No, but ſo is ever the ſpirit of party; remember therefore, no perſon can be uniformly well-behaved and reaſonable, without a total impartiality.

What did he mean, mamma, by Vandals, and a deteſtable creation? I did not underſtand him.

He did not underſtand himſelf; he has no knowledge of muſic.

No! and yet decide with ſo much confidence.

It is the faſhion at preſent; thoſe who do not know how to beat time to an air, who cannot diſtinguiſh perfect harmony from a diſcord, and who, while they liſten, know not when one movement ends and another begins, argue, learnedly, on compoſition, and even write books to prove that Piccini has no genius, or that Gluck is a Barbarian.

Can one be a Connoiſſeur in muſic, mamma, without a knowledge of the ſcience?

No; that is abſolutely impoſſible. We have ready allowed, that, with the beſt natural taſte poſſible, after long ſtudy, after travelling and obſerving with attention the varieties of nature, and all the collections of pictures in Europe, an Amateur, if he cannot paint himſelf, never can diſtinguiſh all the beauties of a picture viſible to a good Painter: yet painting is a real imitation of nature; it repreſents material objects as they are hourly ſeen, and many parts of it muſt equally pleaſe the ignorant and the learned; the nicer touches of art eſcape the firſt, but they cannot

help being pleaſed with an imitation that looks like nature itſelf.

It is not the ſame with muſic; the compoſer of an Opera, no doubt, muſt find, in nature, that kind of declámation which his Poem requires; but this ſpecies of imitation is too abſtracted, to be as generally felt as that of painting. Beſides, muſic may have expreſſion and yet not be good: as, for example, if certain rules of compoſition are not obſerved, which, however, none but a Muſician will properly feel the defect of. I own that, in general, it is my opinion, ſenſibility and good taſte may, without a knowledge of muſic, diſtinguiſh the merits of certain paſſages, where the expreſſion is very happy; may feel the difference of ſtyle, and determine if the melody be agreeable, or common and inſipid; but it is impoſſible they can hear the beauties or defects of complicated harmony; they abſolutely do not hear them, they are deaf to the effects of an accompanyment. I ſuſtain (and the proof is eaſy) that a perſon who does not underſtand muſic, that is to ſay, who cannot decypher it with facility, and whoſe youth has not been paſt in compoſing it, will never thoroughly know it: let another modulate, and give a mixture of good and falſe concord; and let this be a perſon of reputation, and you ſhall ſee one of theſe Connoiſſeurs, who declaim ſo emphatically on *barbarous muſic, motives, and intentions*, liſten, with delight, to diſcords and unconnected reſolutions of harmony, which would make a Muſician ſhudder, and beſtow the moſt pompous praiſes while he liſtens. And what do people gain, who wiſh to ſeem learned in things they know nothing about?

about? They impoſe on nobody, they talk nonſenſically, they judge without taſte, they are accuſed of pedantry by the ignorant, of folly by the well-informed, and they are tireſome and diſagreeable to both (6).

Some days after this converſation, Cæſar one morning entered the chamber of the Marquis, holding a newſpaper in his hand, and ſaid, I am come, papa, to aſk you a queſtion concerning a thing which to me appears very extraordinary; look, here is *the Journal de Paris*, the Abbe gives it me to read every time he finds a benevolent action recounted in it.

He muſt give it you very often then, for ſcarce a day paſſes in which you do not ſee the word BENEVOLENCE, printed in large characters.

Yes, papa, but this is what I am vexed at.

How ſo?

Becauſe ſuch a title beſpeaks ſome great action, and in this Journal I am almoſt continually diſappointed.——Look, papa, what follows, after the word Benevolence.

Yes, I ſee——It is a long ſtory.

It takes up half the paper——Shall I tell it you papa?

If you pleaſe.

A poor woman had placed her fire-pot under her clothes, and fell aſleep. Somebody came in and found her burning; her petticoats were all in a flame, ſhe had no longer the human form. The horſe ſoldiers that guard the ſtreets, arrived, and both they and the ſpectators were affected; the ſoldiers aſſiſted the dying woman; a Surgeon aſked for a little oil and ſome wine for her, and one of the ſoldiers went and got it; the Surgeon applied it to the poor Patient, who was afterwards

wards ſent to the hoſpital, whither the ſoldiers conducted her.

Well, but relate the act of Benevolence?

I have, papa, it was the oil that the ſoldier went to ſeek.

That is not poſſible, Cæſar.

Nay, papa, there is the paper, read.

It is very true, you have omitted nothing—— this muſt be ſeen to be believed.

As they muſt have been inhumanly barbarous not to have aſſiſted that poor wretched woman, I am quite ſhocked to ſee them praiſe, with ſuch emphaſis, ſo natural an act; and dignify men with the title of benevolent, for merely fulfilling indiſpenſible duties.

Your remark is juſt; he who thinks himſelf heroic for doing his duty, will never get any farther, will never become virtuous: and, if every body agreed to think that benevolence which is the mere office of humanity, benevolence would not long be ſeen upon earth.

Madame de Clémire and her daughters now came in; they breakfaſted, and afterwards went abroad to viſit cabinets of natural Hiſtory, and collections of Paintings, which recreation Madame de Clémire procured her children twice a week. To give variety to theſe inſtructive amuſements, they ſometimes went to ſee manufactories, or monuments of architecture.

My children, ſaid Madame de Clémire, if you wiſh to inhabit cities, to be happy in them, and not become a prey to laſſitude, never give yourſelves up to idle diſſipation, which can neither ſatisfy the heart, nor occupy the mind; never debaſe your taſte by a frivolous and contemptible love of ſhew; preſerve carefully in your boſoms

that

that active and tender compaſſion you owe the unfortunate; remember where luxury is moſt prevalent, there is miſery moſt powerful; and recollect how little, often, may ſnatch Wretchedneſs from diſeaſe and death. You have ſome idea of the pure happineſs which awaits you in the habitation of Want; ſearch ardently, ſtretch out the hand of charity, and enjoy the glory and the delight of offering, to the eyes of Poverty, the merciful and ſublime image of the Creator; of making the ſweet tears of Gratitude, and the paſſionate tranſports of unexpected Joy, ſucceed the bitter cries of Deſpair.

Finally, my children, in theſe places of reſort for genius and emulation, where in a thouſand varied forms they daily preſent their labours, love the fine arts, encourage ingenuity and induſtry, and cultivate your minds, and extend your knowledge, in order to enjoy a number of rational pleaſures, the value of which is unknown to ignorance. Yet let not even theſe inſtructive occupations, and theſe varied amuſements, make you inſenſible to the ſweet delights of a country life. Oh! may the remembrance of the Tales of the Caſtle never be effaced from your hearts; and may you never forget the charms, the innocence, the variety, the true pleaſures which ſimple Nature ever affords!

Madame de Clémire, at one of their evening converſations, had told her children ſhe ſhould write ſome moral tales for their inſtruction. As they grew up, and might venture to read with the aſſiſtance of a Commentator, ſhe gave them the three following Tales; ſaying you may read, hereafter, many ſtories infinitely more agreeable than

than mine, perhaps ; but you will find, in theſe, morality and truth, at leaſt ; and, if they pleaſe you, I have three others which you ſhall, one day, have to read.

NOTES,

NOTES,

REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES

IN VOL. III.

(1) BAREGE, celebrated for its mineral waters, is ſituated at the foot of the Pyrennees, and is only habitable from the month of May to the month of October, at which period the inhabitants retire from this village to Luz, or other places in the valley of Barege, which contains ſeventeen villages, and the little town of Luz. The inhabitants carry away with them all that they poſſeſs, even to their very doors and windows, as the thieves are hardy enough to climb even mountains of ſnow, to go and pillage their houſes. Barege is a few leagues from Bagneres, which alſo has its mineral waters, with a delightful ſituation; and in the neighbourhood of the beautiful valley of Campan, five leagues from Barege, is the Caſcade of Gaverny, one of the higheſt known.

(2) All the details, relative to the Moravian Brethren, given in the text, are exact; as are likewiſe the following:

The habitation of the Moravian Brethren is immenſe, moſt agreeably ſituated, and in the moſt healthy part of Holland. The water of Zaſt is excellent, a very uncommon advantage in this country. Their gardens are extenſive and beautiful, and the building is compoſed of ſeveral large wings. Within this enormous maſs, all the widows, who have no children, ſleep in one vaſt room, and eat together in a kind of refectory. The ſame order is obſerved for the unmarried women, the widowers who have no children, and the batchelors. Thus the free perſons of both ſexes are kept ſeparate from each other; for the Brethren, who are widowers and batchelors, are not permitted to go into the apartments of the widows and maidens: they can meet them

no

no where but in the gardens, nor ſee them any where elſe, except at Church, where they are likewiſe ſeparate. The married people live together in diſtinct families; the women all wear jackets, and little mobed caps, tied under the chin with a riband; which is blue, if the woman be married; white, if a widow; and red, if a maid. They call each other brother and ſiſter, and appear to live in ſtrict amity; their apartments are exceedingly ſimple, but exceedingly neat. The moſt ancient Brethren have the care of the houſe; and it is to thoſe the members, who would wiſh to marry, muſt addreſs themſelves.

Their Church is vaſt, and built ſquare, without paintings or ornaments. Two large galleries, ſupported by pillars, occupy two of its ſides; in one of which is an organ. Benches are placed on the two other ſides; one of which ſides is for the men, the other, in front, for the women; who each enter, and go out, on their own ſide. Thus the men and the women are kept entirely ſeparate.

Near the middle of the Church ſits a brother, oppoſite a little table, on which is a large book. Every body is ſeated; the men have no hats, they have no prayer-books, nor ever kneel; they only riſe for a moment, before they go out, at the end of their prayers.

The ceremony begins by the playing of the organ; after which the Brother, who is ſeated at the table, ſings by himſelf at firſt; he ſtops, and the congregation reply in chorus, accompanied by the ſoft organ. This muſic has a raviſhing effect; it is affecting, majeſtic, and heavenly. After the muſic, the Brother, ſeated at the little table, makes a kind of ſermon, or exhortation, in German, with which the ceremony concludes. They aſſemble in this Church twice a day, at ſeven and at nine, and always in the evening. They preach three times a week at their ſeven o'clock meeting, and read the Holy Scriptures the other four. Their prayers never laſt more than forty minutes. There is an air of modeſty, ſimplicity, and purity of manners, reigns through the Society, which greatly affects a ſtranger. All labour, all are employed, and all are peaceable, prudent, and happy. This I myſelf ſaw at Zaſt.

(3) It is very certain there exiſts a method, by which a gentle and induſtrious child may learn to read currently

ly in fifteen leſſons; and the dulleſt will not need more than four months; while, according to the preſent method, eighteen months or two years will be neceſſary. M. Berthaud has taught us, that eighty-eight combinations of the letters, will include all the ſounds; that is, he has diſcovered, that all the words in the French language are included in theſe eighty-eight conſonances; ſo that thoſe who know their formation (without thinking on the letters which compoſe them) have learnt to read; and as he has applied a figure to each of theſe conſonances, the child eaſily remembers it, and learns to read in two months. This method cannot be here circumſtantially explained, the work which teaches it muſt therefore be referred to, the title of which is *Quadrille des Enfans, ou Syſtême nouveau de lecture*. It is ſold at Paris, chez Couturier, Quai des Auguſtins.

The Editor of the laſt edition of this work, is M. Alexandre; who is the only perſon that teaches by this method. He lives in the Rue Montmartre au coin de la rue Plâtrière.

It is very extraordinary this method has not yet been univerſally adopted, ſince it has been invented near forty years: but ſuch is the attachment of men to an old track, however bad it may be.

(4) A French woman *Elizabeth Sophie Chéron*, diſtinguiſhed herſelf equally in Painting, Poetry, and Muſic. She played on ſeveral inſtruments, underſtood Latin, Italian and Spaniſh; painted Portraits well, but always in ſome allegoric and ingenious manner; and has, beſides, left ſeveral hiſtorical Pictures. In the ſame year, ſhe was made, in quality of Poet, an Academician of Ricovrati and Padua; and was received a Painter, in the *Academie Royale de Peinture & de Sculpture* of Paris. She married, when ſhe was 60, her intimate friend, an Engineer, named M. Hay, who was of her own age, and died at 63, in 1711 *(a)*.

Catherine

(a) Her moſt eſteemed Hiſtorical Pictures are, 1. The Flight into Egypt, with a beautiful Landſcape, where the Virgin is ſeen ſleeping, and the Angels taking care of the child Jeſus. 2. Caſſandra interrogating a Genius, on the Deſtiny of Troy. 3. The Annunciation. 4. Chriſt at the Tomb. 5. St. Thomas Aquinas.

She

Catherine Duchemin, the wife of *Girardon*, a Sculptor ——*Geneviève* of Boulogne, and her ſiſter, *Madeleine* of Boulogne, are three other French women, who particularly diſtinguiſhed themſelves in painting. But let us ſpeak now of foreigners.

Anna di Roſa, ſurnamed Anella de Maſſina, from her Maſter, painted Hiſtory with great ſucceſs *(a)*.

Sophoniſba Angoſciola Lomellina, of a noble family of Cremona, enjoyed and merited great reputation. Philip II. of Spain, invited her to Madrid, where he loaded her with favours, and procured her a moſt honourable match. Being become a widow, ſhe took to her ſecond huſband, Orazio Lomellini, who was one of the moſt illuſtrious families in Genoa. She herſelf taught the principles of her art to her three ſiſters, Europa, Anna, and Lucia, who all painted with ſucceſs. Sophoniſba lived till ſhe was exceedingly old, and died in 1620.

Lavinia Fontana, and *Antonia Pinelli*, of Bologna, deſerve alſo a place among celebrated Painters.

Maria Elena Panzachia, born at Bologna, in 1668, painted landſcapes in a ſuperior ſtyle.

Lucia Caſſatina, born in 1677, painted Hiſtory and Portraits with equal ſucceſs. She married Felix Torelli, one of the beſt Painters of his time.

Catherine Taraboti, the Scholar of Alexander Varotari, deſerves a place among the beſt Artiſts of the Venetian School. The ſiſter of Varotari, named Clara, painted Portraits in perfection.

Barbara Burini was born in 1700, and had abilities equal to any already cited.

The Flemiſh and Dutch Schools have produced women equally celebrated. The famous Sibylla Merian has been already mentioned. Anna Waſſer was born at Zurich; ſhe loved letters, wrote good poetry, painted agreeably in oil, but excellent in miniature. She died in 1713, aged 34.

She has left ſeveral agreeable Poems; one, among others, entitled Les Ceriſes renverſées, or the Cherries overturned; in which are eaſe, gaiety, and imagination.

(a) She periſhed at 36, the victim of jealouſy; being poniarded by Auguſtin Beltrano, her huſband, who was hurried away by unjuſt ſuſpicions.

Made-

Mademoiſelle Verſit was born at Anvers in 1680; knew Latin, ſpoke ſeveral languages, and painted Portraits and Hiſtory; the moſt celebrated Artiſts have agreed in praiſing the freſhneſs of her colouring, and the purity of her deſigns. She went to London, where ſhe died.

Maria Van-Ooſterwick is juſtly placed among the beſt Artiſts of Holland. She painted only fruits and flowers; but ſhe painted them in the higheſt perfection. She died in 1693.

Henrietta Vanpea-Volters, her Father's Scholar, was born at Amſterdam, and was eminent as a Miniature Painter. She died in 1741.

Rachael Ruiſch Van-Pool was born at Amſterdam, and was one of thoſe women who moſt have honoured her country by her manners and talents. Young, without maſter, without aſſiſtance, her taſte for drawing led her to copy whatever ſtruck her in paintings or engravings. At length, ſhe was put under the tuition of William Van-Aelſt, who was celebrated for his fruits and flowers; in which kind of painting ſhe obtained the higheſt reputation. The Academy of the Hague received her as one of its members, as they alſo did Van-Pool her huſband, who was a good painter. The Elector Palatine ſent her a diploma, conſtituting her painter to the Court of Duſſeldorp. The Prince ſent her a letter, accompanied with a magnificent preſent, and ſtood godfather to her child. She painted as well at eighty as at thirty, and died, aged eighty-ſix, in 1750.

The celebrated Van-Hoopen excelled in the ſame ſtyle, and had only one ſcholar, the daughter of a perſon named Haverman, who made ſuch an aſtoniſhing progreſs, as even to excite her maſter's jealouſy.

Time has not deſtroyed the names of all the women of antiquity, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves as Painters. The moſt celebrated are,

" *Timaretta*, the daughter of Micon, and who excell-
" ed in the art.
" *Irene*, daughter and ſcholar of Cratinus.
" *Calypſo*.
" *Alciſthene*.
" *Ariſtarete*, the ſcholar of her father Nearchus.
" *Lala*, of Cyzicus. No perſon had a lighter touch;
" ſhe engraved alſo on ivory.

" *Olympia*,

" *Olympia*, whom Pliny mentions."

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I have collected, from the work above cited, various other circumſtances little known, which appear to me curious and intereſting. I have ſuppoſed they might be read with pleaſure, and perhaps excite emulation in the minds of youth, who have a propenſity to the fine arts.

" *Polignotus*, the ſon of Agloophon, a celebrated " Painter among the ancients, lived about four hundred " and forty years before Chriſt. He was the firſt who " gave expreſſion to the countenance; and after having " painted ſeveral pictures at Delphos, and under the " porticoes of Athens, for which he would receive no " payment, he was honoured by the Council of the " Amphictiones, with the ſolemn thanks of all Greece, " who decreed him apartments in all the cities at the " public's expence, ordained him golden crowns, and " aſſigned him an honourable ſeat in the theatre.

" *Apollodorus*, an Athenian Painter, lived four hun- " dred and four years before Chriſt; opened a new " career, and gave birth to the fine age of painting in " Greece. His talents were great; but what was ſtill " more to his honour, he was free from jealouſy, a " weakneſs too common among artiſts. He wrote verſes " in praiſe of Zeuxis, his rival, in which he owned " himſelf inferior to that great man.

" *Pamphilus* acquired high reputation, even in the age " of Parrhaſius and Zeuxis. He was above other Paint- " ers, in thoſe advantages which the cultivation of the " Belles Lettres, and ſcientific ſtudies afford. To give " his art the greater dignity, he obtained a public de- " cree, which forbad the exerciſe of it to ſlaves *(a)*.

" *Pauſias*, the diſciple of Pamphilus and Erigmus, " was the firſt who adorned palaces by painting their " cielings. He immortalized the flower-girl, Glycera, " with whom he was in love, by repreſenting her com- " poſing a garland of flowers.

" *Metrodorus* was both a great Painter and a great " Philoſopher. He educated the children of Paulus-

(*a*) This was to the prejudice, not the advantage of the art, and proceeded from falſe pride. It is almoſt impertinent to ſay, genius is not confined to rank. T.

" Æmilius,

" Æmilius, and painted his triumph. This hero had " demanded two men to execute theſe two different " taſks. Metrodorus was thought moſt capable of ful- " filling them both.

" *Quintus-Pedius*, a Roman Painter in the time of Au- " guſtus, diſtinguiſhed himſelf in that art, though born " dumb."

We ſhall now paſs on to modern Painters.

" Painting began to be known in Florence about the " year 1000. Some Greeks were brought from Con- " ſtantinople, to paint the choir of a church in Moſaic. " The art, however, did not approach perfection till the " year 1211, when John Cimabua was born. This ar- " tiſt performed ſeveral works, which baniſhed the Go- " thic and barbarous taſte that ſo long had degraded " the fine arts. Cimabua was alſo a good Architect: " the protection afforded him by Charles of Anjou, " King of Naples, was one great means of the progreſs " of the art. Cimabua died in 1300.

" *Giotto* was the ſcholar of Cimabua; his father, who " was a Farmer, ſent him to keep his flocks. Giotto " amuſed himſelf with painting them; and Cimabua, " who happened to paſs, and ſee him thus employed, " perſuaded him to go with him to Florence. Here " Giotto ſoon equalled his maſter: among others, he " painted the portrait of Dante: he painted landſcapes " alſo, and cattle; and died, in 1336, at the height of " honour and riches.

" *Anthony Solario*, ſurnamed Zingaro, a Lockſmith, " fell in love with the daughter of Cola Antonio, who " diſdaining his profeſſion, told him, he ſhould never mar- " ry his daughter till he was as good a Painter as him- " ſelf. Solario travelled, ſtudied, and at laſt arrived at " ſuch perfection, as to obtain the woman, for whoſe " ſake he became a Painter. He was afterwards a good " Architect, lived to the age of ſeventy-three, and died " in 1455. He left many ſcholars, who became excel- " lent Artiſts.

" *Andrew Verrochio* applied himſelf to Painting and " Sculpture; and inſtructed himſelf in the principles of " Architecture, Perſpective, and Mathematics: to theſe " he likewiſe added the arts of Engraving and Muſic. " His ſchool was that in which the beſt Artiſts of his " time were formed. Such were Peter Perugin, and

" Leonard

" Leonard de Vinci. Andrew Verrochio was the firſt " who attempted, and ſucceeded, in caſting the faces of " living and dead ſubjects, to obtain their likeneſſes. " He died in 1488.

" *Guido Reni*, beſt known by the name of Guido, " was born at Bologna in 1575. He learnt the firſt " principles of painting from Denis Calvart, a good " Flemiſh Painter, and afterwards ſtudied in the ſchool " of Louis Carracio. According to Guido, the eye was " the moſt difficult part of the countenance to paint, " to which he therefore more ſtudiouſly applied, and " more perfectly repreſented, than any other Artiſt. " His ſchool contained near two hundred ſtudents. He " died in 1641 (*a*).

" *Anthony Baleſtra*, a great Painter of the Venetian " School, died in 1740, aged ſeventy-four. What was " moſt ſingular in him was, he did not attain perfection " till he was old.

" *Giovanni-Franceſco Barbieri*, ſurnamed Guer- " chin, or the Squinter, was born at Cento, near Bo- " logna, in 1590. No painter ever worked faſter than " this great Artiſt. Preſſed by ſome Friars for a pic- " ture of God the Father, for the High-Altar of their " church, on the eve of their feaſt, he painted it in one " night by candle-light. He died in 1666 (*b*).

" *Auguſtin Metelli* was born in great poverty, at Bo- " logna, and at the age of ſeventeen had acquired ſo " much perfection, that a rich Architect ſought him " out, and offered to divide his fortune with him, and

(*a*) Guido's beſt painting is in Italy, at Bologna, in the Sampierri Palace. The ſubject is St. Peter in priſon, weeping for his ſin.

(*b*) There is a very ſtriking picture by this maſter, at Capodimonte, near Naples. It is a half-length Magdalen, to which common ſubject he has given novelty, by his manner of treating it. His Magdalen does not expreſs deſpair, but a ſenſation more confirmed and profound. Her head is ſupported by her hand, in which melancholy attitude ſhe contemplates Chriſt's Crown of Thorns, which lies before her on the table. To celeſtial beauty her countenance adds expreſſion, as affecting as it is ſublime; and repreſents, with perfect truth, all the reflections to which ſuch meditations might be ſuppoſed to give birth.

" adopt

" adopt him for his ſon; which offer Metelli's love for " his father and mother occaſioned him to refuſe. He " afterwards went into Spain, where he received nume- " rous favours from Philip IV. He was an excellent " Architect, a man of Literature, and wrote good Poe- " try. He died at Madrid in 1660.

" The Chevalier *Stanzioni*, a Neapolitan, became fa- " mous in Painting and Architecture. He has written " four books, full of uſeful reflections, with the lives " of the Painters and Sculptors of his own country, " He lived to the age of ninety-ſix, and died in " 1681 (*a*).

" *Juan-Fernandes Ximenes de Navareta*, known by " the ſurname of *el Mudo* (the Dumb), is called, by the " greateſt Artiſts, the Spaniſh Titian. He was cele- " brated by the moſt famous Spaniſh Poets, and died in " Spain in 1572 (*b*)."

THE FLEMISH, DUTCH, AND FRENCH SCHOOLS.

" *Louis de Deyſter*, born at Bruges, was a great Paint- " er, and an admirer of the Italian manner. He amuſ- " ed himſelf with making harpſichords, organs, violins, " and clocks. Anne Deyſter, his daughter, drew well, " and made copies of her father's works, which have " often been miſtaken for the originals. She was like- " wiſe a Muſician, played on all inſtruments, and ex- " cellently on the harpſichord. Deyſter died in 1711.

" *Octavius Van-Veen*, a good Painter, died at Bruſ- " ſels in 1634, and left two daughters, Gertrude and " Cornelia, who both excelled in painting.

(*a*) Joſeph Ribeira, ſurnamed the Little Spaniard, was born in poverty, became very induſtrious, and acquired great perfection. A Cardinal took him to his own houſe, but the Spaniard, finding himſelf too much at his eaſe, and obſerving his induſtry ſlacken, he fled from the Cardinal for that ſole reaſon, recovered his love of labour, and made a great fortune. He died in 1746.

(*b*) John Holbeen, ſurnamed the Young, a German, could paint only with his left hand. The Dance of Death, at Baſil, is by him, and repreſents Death deſtroying all human grandeur. I have ſeen the picture; I found it impoſſible to underſtand its beauties, but it is admired by all Connoiſſeurs. Holbeen died at London in 1554.

" *Gerard*

" *Gerard Terburg*, born in the province of Overyſſel, " an excellent Artiſt, died in 1681. Netſcher, Coutſon, " and Koetz, were his diſciples, and his ſiſters; Ma- " ria Terburg, his daughter, ſketched out his works, " which were as much eſteemed as if they had been " totally his own.

" *John Both*, born at Utrecht, ſurnamed Both of " Italy, becauſe of his long ſtay in that country with " Andrew Both, his brother, ſucceeded ſo well in " imitating the colouring of Claude Lorrain, that the " reputation of Claude was diminiſhed, and the more " ſo, becauſe that the figures of Andrew Both, his " brother, which were inſerted in his landſcapes, " were infinitely ſuperior to thoſe of Claude. John " and Andrew always lived in the greateſt unity; " and their pictures, though done by two different " hands, ſeemed but the work of one. John Both " had the misfortune, in 1650, to loſe his brother, " who drowned himſelf; and John died of grief, " the ſame year, at the age of forty.

" *Peter de Laar*, was ſurnamed the Bamboche in " Italy, becauſe of his uncouth form, or rather be- " cauſe he was the author of that ſpecies of groteſque " painting, in which we find thoſe kind of figures, " called Bambochades. He travelled into France and " Italy, and died at Harlem 1675, aged ſixty-two (*a*).

" *John*

(*a*) The celebrated Eraſmus, born at Amſterdam, and ſo well known in the literary world, was an excellent Painter. The merit of his paintings is atteſted by the Artiſts of his time. He ornamented the monaſtry of Emmaus, which is now deſtroyed with his works; nor do we find now that one of his pictures has been preſerved.

Adrian Vander Weff is the Painter, who, among the Dutch, has diſcovered moſt taſte and genius. He was born at Rotterdam in 1659, and applied himſelf to paint hiſtory in ſmall. The Elector Palatine heaped benefits upon him, and created him a Knight. Vander Weff died at Amſterdam in the year 1727. There is a great collection of Paintings by this Artiſt at Duſſeldorp. Among them there is one which is a maſter-piece of expreſſion: it repreſents Chriſt on the Croſs, the Virgin fainting, and Magdalen kneeling, weeping, and looking at the Virgin. The figure of Magdalen is admirable for its pathos and reality.

There

" *John Couſin* may be looked upon as the firſt " French Painter of eminence. He was born near

There are ſeveral Painters at preſent in Flanders, of ſuperior merit. Among others are, M. Lyens, at Bruſſels; M. Heryens, at Malines; and M. Veragen, at Louvain; all three Hiſtory Painters. The latter is indebted to himſelf only for his talents, and to the generoſity of M. Lyens for his celebrity. All the Painters of Flanders were aſtoniſhed, to ſee excellent pictures in circulation, the author of which was unknown. The freſhneſs of the colouring informed them they were newly painted, yet all inquiries to know where they came from were fruitleſs. M. Lyens, more ſtruck than the reſt by this ſingularity, determined, if poſſible, to diſcover this anonymous Painter, who deſerved ſo well to be known; and for this purpoſe travelled through the towns of Flanders, and viſited all the young Painters he could get any intelligence of. He came at laſt to Louvain, which town he was ready to quit, without finding what he was in ſearch of. He happened, however, to be told, there was another man in Louvain who buſied himſelf about Painting, but who worked merely for ſubſiſtence: was unknown to every body, and, no doubt, a poor Dauber, as execrable as obſcure. M. Lyens determined to viſit the man, whoſe wife every day kept a ſtall in the ſtreet, where ſhe ſold matches. The huſband was ſhut up in his garret, whither M. Lyens mounted. The lodging, and ſimplicity of the man, gave no new animation to his hopes: he aſked, however, to ſee a picture.—I have but one, ſaid the man; there is a deal of work in it, and it is very dear.—What is the price?—Oh, I muſt have four guineas for it; I cannot afford it for leſs; I have been at work on it theſe three months—Well, let me ſee it.—The good man brought out his picture, and preſented it to M. Lyens, who inſtantly exclaimed, with tranſport, *I have found him at laſt!*

The reſt of the converſation added to the aſtoniſhment of M. Lyens, who learnt, this excellent Painter had never had a maſter: that he was the Scholar of Nature only: that he had never ſuſpected his own ſuperiority; and that he had conſtantly ſold his pictures, for fifteen years, to a fellow, who had been diſhoneſt enough to take advantage of his ſituation and ſimplicity; and give him a vile price for pictures, which he ſold exceſſively dear. M. Lyens had the glory to draw talents from obſcurity, which he knew how to admire. He introduced M. Varagen to the world, who owes the reputation and wealth he at preſent poſſeſſes, to this generous Artiſt.

" Sens, lived in 1589, and acquired great reputation " during the reigns of Henry II. Francis II. Charles " IX. and Henry III. He practiſed Sculpture with " ſucceſs, underſtood Mathematics and Anatomy, and " was an able Architect. He painted much on glaſs, " which was then in great eſteem; and likewiſe on " canvas.

" *Simon Vouet* died 1641. Moſt of the eminent " French Painters of the laſt age were his ſcholars. " Such were Le Brun, Le Suen, Le Valentin, Jean-" Baptiſte Mole, Aubin, Claude Vouet, François Pe-" nier, Pierre Mignard, Nicolas Chaperon, Charles " Poerſon, Dorigny, the father, Louis and Henri Teſte-" lin, Alphonſe Dufreſnoi, and many others.

" *Charles Alphonſe Dufreſnoi*, was a good Poet, a " good Painter, an able Architect, and underſtood La-" tin, Greek, and the Mathematics. No Painter came " ſo near Titian as Dufreſnoi. He has left a beautiful " poem on Painting, which has been tranſlated into " all languages. He died in 1665.

" *Claude Gelée*, called Lorrain, was a famous Land-" ſcape Painter, born in the dioceſe of Toul in Lor-" rain, and died at Rome in 1682, aged eighty-two.

" *Sebaſtian Bourdon*, a great French Painter, died " at Paris in 1671, aged fifty-five. There are many " of his works in Paris: among others, the crucifix-" ion of St. Peter in the church of Notre-Dame, " which is thought to be his chef-d'œuvre.

" *Euſtache le Sueur*, born at Paris in 1617, be-" came a ſublime Painter, without ever having ſeen " Italy. The paintings of the Cloiſter of the Char-" treux at Paris, by him, have occaſioned him to be " compared to Raphael.

" The celebrated *le Brun* was born at Paris, and " died in 1690. At twelve years old he painted his " grandfather's portrait. In the collection of the Pa-" lais-Royal, are two pictures painted by him at " fourteen; the one repreſenting Hercules taming " the horſes of Diomede; the other that ſame hero " offering ſacrifice. Louis XIV. commanded him to " paint the principal actions of his reign; and le Brun " ingeniouſly and allegorically united Fable and Hiſ-" tory, by which happy aſſemblage he formed a kind " of epic poem of the acts of Louis, with which he

" enriched

" enriched the Gallery at Verſailles. The King or-
" dered le Brun likewiſe to ornament the Gallery of
" the Louvre, with the acts of Alexander the Great.
" Among the beſt paintings of this Artiſt, are diſ-
" tinguiſhed the Martyrdom of St. Stephen and of St.
" Andrew at Notre-Dame; a Penitent Magdalen at
" the Carmelites, Rue Saint-Jacques; the Reſurrec-
" tion of Jeſus Chriſt in the Church of St. Sepul-
" chre, Rue Saint-Denis; a Preſentation to the Tem-
" ple of the Capuchins of the Fauxbourg, Saint-
" Jacques; the ceiling of the Seminary Chapel of
" Saint-Sulpice, repreſenting the Aſſumption, and
" thought to be one of the beſt of his works; the
" famous picture of Moſes preſenting the Brazen
" Serpent to the Iſraelites, in the Convent of Piepus;
" St. Charles kneeling, and imploring divine mercy
" for the city of Milan, at St. Nicolas du Chardon-
" neret; the Maſſacre of the Innocents, at the Pa-
" lais-Royal, &c.

" *Jean Jouvenet*, a great Painter, having received
" a paralytic ſtroke in his right hand, came, by
" force of induſtry, to paint equally well with his
" left. Reſtout the Nephew, was his beſt ſcholar.
" He died in 1717.

" *Antoine Coypel* was received a Member of the
" Academy of Painting at the age of twenty, and
" died in 1722.

" *François le Moine* was born at Paris. When he
" had painted the cupola of the Virgin's Chapel at
" the church of Saint-Sulpice, where he repreſented
" the Aſſumption, Louis XIV. choſe him to paint
" the Grand Saloon at Verſailles, which has ſince
" been called the Saloon of Hercules. Le Moine
" there repreſented the apotheoſis of this hero. This
" grand and magnificent compoſition included more
" than one hundred and forty figures, ſuſtained on
" one baſe, in the midſt of which are repreſented
" the principal labours of Hercules, in counterfeit
" ſtucco; the whole work is diſtributed into ſeveral
" groups, and was finiſhed in 1736, after four years
" aſſiduous labour. It ought to be looked upon as
" the greateſt in Europe, and as an immortal monu-
" ment of the genius of its author. Violent grief
" deprived this great Artiſt of his reaſon, and he died

" of ſeveral ſtabs which he gave himſelf with a ſword " in 1737, aged forty-nine. Le Moine made a ſhort " trip to Italy, but he only paſſed ſix months there. " His principal ſcholars were Boucher, Natoire, No- " notte, le Bel, and Challes.

" *Jean Petitot* is looked upon as the firſt who " brought Painting in enamel to perfection. He was " born at Geneva, in 1607, and was originally a " Jeweller. Vandyke having ſeen his works, advi- " ſed him to apply himſelf to Portrait Painting, and " received him among his pupils. He ſoon obtain- " ed great perfection, and was aſſiſted by Bordier, " his brother-in-law, who painted the drapery, head- " dreſſes, &c. of his Portraits. Petitot was held in " great eſtimation by Charles I. of England. After " the death of that Monarch, he attached himſelf " to Charles II. and followed him to France. Louis " XIV. retained this Painter in his ſervice, and Pe- " titot was received an Academician. He lived 36 " years at Paris, where he divided a million (41,666 l. " ſterling) with Bordier, which they had amaſ- " ſed together, without ever having had the leaſt " difference. At the revocation of the Edict of " Nantes, Petitot retired into his own country, and " died in 1691, at the age of 84, in the Canton of " Berne."

For reaſons before cited, I have thought it would not be improper to add a liſt of the principal Sculptors, ancient and modern, and a ſmall abridgment of the Hiſtory of Architecture. I have taken thoſe extracts from the Encyclopædia, and have, as before, occaſionally added Notes from the Diary of my Travels, the exactitude of which may be depended upon.

ANCIENT SCULPTORS.

" The names of the Egyptian Sculptors have not " come down to us; and the Greeks have effaced " all thoſe of Rome.

" *Apollonius* and *Tauriſcus*, two Rhodians, con- " jointly executed the celebrated Antique of Zethus " and Amphion tying Dirce (*a*) to a Bull. It is all " one

(*a*) Dirce was Queen of Thebes, to marry whom Lycus had repudiated Antiope. Jupiter fell in love with the latter, took

" one block of marble, even to the very cords, is " ſtill in exiſtence, and known by the name of the " Farneſe Bull (*b*).

" *Phidias*, a native of Athens, flouriſhed about " the year of the world 3556, in the 83d Olympiad. " It was he, who, after the Battle of Marathon, " worked on a block of marble, which the Perſians, " in expectation of victory, had brought to erect as a " trophy. He turned it into a *Nemeſis*, the Goddeſs " whoſe function it is to humble haughty men. The " chef-d'œuvre of Phidias, was his Olympian Jove, " which was thought one of the ſeven wonders of " the world. Phidias was actuated and inſpired in " the conſtruction of this ſtatue, by a ſpirit of ven- " geance againſt the Athenians, of whom he had a " right to complain; and by a deſire that his un- " grateful country ſhould not poſſeſs his beſt work, " for he was then labouring for the Eleans. To ho- " nour the memory of the Artiſt, they created a new " office in favour of his deſcendants, which was to " take care of this ſtatue. The ſtatue was of gold " and ivory, ſixty feet high, and made every ſuc- " ceeding Sculptor deſpair of arriving at ſuch ex- " cellence.

" The Athenian Minerva of Phidias, ſays Pliny, " was twenty-ſix cubits high, of ivory and gold; on " the borders of the Goddeſs's ſhield Phidias repre- " ſented, in baſs-relief the Combat of the Amazons; " and within, that of the Gods and Giants. He de- " picted the Battle of the Centaurs, and Lapithæ on " her buſkins; and decorated the baſe of the ſtatue " by a baſs-relief of the birth of Pandora. The " compoſition contained the birth of twenty other " Gods; the Serpent and the Sphynx, on which the

took the form of Lycus to deceive her, and pretended a reconciliation. Dirce believed Lycus viſited Antiope, impriſoned her, and made her ſuffer great hardſhips. Antiope, at laſt, eſcaped, and was brought to bed of Zethus and Amphion, on Mount Cythero, whom ſhe delivered to the care of ſhepherds. The young Princes, at length to revenge their mother, had the barbarity to tie Dirce to the tail of a mad bull, and ſhe was daſhed to pieces.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

(*b*) It is much more remarkable for the prodigious ſize of the block of marble, than for the beauty of the workmanſhip.

" Goddeſs

" Goddeſs reſted her lance, were particularly admired. " Theſe circumſtances have only been deſcribed by " Pliny, and indeed they were loſt to the ſpectators; " for the ſhield of Minerva being ten feet in dia- " meter, theſe ornaments could not be ſeen diſtinct- " ly enough to judge of their merit on a figure near " forty feet high, and which was ſtill raiſed higher " by being placed on a pedeſtal; it was not there- " fore, in theſe ſmall objects, that the principal me- " rit of the ſtatue of Minerva conſiſted.

" *Pollycletes* was born at Sicyone, a city of Pelo- " ponneſus, and lived in the 87th Olympiad; his " works were invaluable. That which acquired him " the higheſt reputation, was the ſtatue of Adory- " phorus, that is to ſay, a Guard of the King of Per- " ſia. In this ſtatue all the proportions of the hu- " man body were ſo happily preſerved, that they came " from all parts to conſult it as a perfect model; ſo " that it was called, by Judges, *The Rule*.

" *Zinodorus* flouriſhed in the time of Nero, and " was famed for a prodigious ſtatue of Mercury, " and afterwards for the Coloſſus of Nero (*a*), which " was 110 or 120 feet high; Veſpaſian took away " the head of Nero, and in its ſtead placed the head of " Apollo, adorned with ſeven rays, each of which " were ſeven feet and a half long.

" The Venus de Medicis (*b*) bears the name of " Cleomenes, the ſon of Apollodorus, the Athenian.

" The Farneſe Hercules; that of Glycon, an Athe- " nian.

" The Pallas, in the Ludoviſi gardens, at Rome; " that of Antiochus, the ſon of Illas.

" The Borgheſe Gladiator; that of Agaſias, the " ſon of Oſytheus, an Epheſian.

(*a*) One of the fineſt ruins at Rome, the Coliſeum, is ſaid to have taken its name from this ſtatue, which anciently ſtood there. The Gladiators fought in the Coliſeum. Benedict XIV. ſpoilt the inſide of this admirable monument of antiquity, by building little chapels in it.

(*b*) This fine ſtatue is at Florence, in the Gallery of the Grand Duke.

" The

" The Torſus Belvidera (*a*), Apollonius, the ſon " of Neſtor, an Athenian.

" The name of Callimachus is ſeen on a baſs-re- " lief, repreſenting Bacchants and a Faun in the Al- " bani Palace (*b*).

" The Apotheoſis of Homer, in the Colonna Pa- " lace, bears, on a vaſe, the name of Archelaus, " the ſon of Apollonius.

" It is ſingular, as M. de Caylus remarks, that, " of all theſe names, only the four firſt are men- " tioned by Pliny; and ſtill more ſo, that none of " theſe ſeven ſtatues are noticed by him. The Lao- " coon (*c*) and the Dirce, are the only remaining " works of which he ſpeaks. On the other hand, we " ought not to be ſurprized at the ſilence of Pauſa- " nias, relative to all the beautiful ſtatues of Rome; " when he travelled through Greece, they were tranſ- " ported into Italy, for the Romans had been 300 " years endeavouring to rob Greece of its Pictures

(*a*) At Rome there is the trunk of a human figure, which is called the Antique, or Herculean Torſus; it is very famous, and is in the Muſeum. The fighting Gladiator is in the Borgheſe Palace, and the dying Gladiator in the Capitol.

(*b*) The Albani Palace is without the walls of Rome, and one of the fineſt in Italy. It is immenſe, of moſt ſuperb architecture, and decorated with obeliſks, fountains, columns of precious marble, baſe-reliefs, and moſt beautiful antique ſtatues. It contains ſome paintings, a ceiling by Mengs, and one thing ſaid to be Unique, which is an antique ſtatue of a female Satyr: ſuch a figure being, as it is aſſerted, no where elſe to be found but in Baſſo-relievo.

(*c*) Laocoon, the ſon of Priam and Hecuba, and High Prieſt of Apollo, oppoſed the entrance of the Trojan horſe, but was over-ruled. At the ſame time, two enormous ſerpents came from the ſea, and aſſaulted his children at the foot of the Altar. He ran to ſuccour them, and was ſtrangled with them, by the monſters twiſting round their bodies.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

The Grecian Sculptor has taken the point of time, when, unable to get free from the Serpents, Laocoon and his children are almoſt expiring. The ſculpture is thought admirable, though the children are ſaid to be too ſmall. The moſt beautiful and perfect of all the Antique Statues is the Apollo Belvidera, which people, ignorant of the art, cannot behold without admiration. Apollo is repreſented juſt after he has killed the Serpent Pithon.

" and

" and Statues. The Roman Sculpture had but a " ſhort reign, and was never brought to ſuch per- " fection. It began to languiſh under Tiberius, and " the buſt of Caracalla is looked upon as its expir- " ing ſigh. It did not revive till the pontificate of " Julius II. and Leo X. after which it was called " *Modern Sculpture.*"

MODERN SCULPTORS.

" *Donato*, born at Florence, lived in the fifteenth cen- " tury. The Senate of Venice choſe him to make the " Equeſtrian ſtatue in bronze; which the public erected " to Gatamelata, the Grand Captain, who, from the " loweſt extraction, arrived to the rank of General of " the Venetian armies, and gained ſeveral remarkable " victories; but the Chef-d'œuvre of Donato, was a " Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes.

" *Roſſi Propertia* flouriſhed at Bologna, under the " pontificate of Clement VII. Muſic was her amuſe- " ment, Sculptute her occupation. At firſt ſhe mo- " delled her figures in clay, afterwards carved in wood, " and at laſt in ſtone. She decorated the front of the " church of Saint Petrona with ſeveral ſtatues in mar- " ble, which procured her great praiſe; but an unhap- " py paſſion for a young man, who was inſenſible to " her love, threw her into a kind of languor, that put " an end to her days. Her beſt and laſt work was a " baſs-relief of Joſeph and Potiphar's wife.

" *Goujon*, a Pariſian, flouriſhed under the reigns of " Francis I. and Henry II. A modern author has " called him the *Corregio of Sculpture*, becauſe he al- " ways conſulted the graces. No perſon better under- " ſtood figures of demi-relief, nor can any thing be " finer in this way than his *Fontaine des Innocens*, Rue " St. Denis, at Paris; the works of Goujon are ſeen " at the gate of Saint Antoine; he was alſo a good Ar- " chitect.

" *Nicholas Bachelier* was the Scholar of Michael An- " gelo; he lived at Toulouſe, under the reign of Fran- " cis I. where he eſtabliſhed good taſte, and baniſhed " the Gothic manner, till then in uſe.

" *Baccio Bandinelli*, born at Florence, was greatly " eſteemed as a Sculptor. It was he who replaced the " right-arm of the Laocoon; he died 1559.

" *John*

" *John* of *Bologna* died at Florence, towards the " beginning of the ſeventeenth century, and was an " excellent Painter; he ornamented the public ſquare " of Florence with that marble groupe which is ſtill " there to be ſeen, of the Rape of the Sabines. The " Horſe, on which the ſtatue of Henry IV. has ſince " been placed, in the middle of the Pont-Neuf, at Paris, " is by him.

" *John Gonelli*, ſurnamed the Blind, of Cambaſſi, " from the place of his birth, in Tuſcany, died at " Rome, under the pontificate of Urban VIII. He " was the Scholar of Pietro Tacca, and diſcovered ge- " nius, but loſt his ſight at the age of 20. This mis- " fortune did not prevent him from exerciſing his art, " which he did by feeling alone. The ſtatue of Coſmo " I. Grand Duke of Tuſcany, was thus performed by " him, and he had equal ſucceſs in various other of his " works.

" *Pierre Puget*, an admirable Sculptor, good Painter, " and an excellent Architect, was born at Marſeilles " in 1623; he embelliſhed Toulon, Marſeilles, and " Aix, with various Pictures, which ſtill do honour " to the churches of the Capuchins and the Jeſuits; " ſuch are his Annunciation, his Baptiſm of Conſtan- " tine, and his Picture called the Saviour of the " world. The education of Achilles was his laſt " Painting. The Crotonian Milo is the firſt and beſt " ſtatue which was ſeen at Verſailles, done by Pu- " get. This admirable Artiſt died at Marſeilles in " 1694, aged 72.

" *Jacques Sarazin*, born at Noyon, was contemporary " with Puget. The Tomb of Cardinal Berulli, in the " church of the Carmelites, Fauxbourg Saint-Jacques, " is by this excellent Artiſt. Among his works at Ver- " ſailles, we ought not to forget Remus and Romulus " ſuckled by a goat, and another group at Marli, in " equal eſtimation, repreſenting Two Children at Play " with a He-Goat.

" *Theodon*, born in France in the ſeventeenth centu- " ry, was an able Sculptor.

" *Algardi*, an Italian, flouriſhed about the middle of " the 17th century. Among other works of this ſupe- " rior Artiſt, his Baſs-relief is much admired, which " repreſents St. Peter and St. Paul in the clouds, me-

" nacing Attila, going to ſack Rome. This Baſs-re-
" lief ſerves as a Picture to one of the ſmall altars of
" the great church of St. Peter.

" *Michael Anguier*, died in 1680, and was the brother
" of Francis Anguier, who like himſelf was alſo a
" diſtinguiſhed Artiſt; he is well known for his marble
" Amphitrite in the park at Verſailles; his works at
" the gate of Saint Denis; his figures at the portal of
" the Val-de-Grace; and by various others.

" *John-Lawrence Bernini*, called the Cavalier Ber-
" nini, was born at Naples, in 1598. Louis XIV. in-
" vited him to Paris in 1665.

" *François Desjardins*, a native of Breda, died in
" 1694. He executed the monument of *La Place de*
" *Victoires*, at Paris.

" *François Girardon*, born at Troye, in Champagne,
" has almoſt equalled antiquity by his Baths of Apollo;
" his tomb of Cardinal de Richlieu, which is in the
" church of the Sorbonne; and by his Statue of Louis
" XIV. which ſtands in the Place Vendôme; he made
" alſo a good Buſt of Boileau. Girardon died in
" 1698.

" *Jean-Baptiſte Tuby*, called the Roman, holds a
" diſtinguiſhed rank among the Artiſts who appeared
" under the reign of Louis XIV. The Mauſoleum of
" the Viſcount de Turenne, interred at Saint Denis,
" was deſigned by le Brun, and executed by Tuby.
" Immortality is ſeen holding a crown with one hand,
" and ſuſtaining Turenne with the other; Wiſdom and
" Virtue ſtand on each ſide him; the firſt aſtoniſhed at
" the fatal ſtroke, which robbed France of this hero;
" the other plunged in conſternation. Tuby died at
" Paris in 1700.

" *Zumbo*, born at Syracuſe, had no other maſter but
" his own genius; he worked wholly in coloured wax,
" which he prepared after a particular manner. War-
" ren and le Bel knew the ſecret before him, but the
" works of our Artiſt excelled all others of this kind.
" Zumbo executed, for the Grand Duke of Tuſcany,
" that renowned ſubject la Corruzione (the Corrupti-
" on); a work curious for its exactitude and great na-
" tural knowledge. It conſiſts of five figures, co-
" loured after nature; the firſt repreſents a dying man,
" the ſecond a corpſe, the third the body beginning to

" putrify

" putrify, the fourth putrefaction advanced, and the " fifth putrefaction at its height, which cannot be be- " held without a kind of horror. The Grand Duke " placed the work in his Cabinet (*a*). Zumbo died at " Paris, in 1701.

" *John-Balthazar Keller*, incomparable in the art " of caſting in bronze, was born at Zurich. He came " to France, where, on the laſt day of December, 1692, " he produced his Equeſtrian Statue of Louis XIV. (*b*) " which is twenty feet high, and all one piece, as may " be ſeen in the Place Vendôme. There are other " admirable works of his in the gardens of Verſailles, " and elſewhere. Louis XIV. made him Intendant " of the Arſenal Foundery. He died in 1702. His " brother, Jean-Jaques, was alſo very ſkilful in the " ſame profeſſion.

" *Pierre le Gros* was born at Paris, in 1666, and died " at Rome in 1719; in which city he had a part in the " moſt ſuperb pieces of Sculpture that capital of the " fine arts has produced. Such are his Louis Gonzago, " over the altar of the Roman College, which has been " engraved; his Baſs-relief of Mount-Piety; his " Tomb of Cardinal Caſſanata; his Statue of Staniſ- " laus Koſka, in the Noviciate of the Jeſuits (*c*); and " his Triumph of Religion over Hereſy, in the church " of Giezu. The Baſs-relief, in the church of *Saint* " *Jaque des Incurables*, at Paris, by this Artiſt, is " well known.

" *Antoine Coyſevox* was born at Lyons, in 1640. " The great ſtair-caſe, the garden, and the gallery, at " Verſailles, are ornamented by his Sculpture. Seve- " ral of the Tombs which decorate the churches at " Paris are by him; his two prodigious groups, of " Mercury and Fame, ſitting on winged horſes, are

(*a*) At Florence, where it is ſtill to be ſeen.

(*b*) There is ſome inaccuracy in the account of this Statue; it has juſt before been attributed to *François Girardon*. T.

(*c*) Called at preſent St. Andrew's. The Statue of Le Gros has great reputation, and affords fine touches, but it wants expreſſion. The face is too fleſhy, the hands too fat, and the figure is a Picture of Sleep rather than Pain. The Saint is in his religious habit; his gown is black marble, the reſt white. + We have before obſerved this is falſe taſte.

" well

" well known; they were placed in the gardens at " Marli, in 1702; each group, ſuſtained by a trophy, " was cut from a block of marble; and this celebrated " Artiſt laboured with ſuch ſurprizing fire, and a cor- " rectneſs ſo uncommon, that he compleated them both " in two years. However, perhaps, the work would ſuf- " fer, if compared with the Marcus Curtius of Bernini, " at Verſailles. Coyſevox died in 1720.

" *Nicholas Couſtou* was born at Lyons, in 1658, and " died in 1733; he was the Scholar of Coyſevox. " Without entering into a detail of his works, it will " be ſufficient to cite the fine Statue of the Emperor " Commodus, under the form of Hercules, in the gar- " dens at Verſailles. The Pedeſtrian Statue of Julius " Cæſar, the Rivers Seine and Marne, in the Tuilleries, " and the Vow of Louis XIII. behind the high altar " of Notre Dame, at Paris. His name, celebrated in " the arts, is likewiſe ſuſtained with great diſtinction, " by Meſſieurs Couſtou, who belonged to the ſame " Academy. ——— There have been other good " Sculptors."

ARCHITECTURE.

" Ancient authors allow the Egyptians to have firſt " built with ſymmetry and proportion, but Greece " ought to be regarded as the birth-place of good Ar- " chitecture (*a*). Among the Romans, it arrived at " its higheſt perfection in the time of Auguſtus (*b*); " it began to be neglected under Tiberius and Nero; " was raiſed again by Trajan, and protected by Alex- " ander Severus, who could not impede its downfall " with the Empire of the Weſt; from the ruins of " which it did not riſe again for ſeveral ages. It then " took a new form called Gothic, which ſubſiſted wholly " till Charlemagne endeavoured to re-eſtabliſh the an- " cient mode. Architecture afterwards became as " much too light as it before had been too heavy; the " Builders of thoſe times placed their beauties in a de- " licacy and profuſion of ornaments till then unknown;

(*a*) The beſt days of Architecture among the Greeks, was the Age of Pericles.

(*b*) The famous Pantheon was built under the reign of Auguſtus.

" which

" which taſte they received from the Arabs and Moors, " who brought it into France from the Southern Coun- " tries, as the Goths and Vandals had brought the " heavy Gothic from the North. It is only within " theſe two laſt centuries, that the Architects of France " and Italy have applied themſelves to recover the " beauty, ſimplicity, and proportion of ancient Archi- " tecture."

The continuation of this Extract, is taken from an eſtimable work, in two volumes, entitled *Vies des Architectes Anciens & Modernes*; tranſlated from the Italian, by M. Pingeron.

Beſides the ſix orders of Architecture, ſays M. Pingeron, there are two other baſtard ones, called the Attic and the Cariatic; the laſt of which thus took its riſe.

" The Carians having joined the Perſians, the other " Greeks declared war againſt them, took their city, " put their men to the ſword, and carried away their " women captive. Not contented to lead them like " ſlaves, in the triumphs of their Generals, they in- " ſiſted that their Architects ſhould ſuſtain the entabla- " tures of their public buildings, by figures of women, " repreſenting the Carians; and theſe were ſubſtituted " inſtead of columns. The Lacedæmonians did the " ſame thing after the battle of Platea: they built a " vaſt gallery, which they called *Perſian*, the roof of " which was ſuſtained by Statues, habited like the Cap- " tives they had taken from the Perſians.

" Hiſtory informs us, Ninus built Ninevah, the form " of which city was a parallelogram, or oblong ſquare, " twenty-four French leagues in circumference; and " its walls were ſo thick, three chariots might drive " abreaſt upon them. They were 100 feet high, and " were defended by 1500 towers, each 100 feet high. " Semiramis, not contented with this vaſt city, built in " its neighbourhood the famous Babylon, perfectly " ſquare, each ſide of which was five French leagues, " and encloſed it within twenty-five gates of braſs. " The Euphrates ran through the midſt of it; and at " its two extremities ſtood the ſovereign Palaces, which " were ſurrounded by Terraces ſuſtained by Arcades. " The magnificent Temple of Jupiter Belus was at Ba- " bylon, which was 212 fathoms high, and the ſame

" breadth

" breadth at the baſe. It conſiſted of eight ſquare tow-
" ers, placed one upon the other, and diminiſhing by
" degrees. The ſpectator might ſuppoſe he there be-
" held the remains of the famous Tower of Babel,
" which St. Jerome thinks was built to the height of
" three miles, 379 fathoms. Some pretend, that Ninus,
" Belus, and Semiramis not only commanded theſe
" enormous works, but made plans of them, and pre-
" ſided at their execution.

" *Trophonius* and *Agameda*, who lived 1400 years be-
" fore Chriſt, were the firſt Grecian Architects mention-
" ed in Hiſtory.

" *Theodorus*, who lived ſeven hundred years before
" Chriſt, was an Architect and Sculptor, and is ſaid to
" be the inventor of locks, the rule, the level, and the
" turning lath (*a*).

" *Satyrus* and *Peteus*, deſigned and built the tomb
" which Artemiſa erected in Halicarnaſſus, to Mau-
" ſoeuls, King of Caria.

" *Dinocrates* was the Architect that Alexander em-
" ployed in the building of Alexandria.

" *Coſſutuis* was the firſt Roman Architect who built
" after the manner of the Greeks, 200 years before
" Chriſt.

" *Vitruvius* lived under the reign of Auguſtus, to
" whom he dedicated his Treatiſe on Architecture.
" This Treatiſe is come down to us.

" *Apollodorus* conſtructed the famous Trajan Pillar;
" but the moſt celebrated work of Trajan and Apollo-
" dorus was, the bridge they built over the Danube, in
" the Lower Hungary, veſtiges of which ſtill remain.
" It was more than 300 feet high, and about 800 perches
" long, which make half a league. The two extre-
" mities of the bridge were defended by two fortreſſes,
" yet this bridge is nothing when compared to thoſe
" which might be ſeen in China. Among others, we
" are told of one with a hundred arches, ſo high, that
" a veſſel may paſs under in full ſail. It is built of
" large blocks of white marble, over which is a bal-
" luſtrade, with pedeſtals on each ſide of marble lions.
" There are many bridges in China, to paſs from one

(*a*) Calus, the nephew of Dedalus, whom Ovid calls Perdix, invented the ſaw and the compaſs.

" mountain

" mountain to another. Near Kin-tung is a wooden
" bridge, ſupported by twenty chains, faſtened at each
" end to a mountain.

" After the death of Trajan, Adrian built a Temple
" from his own deſigns. He ſent his plans to Apollodo-
" rus, who replied, that if the Goddeſſes and other Sta-
" tues, which were ſeated in the Temple, ſhould take a
" fancy to riſe, they would run the riſk of breaking their
" heads againſt the cieling. This criticiſm is ſaid to
" have coſt him his life.

" *Nicon*, father to the famous Phyſician Galen, was
" alſo an Architect. Galen himſelf had ſome know-
" ledge of Architecture, and wrote well on its prin-
" ciples.

" *Sennamar*, an Arabian Architect, lived in the fif-
" teenth century. He built two Palaces, one of which
" was called Sadir, and the other Khaovarnack, which
" the Arabs place among the wonders of the world;
" and with juſtice, if what they ſay be not fabulous.
" One ſingle ſtone held, they knew not how, every part
" of the edifice; ſo that had that ſtone been taken away,
" the building muſt have fallen in ruins.

" *Antenius*, in conjunction with Iſidorus of Milet,
" built the famous Temple of Saint Sophia, at Con-
" ſtantinople, by order of the Emperor Juſtinian. This
" vaſt edifice was firſt built by Conſtantine, but was
" burnt and rebuilt ſeveral times. Juſtinian determin-
" ed to make it a magnificent Temple; its ſcite is on
" the ſummit of a little hill, that overlooks the city; the
" plan is almoſt a perfect ſquare, for it is 252 feet long,
" and 228 wide; from the centre of the cupola to the floor
" is 80 feet; it is full of Pillars of Marble, Porphyry,
" &c. and has nine magnificent gates of Bronze, Ala-
" baſter, Porphyry, Ophites, Mother-of-Pearl, and Cor-
" nelian are not ſpared within or without this edifice.
" Antenius was not only the Architect, but the Sculptor
" likewiſe; and alſo a ſkilful Mechanic.

" *Buſquetto*, of Grecian origin, was charged with the
" building of the Cathedral at Piſa in 1016, which is
" one of the moſt beautiful of that age.

" *Williams*, a German, in 1174, built, with Bonano
" and Thomonazo, two Piſan Sculptors, the famous
" Steeple of Piſa. This edifice, which is entirely of

" marble, is 250 palms high (*a*). It owes its fame to " its inclination, which is ſeventeen palms out of a " right line, and was the conſequence of an accident " during its conſtruction. The ſame accident happened " to the Tower of Gariſendi, at Bologna; the inclina- " tion of the latter, however, is not ſo great.

" *Suger Abbot*, of Saint Denis, was ſaid to be one of " the ableſt Architects of his time.

" *Robert de Covey*, who died 1311, finiſhed the Church " of Saint Nicaiſe, at Rheims, which is eſteemed for the " delicacy of its ornaments, and the beauty of its pro- " portions.

" *William Wickham*, an Engliſhman, who died in " 1404, gave the plan of Windſor-Caſtle, and of the " magnificent Cathedral at Wincheſter.

" *Brunelleſchi*, a Florentine, who died in 1440, was " a celebrated Architect, and built the Palace Pitti, at " Florence, in which the Grand Duke of Tuſcany re- " ſides.

" *Bramanti* died in 1514. The round little Temple, " ſo much admired in the midſt of the cloiſter of Saint " Peter Montorio, is one of the moſt eſteemed works " of Bramanti. Bramanti laid the foundation of Saint " Peter's at Rome; but his ſucceſſors made ſo many " alterations, that his plans have little to do with the " building.

" *Sanſovin*, who died in 1570, was a famous Archi- " tect. His beſt work is the Library of Saint Mark's, at " Venice.

" *Philibert de l'Orme* was born at Lyons, and died in " 1577. He endeavoured to aboliſh the Gothic Archi- " tecture, and ſubſtitute the Grecian. The horſe-ſhoe " ſtair-caſe at Fontainbleau is by de l'Orme.

" *Vignoli* was born in Modena, and died in 1573. " He wrote a Treatiſe on the Five Orders of Archi- " tecture.

" *Vaſari*, an Italian, who died in 1574, was a good " Painter and Architect.

" *Palladio*, a famous Architect, was born at Vicenza, " and died in 1580. Venice is full of his works. The " celebrated Olympic Theatre of Vicenza is by him.

(*a*) The Palm, where it is the uſual meaſure, is about eight inches three lines.

" *Bartho-*

" *Bartholomeo Ammanati*, a Florentine, died in " 1586, was eminent in Sculpture, and gained great " reputation in Architecture. It was he who finish- " ed the Pitti Palace.

" *Conſtantine Servi*, a Florentine, who died in " 1622, was a Painter, Engraver, and Architect. The " Great Sophy of Perſia aſked him of the Grand " Duke Coſmo II. and he remained a year in Perſia, " but what he did there is not known.

" *Jacques Deſbroſſes*, a celebrated French Archi- " tect in the time of Mary de Medicis, gave the " plan of the Luxembourg Palace. The deſign which " this Artiſt alſo gave for the Façade of the Church " of Saint Gervais, is highly ſpoken of: it contains " three orders; the Statues are heavy, and ill exe- " cuted. Deſbroſſes alſo conſtructed the famous Aque- " duct of Arcueil.

" *Inigo Jones* was born at London, and died in " 1652. His principal works are the Banqueting- " Houſe, Whitehall, Lindſey Palace, the Church of " St Paul's, Covent-Garden, &c. &c. The Architect " Webb was his ſon-in-law and pupil.

" *François Manſard* was born at Paris, and died in " 1666; he laid the foundation of Val-de-Grace; " and is ſaid to be the inventor of thoſe apartments " next the roof, which the French call A la Man- " ſarde.

" *James Van-Campen*, a Dutchman, died in 1638. " He rebuilt, in a moſt majeſtic ſtyle, the Town-houſe " of Amſterdam, after it had been burnt down. " This is the fineſt edifice in all Holland. He paint- " ed alſo, but as he was rich and of a noble fa- " mily, he took no pecuniary rewards for his Paint- " ings and Deſigns.

" *François Boromini*, an Italian, died in 1667. " He embelliſhed the Spada Palace, and built a colo- " nade gallery, the perſpective of which makes it " appear three times longer than it really is. The " decorations of this gallery gave the Cavalier Ber- " nini the idea of the famous *Scala Regia* (*a*).

(*a*) The Connoiſſeurs hold Boromini to be an Architect of ill taſte, and without genius.

" The

" *The Cavalier Bernini* died in 1680. He was the " ſon of a Sculptor, and at ten years of age carved " a marble head, ſtill to be ſeen at Saint Praxeda, " which well merits the ſuffrages of all connoiſſeurs. " Pope Paul V. would ſee him at work, and Ber- " nini finiſhed in his preſence the model of a St. Paul's " head, in half an hour. Bernini was ſcarce ſeven- " teen, when Rome already poſſeſſed ſeveral beauti- " ful works of his compoſition. Among which is " the Daphne and Apollo. When Urban VIII. be- " came Pope, he ſaid to Bernini, *You are very hap-* " *py to have ſeen the Cardinal Maffeo Barbarini ele-* " *vated to the pontificate, but his happineſs is ſupe-* " *rior to your's, ſince Bernini lives under his reign.* " Bernini applied himſelf at once to Painting, Sculp- " ture, and Architecture; he executed the Confeſſion " of Saint Peter, in bronze (*a*); the Fountain of the " Square of Navoni, and four Coloſſal Figures, re- " preſenting the Four Principal Rivers of the Earth, " the Nile, the Danube, the Euphrates, and the Ni- " ger. Theſe figures ſit on an enormous maſs of " rocks, whence the water falls. The ſame Artiſt " gave the deſign of the Fountain *Barcacia* (Bad " Bark) which is at Rome in the Spaniſh Square. " Bernini was famous for many other works. The " ſuberb Stair-caſe beſide St. Peter, the idea of which " he took, as it is ſaid, from Boromini's ſmall Gal- " lery (*b*), and the charming Church of the Novi- " ciate of the Jeſuits, at Rome, are by Bernini. " One of his beſt things in Sculpture, is Saint The- " reſa in an Ecſtacy, with an Angel piercing her " Heart with a flaming Dart. It is at Rome, in

(*a*) That is to ſay, the Canopy, Altar, &c. of St. Peter.

(*b*) He alſo built St. Peter's Square and Colonade, and the Tombs of Urban VIII. and Alexander VII. in St. Peter's church, are by him. The latter is over a door in a dark place, like a ſpecies of cave; Bernini has taken advantage of this poſition, and let a curtain fall over the door, which Death, beneath, raiſes, and half ſhews himſelf; the Pope enters, with Truth and Charity on each ſide. The one ſhews him the frightful ſpectre approaching, the other conſoles and encourages him.

" the

" the church of Notre-Dame de la Victoire (*a*).
" Bernini looked upon the famous Torſus as the moſt
" perfect relique of antiquity. Bernini was active,
" laborious, ardent, and paſſionate, but a good Chriſ-
" tian; charitable and virtuous. He loved the ſtage,
" and played Comedy impromptu, in a ſuperior man-
" ner; he came into France, where he received ma-
" ny marks of diſtinction from Louis XIV (*b*).

" *Claude Perrault*, a French Architect, who died
" in 1688, was at once a Phyſician, Anatomiſt, Ex-
" perimental Philoſopher, Painter, Muſician, Engi-
" neer, and Architect. This learned man drew a de-
" ſign for the Façade of the Louvre, which deſer-
" ved the preference over all the others that were
" preſented. This ſuperb Façade ſurprized Bernini,
" and is in fact the fineſt piece of Architecture to
" be ſeen in any ſovereign palace of Europe. Per-
" rault invented ſome very ingenious machines, to
" carry and raiſe enormous ſtones; he alſo conſtruct-
" ed a ſuperb triumphal arch, which ſtood at the
" gate of Saint-Antoine; likewiſe the Obſervatory,
" which is the fineſt in Europe. When Perrault was
" admitted a member of the *Academie de Sciences*,
" he no longer practiſed phyſic, except for his fa-
" mily, his friends, and the poor. He publiſhed
" four volumes, entitled *Eſſais de Phyſique*; like-
" wiſe a collection of the machines he had invented.
" Charles Perrault, the brother of the Architect,
" wrote the famous Parallel between the Ancients
" and the Moderns, where he gave the preference
" entirely to the latter; which drew down the ha-
" tred of Boileau on both the brothers. Perrault en-
" deavoured, with a crowd of French Artiſts, to ſeek
" for a new Order of Architecture; but diſcovered
" nothing, except a Corinthian Capital, the foliage

(*a*) The expreſſion of Saint Thereſa's face is ſublime, the figure of the Angel delightful, but the Saint's drapery is too full of ſmall folds and bad. It is ſituated in a niche, over which is a window, which gives a brilliancy to the Angel that produces a very happy effect.

(*b*) The Buſt of Louis XIV. and the Statue of Marcus Curtius, beyond the room of the Swiſs, at Verſailles, are by Bernini.

" of

" of which was ridiculouſly replaced by oſtrich " plumes of feathers, while the columns repreſented " trunks of trees.

" *François Blondel* died in 1688. The Gates of " Saint Denis, and Saint Antoine, at Paris, are by " him; the firſt very beautiful (*a*), the ſecond, only " remarkable for ſome of the Sculpture.

" *Jules-Hardouin Manſard*, ſon to the ſiſter of " François Manſard, took the name of that Architect; " his great work is the chateau of Verſailles. The " plan of the Place des Victoires was his, and he " finiſhed the famous church *des Invalides* (began by " Liberal Bruant) and built the Cupola, which is the " fineſt in Paris. He died in 1708.

" *François Galli Bibiena*, an Italian, died in 1739, " and, as well as his brother, was a celebrated Pain- " ter and Architect. He built the beautiful Theatre " at Verona.

" *Chriſtopher Wren*, an Engliſhman (*b*), died in " 1723. This Artiſt, at the age of 16, had made " diſcoveries in Aſtronomy and Mechanics. He was " the Architect of the famous St. Paul's, London; " which was began in 1672, and finiſhed in 1710; " he laid the firſt ſtone himſelf, and his ſon the " laſt.

" *Jacques Gabriel*, born at Paris, died in 1742, " and began the Pont Royal (*c*), which was finiſhed " by Le Frére Romain.

" *Nicholas Salvi*, an Italian, was a Poet and Ar- " chitect, and died in 1751.

" *Boffrand*, who conſtructed the famous Well of " the Bicêtre, died in 1754 (*d*)."

(*a*) Blondel wrote all the Latin inſcriptions on this gate; he was likewiſe a great Mathematician.

(*b*) Sir Chriſtopher—He received the honour of Knighthood. T.

(*c*) A bridge at Paris. T.

(*d*) It's depth is 171 feet, it's diameter 15, and 9 of in-exhauſtible water; for the bottom is a rock, which is the ſource. A retreat has been dug in the ſide, two fathoms above the level of the water, ſix feet high, ſupported all round by iron, to contain workmen, tools, and every thing neceſſary for repairs.

This

This catalogue might be greatly extended, for the author from whom it is extracted, cites many great Italian Lords, who have applied themſelves wholly to the ſtudy of Architecture, in which they have excelled. He does not, however, mention a very celebrated modern, Vanvitelli, who made the elegant and magnificent Stair-caſe of the new Caſerti Palace, near Naples, belonging to the King. Vanvitelli has been dead nine or ten years.

(5) He is called the Prince of Palagonia. His palace is near Palermo, and is thus deſcribed by Mr. Brydone, an Engliſh Traveller.

——" I ſhall therefore only ſpeak of one, which, " for its ſingularity, certainly is not to be paralleled on the face of the earth: it belongs to the " Prince of P——, a man of immenſe fortune, who " has devoted his whole life to the ſtudy of monſters and chimeras, greater and more ridiculous " than ever entered into the imagination of the wildeſt writers of romance or knight-errantry.

" The amazing crowd of Statues that ſurround his " houſe, appear, at a diſtance, like a little army " drawn up for its defence; but when you get amongſt " them, and every one aſſumes its true likeneſs, " you imagine you have got into the regions of deluſion and enchantment; for, of all that immenſe " group, there is not one made to repreſent any object in nature; nor is the abſurdity of the wretched imagination that created them, leſs aſtoniſhing " than its wonderful fertility. It would require a " volume to deſcribe the whole, and a ſad volume " indeed it would make. He has put the heads of " men to the bodies of every ſort of animal, and " the heads of every other animal to the bodies of " men. Sometimes he makes a compound of five " or ſix animals, that have no ſort of reſemblance " in nature. He puts the head of a Lyon to the neck " of a Gooſe, the body of a Lizard, the legs of a " Goat, the tail of a Fox. On the back of this monſter, he puts another, if poſſible, ſtill more hideous, " with five or ſix heads, and a buſh of horns; they " beat the beaſt in the Revelations all to nothing. " There is no kind of horn in the world that he has

" not collected; and his pleaſure is, to ſee them all " flouriſhing upon the ſame head. This is a ſtrange " ſpecies of madneſs; and it is truly unaccountable, " that he has not been ſhut up many years ago: but he " is perfectly innocent, and troubles nobody by the " indulgence of his phrenzy. On the contrary, he " gives bread to a number of Statuaries, and other " workmen, whom he rewards in proportion as they " can bring their imaginations to coincide with his " own; or, in other words, according to the hideouſ- " neſs of the monſters they produce. It would be " idle and tireſome to be particular in an account of " theſe abſurdities. The Statues that adorn, or rather " deform the great avenue, and ſurround the Court of " the Palace, amount already to 600; notwithſtanding " which, it may be truly ſaid, that he has not broke the " ſecond Commandment; for of all that number, there " is not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, in " the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. " The old ornaments, which were put up by his father, " who was a ſenſible man, appear to have been in a " good taſte. They have all been knocked to pieces, " and laid together in a heap, to make room for this " new creation.

" The inſide of this enchanted Caſtle correſponds ex- " actly with the out; it is in every reſpect as whimſical " and fantaſtical; and you cannot turn yourſelf to any " ſide, where you are not ſtared in the face by ſome hi- " deous figure or other. Some of the apartments are " ſpacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs; " which, inſtead of plaiſter or ſtucco, are compoſed en- " tirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The " effect that theſe produce (as each of them make a " full angle with the other) is exactly that of a mul- " tiplying-glaſs; ſo that when three or four people are " walking below, there is always the appearance of " three or four hundred walking above. The whole " of the doors are likewiſe covered over with ſmall " pieces of mirror, cut into the moſt ridiculous ſhapes, " and intermixed with a great variety of cryſtal " and glaſs of different colours. All the chimney- " pieces, windows, and ſide-boards, are crowded with

" pyramids,

" pyramids, and pillars of tea-pots, caudle-cups, bowls, " cups, ſaucers, &c. ſtrongly cemented together: ſome " of theſe columns are not without their beauty: one " of them has a large china chamber-pot for its baſe, " and a circle of pretty little flower-pots for its capital; " the ſhaft of the column, upwards of four feet long, " is compoſed entirely of tea-pots of different ſizes, " diminiſhed gradually from the baſe to the capital. " The profuſion of china that has been employed in " forming theſe columns is incredible; I dare ſay, " there is not leſs than forty pillars and pyramids " formed in this ſtrange fantaſtic manner.

" Moſt of the rooms are paved with fine marble ta- " bles of different colours, that look like ſo many " tomb-ſtones. Some of theſe are richly wrought " with lapis lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable " ſtones: their fine poliſh is now gone, and they only " appear like common marble. The place of theſe " beautiful tables he has ſupplied by a new ſet of his " own invention, ſome of which are not without their " merit. Theſe are made of the fineſt tortoiſe-ſhell, " mixed with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and a variety " of metals; and are mounted on fine ſtands of ſolid " braſs.

" The windows of this enchanted Caſtle are compoſ- " ed of a variety of glaſs of every different colour, " mixed without any ſort of order or regularity. Blue, " red, green, yellow, purple, violet.—So that at each " window, you may have the heavens and earth of " whatever colour you chuſe, only by looking through " the pane that pleaſes you.

" The houſe Clock is caſed in the body of a Statue; " the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, " turning up their white and black alternately, and " making a hideous appearance.

" His bed-chamber and dreſſing-room, are like two " apartments in Noah's Ark; there is ſcarce a beaſt, " however vile, that he has not placed there; toads, " frogs, ſerpents, lizards, ſcorpions, all cut out in " marble, of their reſpective colours. There are a " great many buſts too, that are not leſs ſingularly " imagined.—Some of theſe make a very handſome

" profile

" profile on one ſide; turn to the other, and you have " a ſkeleton. Here you ſee a nurſe with a child in her " arms; its back is exactly that of an infant; its face is " that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

" For ſome minutes we can laugh at theſe follies, " but indignation and contempt ſoon get the better of " your mirth, and the laugh is turned into a ſneer. I " own I was ſoon tired of them; though ſome things " are ſo ſtrangely fancied, that it may well excuſe a lit- " tle mirth, even from the moſt rigid Cynic.

" The family Statues are charming; they have been " done from ſome old pictures, and make a moſt ve- " nerable appearance. He has dreſſed them out from " head to foot, in new and elegant ſuits of marble; " and indeed the effect it produces is more ridiculous " than any thing you can conceive. Their ſhoes are " all of black marble, their ſtockings generally of " red; their cloths are of different colours, blue, " green, and variegated, with a rich lace of giall' " antique. The periwigs of the men, and head-dreſſes " of the ladies, are of fine white; ſo are their ſhirts, " with long flowing ruffles of alabaſter. The walls of " the houſe are covered with ſome fine baſſo relievos of " white marble, in a good taſte: theſe he could not well " take out, or alter, ſo he has only added immenſe " frames to them. Each frame is compoſed of four " large marble tables.

" The author and owner of this ingenious collection " is a poor miſerable lean figure, ſhivering at a " breeze, and ſeems to be afraid of every body he " ſpeaks to; but (what ſurpriſed me) I have heard him " talk ſpeciouſly enough on ſeveral occaſions. He is " one of the richeſt ſubjects in the iſland, and it is " thought he has not laid out leſs than twenty thouſand " pounds in the creation of this world of monſters and " chimeras.—He certainly might have fallen upon ſome " way to prove himſelf a fool at a cheaper rate. How- " ever it gives bread to a number of poor people, to " whom he is an excellent maſter. His houſe at Pa- " lermo is a good deal in the ſame ſtyle; his carriages " are covered with plates of braſs, ſo that I really be- " lieve ſome of them are muſket proof.

" The

" The government has had ſerious thoughts of de-
" moliſhing the regiment of monſters he has placed
" round his houſe; but as he is humane and inoffenſive,
" and as this would certainly break his heart, they have
" as yet forborne. However, the ſeeing of them by
" women with child, is ſaid to have been already at-
" tended with very unfortunate circumſtances; ſeveral
" living monſters having been brought forth in the
" neighbourhood. The ladies complain, that they
" dare no longer take an airing in the Bagaria, be-
" cauſe ſome hideous form always haunts their imagi-
" nation for ſome time after: their huſbands too, it is
" ſaid, are as little ſatisfied with the great variety of
" horns."

Brydone's Tour.

(6) " The firſt muſic of the Romans came from the
" Etruſcans: it was rude, and without principles; but
" they afterwards tranſported the Grecian muſic into
" Italy. The firſt Roman who wrote on muſic, was
" the famous Architect Vitruvius. If Greece had her
" Timotheus and her Tyrteus, who produced ſuch great
" effects on their hearers, Italy had her Stradella and
" Palma, who alſo, as it is ſaid, did aſtoniſhing
" things. Stradella, by playing on the violin, ſoften-
" ed the heart of a villain, who intended to have mur-
" dered him. Palma, a Neapolitan Singer, ſuffered
" himſelf to be taken by a Creditor, who came to arreſt
" him; to whoſe menaces and injurious terms Palma
" only replied, by ſinging ſeveral airs, and accompany-
" ing himſelf on the harpſichord. The Creditor's cho-
" ler evaporated, by degrees, and he was at laſt ſo per-
" fectly calm, that he not only remitted the debt, but
" gave Palma ten pieces of gold, to aſſiſt him to pay his
" other Creditors (*a*)."

(*a*) Brydone, in the ſecond volume of his Tour, relates an Anecdote of Farinelli: that having a pathetic Air to ſing to a Tyrant, who had taken him and his miſtreſs priſoners, the Actor, who played the Tyrant, and who was to have refuſed his requeſt, was ſo affected that he forgot his part, melted into tears, and claſped his Captive in his arms.

GREEK MUSICIANS.

" *Antimachus* was a great muſician, and compoſed ſe-
" veral Poems (*a*). One day, while reading in an aſ-
" ſembly, he ſaw all his auditors began to be weary,
" and ſucceſſively to retire; but Plato ſtill remaining,
" he exclaimed, *I will continue to read, for Plato alone*
" *is worth a multitude.*

" *Damophiles*, the wife of Pamphiles and friend of
" Sappho, compoſed hymns, which ſhe ſung in honour
" of Diana. After the example of Sappho, ſhe held
" aſſemblies, where young women of ſuperior under-
" ſtanding came to learn Poetry and Muſic. Damophi-
" les compoſed ſeveral Poems.

" *Lamia*, the moſt celebrated flute-player of her
" time, was regarded as a prodigy, for her beauty,
" wit, and abilities. Plutarch and Atheneus aſſure us
" ſhe received, from all parts, the greateſt honours.

" *Nanno*, *Nemeade*, *Telezilla-Merea*, were alſo fa-
" mous female Muſicians.

" The celebrated Thymele, invented the Theatrical
" Dance, &c."

This catalogue is equally intereſting and extenſive in the work of M. de la Borde; but I ſhall confine myſelf (having no other view than that of exciting emulation) to extract from this work a ſhort account of the moſt celebrated modern female Muſicians.

" *Marguerita Archinta*, of a great family at Milan,
" joined to the graces of perſon, the agreeable talents
" of Poetry and Muſic. She wrote many ſongs and
" madrigals, and ſet them herſelf. She lived about
" the beginning of the ſixteenth century.

" *Julia Vareza*, a Nun, was admired for her mu-
" ſical abilities and excellent ſinging. She alſo wrote
" good Poetry.

" *Maria Marguerita Coſta*, a Roman, was a woman
" of vaſt erudition, and applied herſelf, with ſucceſs to

(*a*) Poets, among the Greeks, were all Muſicians. Pindar ſet his own Odes, and ſang them at the Olympic Games; and it is well known, that the famous Corinna five times bore away the prize from Pindar.

" various

" various branches of Literature. She wrote Poems " and ſeveral Operas.

" *Fauſtina Bordoni*, a Venetian, and wife to the ce- " lebrated compoſer John-Adolphus Haſſe, ſurnamed " *il Saſſone*, was a ſinger of the firſt claſs, and invented " a new kind of manner, which required ſurprizing " execution, neatneſs, and admirable preciſion. She " had the art powerfully to ſuſtain her voice and take " her breath, without being perceived. She appeared " at the Theatre of Venice, in 1716.

" *Dauphine de Sartre*, wife to the *Marquis de Robias*, " was perfectly acquainted with ancient and modern " Philoſophy, Algebra, and other branches of the " Mathematics. Muſic was her amuſement; ſhe " compoſed with facility, ſang well, and played on " the harpſichord, theorbo, and lute. She died at " Arles, in 1685.

" *Elizabeth Claude Jacquet de la Guerre*, born at " Paris, gave proofs, during her earlieſt infancy, of " extraordinary muſical abilities. At fifteen, ſhe " played the harpſichord before the king: Madame de " Monteſpan kept her three or four years. She mar- " ried Marin de la Guerre, an organiſt, and gave the " world Cephalus and Procris (the words by Duché) " three books of Cantatas, a Collection of Harpſi- " chord Leſſons, another of Sonatas, and a Te Deum " for the King's recovery, with grand choruſes, which " was performed in the Chapel of the Louvre, 1721. " She died in 1729.

" *Madame la Marquiſe de la Mézangère* was born in " 1693, and played excellently on the harpſichord. " She alſo underſtood compoſition perfectly, but would " never publiſh her works. *Madame la Marquiſe de* " *Gange*, her daughter, who died in 1741, played " equally well on the harpſichord, though ſhe never " had any maſter but her mother. Madame de la Mé- " zangère likewiſe taught a boy, who made ſo great " a progreſs, that he became Teacher to the Queen, and " Royal Family of France.

" *Jean-Marie le Clair* was born at Lyons, and ori- " ginally a Dancer at Rouen. By ſome odd accident, " the famous Dupré was at that time leader of the

" orcheſtra

" orcheſtra at the ſame Theatre; but being each diſſatis-
" fied with themſelves, they each did juſtice to their
" talents, and changed profeſſions. Dupré became the
" greateſt Dancer that ever exiſted, and le Clair open-
" ed a new career to harmony. He was murdered, no
" one knows how, as he was entering his own houſe,
" after he had been ſupping abroad, on the 22d of Oc-
" tober at night, 1764."——*Eſſai ſur la Muſique.*

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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